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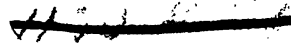

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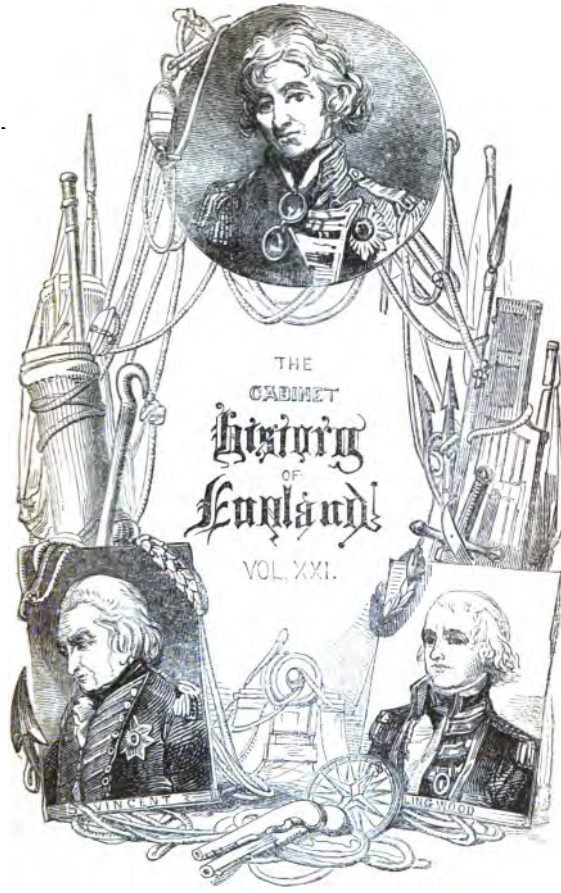
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HISTORY OF ENGLAND;

BEING

AN ABRIDGMENT, BY THE AUTHOR,

OF THE CHAPTERS ENTITLED "CIVIL AND MILITARY HISTORY" IN "THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND," WITH A CONTINUATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

VOLUME XXI.

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CABINET
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BOOK X.—*Continued.*

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

GEORGE III.—*Continued.*

THE war which the ambition of the tzarina Catherine had kindled in the East, had spread from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and had been far from obtaining the grand results, and the speedy termination which the empress had hoped for in first commencing hostilities against the sultan. The Turkish empire in Europe, which had appeared in her eyes so weak and crazy as merely to require a shake to bring it to the ground, had withstood three campaigns, and resisted for two years the united efforts of two great powers; and that, too, without an efficient ally of any kind. It must, however, be admitted that the Turks were greatly indebted to the stupidity of the Russians and Austrians. Nothing else could have saved Constantinople even at this period. The Janissaries, who formed the great mass of Turkish infantry, were little better than an undisciplined rabble, who not only refused to submit themselves to any change, but also prevented the introduction of any improvement in all the other corps of the army. They were more terrible to their own government and to the unarmed population than they were to the enemy. In the sixteenth century these Janissaries had been among the very

best troops in the world, but they were now the worst. The very numerous cavalry were equally undisciplined, and only fit to act as light cavalry. The artillery, in spite of all the efforts made by that ingenious and loquacious Frenchman the Baron de Tott, was in a pitiable condition. As to the commissariat, properly speaking, the Turks had none; their medical and surgical staff consisted of ignorant barbers from Constantinople, and a few Italian quacks. The officers of the army, from the commander-in-chief down to the subalterns, were alike ignorant and obstinate. In the first campaign, in the year 1787, when they had to contend only with the Russians, commanded by Prince Potemkin, prime minister, commander-in-chief, and lover to Catherine, the Turks had been defeated in almost every encounter by the very imperfect science and tactics of the enemy. Still, however, the Russians had done little more than keep their ground in the Crimea; they had made no important advance in the direction of the Danube and Constantinople; and after every defeat the Mussulmans, who were not deficient in animal courage, seemed ready to fight again. In the spring of 1787, when the Emperor Joseph met Catherine at Cherson, he had pledged himself to co-operate; but it was not until the close of that year that the Austrians really entered upon the war by making an inglorious attempt to surprise Belgrade previously to any declaration of hostilities. The Austrians failed completely in this their dishonourable beginning. After several humiliating failures of the like kind, the Emperor Joseph, on the 10th of February, 1788, issued at Vienna a formal declaration of war against the Ottoman Porte. Having gradually collected a great army on the Danube and the frontiers of Servia, the emperor took the field in person in the month of April. On the 24th of April he took the insignificant fortress of Schubatz, on the Danube; but nearly at the same time another part of the Austrian army sustained a defeat at Dobitza. In the war of posts and detachments which followed the Austrians could boast of few advantages, and were several times defeated. The Prince of Saxe

Coburg, who commanded one of the grand divisions of Joseph's army, having crossed the Dneister with the intention of establishing himself in Moldavia and cutting off all supplies from the important fortress of Choczim, found himself obliged to contend during three successive days with a Turkish army; and if he was not defeated, he could scarcely boast of more than a drawn battle. The Pasha of Bosnia defeated a large Austrian detachment on the river Saave. The siege of Chocsim, an ill-constructed place, which ought to have been taken by a skilful enemy in less than three weeks, occupied the Austrians more than three months, and it was not taken at last without great sacrifices. Belgrade could not be taken at all this campaign. Marshal Laudohn, who had proved himself worthy of contending with Frederick the Great, gained some successes on the side of Croatia, but they were not very important; and even this able veteran was foiled more than once by the natural difficulties of the country.

The miasmata of the Danube, its confluent streams, and the bogs and marshes had proved more destructive to the Austrians than balls and scimitars; and the emperor had swelled the frightful list of disease and death by one of his philosophical innovations. Some physicians at Vienna had persuaded him that vinegar was not merely a specific for malaria fevers, but an absolute panacea; and Joseph had ordered, as an experiment, that in a part of his army the rations of wine should be stopped and the troops made to drink nothing but vinegar and water. The men died faster than before—they perished like rotten sheep. On the other side, the Russians who were to descend the Crimea to co-operate on the Danube, scarcely got beyond the Dnieper. They had deluded Joseph with other assurances, but their plan was—and it is a plan which Russia has steadily pursued for some generations—to make sure of every step of ground by which they were advancing, to enlarge and secure their possessions at the head of the Black Sea, and so gradually to extend and push forward the frontier of their empire. The means placed at their disposal were immense. By

the month of June, from 120,000 to 150,000 men of all arms, with 130 pieces of artillery, besides a vast park of heavy battering cannon and mortars, appeared on the river Bog; and while a portion of this force under General Romanzoff watched the frontiers of Poland and Lithuania, the rest, with the exception of some detachments, marched down to the mouth of the Dnieper under the command of Potemkin. The greater part of the country through which they passed was already laid waste by a barbarous and prolonged warfare, and was now feeling the double curses of plague and famine. Except the green forage for their horses, the Russians were obliged to bring every article of consumption from a great distance; and their convoys were not unfrequently intercepted and cut to pieces by the Tartars of the Crimea, who were generally well mounted, and rapid and expert as light cavalry. The grand object of the campaign—and none other was effected—was the siege of Oczakoff, near the mouth of the Dnieper. The Russians had been for some time labouring to create a navy in those parts; but the Turks had still the superiority on the Black Sea, and the capitan-pasha hastened to the Dnieper. But the mouth of that river, which spreads into a *liman*, or broad swampy lake, with mud-banks and sand-banks, is exceedingly difficult to pass, and in very few places affords water enough for ships of the line. The Russians, too, had supplied their deficiency in shipping by constructing a great number of immense flat-bottomed boats, and enormous floating batteries, which could cross the liman in all directions, and when necessary retire to the shallows, where the fire of the Turkish ships could not reach them, for the liman is from six to seven miles broad. It was upon these floating batteries, which were put under the direction of the Prince of Nassau, who had served with the French and Spaniards at the siege of Gibraltar, and there witnessed the effect of English red-hot balls on much more stupendous constructions, that the success of the Russians in the siege of Oczakoff mainly depended. They were mounted with the heaviest of the battering cannon and with bombs, and were manned with

artillerymen and the choicest part of the Russian line. There was a paucity of sailors, but little seamanship was required in such craft and in such waters. The combats which took place were not sea-fights, were not even river-fights, but fights among fens, bogs, and marshes. The Russians had, however, some sloops, frigates, and at least three large ships, which were manned by sailors of all nations, and by Greeks, who were well acquainted with all the difficulties and intricacies of the navigation.

After several most sanguinary contests, the brave but stupid old capitan-pasha was driven down the Black Sea to Varna. The siege of Oczakoff was then pressed: but it was not until the 17th of December that a good breach was made, and the place stormed. Even then the Turks made a desperate resistance, fighting behind the breach and in the streets of the town until they were borne down by numbers and their powder was exhausted. According to accounts published at Vienna, 7400 Turks were slaughtered in the assault, besides those that were afterwards sabred in the houses; and about 3000 remained prisoners of war after the carnage had ceased. The Russians gave all the honour to St. Nicholas; and as soon as the news arrived at St. Petersburg an unusually grand Te Deum was ordered to be sung. A few more such sieges would have ruined the Russian army. Though Oczakoff remained to her, Catherine was discontented and irritated. She had been thwarted in her campaign by powers she could not reach, and by one in particular, which, if it had thought proper to put forth its strength and enter into the war as the ally of Turkey, might not only have saved Oczakoff, and caused the utter annihilation of Potemkin and his army, but might also have destroyed the whole navy of Russia in the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. And England, although she did not do a tithe of what she might have done, intimated very plainly that Russia should not dismember the Ottoman empire, nor establish a maritime influence in the Archipelago. If there were any predilections in favour of the autocratess they were nourished rather by Fox than by Pitt. From France she had nothing to expect

but enmity; for nothing but the deplorable state of her finances and the precipitate steps of the revolution prevented the French court from succouring their ancient ally the sultan: but Catherine applied to all the other maritime powers of Europe for assistance, or at least for a tacit acquiescence in her scheme. In Holland, as the stadtholder had been reinstated, the will and voice of England prevailed over her diplomacies, and she was refused any Dutch ships or Dutch seamen. Sweden would promise no more than to remain neutral—a promise not intended to be kept,—and strict orders were issued that no Swedish ships or seamen should join the Russian expedition. Denmark was more favourably disposed towards the tsarina, but she wished to avoid committing herself until it should be known in what light Great Britain would regard the armament collecting in the Baltic. The London Gazette soon gave the fiat by prohibiting British seamen from entering into any foreign service; and this proclamation was accompanied by a notice to the contractors for English shipping that they must renounce their engagements; that the ships would not be permitted to proceed; and that government was determined to maintain the strictest neutrality. Hereupon all serious thoughts of sending the Baltic fleet to the Mediterranean were given up by Catherine. Many evils were thus undoubtedly spared the Turks; but, through events which happened very soon after, the detention of her fleet at home proved the greatest piece of good fortune that could have happened to the tzarina.

Though the court of Stockholm had promised neutrality, they resented a long series of humiliations, calamities, and spoliations, and were eagerly looking for an opportunity of vengeance and reprisal. Catherine had done her best in bribing a portion of the beggarly and corrupt aristocracy of Sweden, who acted towards her as so many of the Scotch nobility had done towards Queen Elizabeth; but since the revolution of 1772 these Swedish nobles had lost their power and their influence, and had scarcely a voice in the state. The Russian minister at Stockholm contrived, however, to make a great

party, and to set on foot a cabal or plot among the nobles, who only wished to re-establish the aristocratic constitution, which the reigning king had pulled down about their ears. These Swedes, who called themselves patriots, were ready to expose their country to its most powerful and worst enemy—to lay it prostrate before the ukases of Catherine, provided only they should be enabled to humble their king, and re-elect their old oligarchy, which had been selfish, low-spirited, disgraceful alike to nobility, king, and people, to every one that bore the name of Swede. The almost absolute government which had been raised on their fall was in every way preferable to their old constitution. While the king was incensed by the discovery of the Russian intrigues in his own capital he received overtures from Constantinople, promising numerous advantages if he would make a diversion on the side of the Baltic. As the constant enemy of Russia, the sultan was regarded as the natural friend of Sweden; there were ancient alliances between the two powers, and ever since the day when Charles XII., flying before the tzar Peter, sought refuge among the Turks at Bender, the popular traditions and feelings of the Swedish people had been highly favourable to the Ottomans. Moreover, a brave and most martial people could not see the most fertile territories of the old Swedish monarchy occupied by the Russians without an ardent desire of recovering them by force of arms, or through the chances of war, by which the tsars and tsarinas had obtained possession of them. The flower of the Russian army was engaged far away on the frontiers of Turkey. One victory over the Russian fleet in the Baltic might possibly enable the Swedes to regain Finland, or to dictate their own terms in St. Petersburg; while anything like a demonstration, made in time and with spirit, might induce the empress to recal part of her troops from the Turkish war. The Swedish government was hampered and checked by its poverty; but a Spanish ship passed the Sound, ascended the Baltic, and landed at Stockholm some chests well filled with gold and silver which the sultan had sent round from the Levant. The total amount was estimated

at about 400,000*l.* sterling—a large sum for a country so poor as Sweden. The Swedish fleet was got ready for sea with all possible speed, and the army was recruited. To quiet the jealousies of his neighbour the King of Denmark, his Swedish majesty gave out that he was merely putting himself in a state of defence, which was rendered necessary by the formidable appearance of the Russian fleet, and by the vast preparations making by the tzarina. "Could one have believed," said the witty Prince de Ligne, "that this crazy old Ottoman empire would have been so near placing the empire of Russia in the saddest state? The plan of the Turks was a very fine one, for if the King of Sweden had commenced his attack three weeks sooner or three weeks later, and if the capitan-pasha had succeeded in destroying the wretched flotilla in the liman, the king might have gone to Petersburg and the pasha to Cherson." In the month of June Gustavus, with the van of his army, marched into Finland. He took several towns, the people declared for him, and the Russians were driven from the field. At the same time his brother, the Duke of Sudermania, took the command of the Swedish fleet; and, with fifteen sail of the line and ten frigates, appeared off Cronstadt. Petersburg was thrown into extreme alarm and confusion; but, instead of venturing into the Neva, the Swedes bore away in quest of the Russian fleet, which was cruising in the Gulf of Finland. On the 17th of July a terrible battle was fought. The action began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was maintained with the greatest fury until night, when the hostile fleets fell asunder, about equally crippled and damaged, and with a terrible loss in killed and wounded. Both Swedes and Russians claimed the victory; but the obstinate and sanguinary affair certainly ended in a drawn battle, or, if there were any slight advantage, it was on the side of the Swedes, whose force was very inferior. The engagement proved that the lessons of Greig and the other British officers had not been thrown away, and that the Russians were rapidly improving as sailors.

Gustavus, who was advancing as a conqueror through

Finland, was obliged to halt and turn back by treachery and disaffection in his own camp. He had prepared his brave, well-disciplined, and well-appointed troops for an attack on the city of Fredericksham, the capture of which might have opened to him the road to the capital of Russia, when several of his principal officers—men of the noblest families, whose nobility had been worse than plebeianized by Russian gold—refused to lead on the troops to the attack, or to march beyond Finland. In vain the king remonstrated, and in vain he sent the most conspicuous of the malcontents under an arrest to Stockholm; he found that the disaffection was universal among his officers, and that nothing remained to be done but to march back to his capital. Apparently before he reached Stockholm, he received intelligence that his loving cousin, the King of Denmark, urged on by Catherine's subsidies, had fitted out a great armament, which was invading the southern and most fertile provinces of Sweden, from the side of Norway. He had no army with him: the greater part of the 35,000 men, at whose head he had recently marched in the direction of Petersburg, had laid down their arms, and the rest remained on the borders of Finland, under the command of his second brother, the Duke of Ostrogothia. He issued a spirited proclamation to his people, and flew to the bold miners and mountaineers of Dalecarlia, whose valour had first placed his family on the throne, and whose loyalty and attachment to the dynasty of Gustavus Vasa was unabated. These brave men armed as best they could, and followed their king. In the mean time the Danes, commanded by the Prince of Hesse, had found little or no resistance. They had gained possession of Stronstad and Uddewalla, had crossed the river Gotha, and were within sight of Gothenburg, the principal commercial town of Sweden. That important and almost defenceless place was on the point of capitulating when Gustavus and his Dalecarlians, on the 3rd of October, threw themselves into the town. There was no longer any talk of capitulation; but the means of defence were still so defective as to render the situation of the king very precarious. But at this moment,

the peremptory voice of Great Britain, which was well delivered by our ambassador at the Danish court, put an end to the danger of his Swedish majesty and his good city of Gothenburg. Mr. Elliot told the Crown Prince, the son of the unfortunate Matilda of England, who was ruling in the name of his insane or imbecile father, that Great Britain, Prussia, and Holland had united in a treaty of mutual alliance, and were determined to act as mediatore; that a Prussian army was ready to enter Holstein, and that an English fleet would sail for the Baltic, unless the Danes immediately ceased their hostilities, and quitted the territories of the King of Sweden; and, under the dictation of the British ambassador, an armistice was concluded, and the Prince of Hesse retired with his Danes into Norway. The war between Sweden and Russia was left to itself. All hostilities were interrupted by the dreadful winter; but there was no truce or intermission to Catherine's intrigues with the disaffected and corrupt Swedish nobles.

Late in the autumn the Emperor Joseph returned to Vienna in a wretched state of health. The fatigue and excitement of the Turkish campaign, his bitter disappointment, and a malaria, or marsh fever, had completely undermined his weak constitution, and he never again enjoyed a day's health. He was, however, induced by Catherine to reject pacific overtures which were made to him by the sultan, and to continue the joint war against Turkey. Before the winter was well over, new levies of troops were marched towards the Turkish frontiers, to supply the places of the veterans who had perished in the preceding summer and autumn. Fortunately for those whose lives and military character were concerned, the emperor's health did not permit him to take the field in person, and the army was thus freed from his perpetual and injudicious interference in all its movements, and in every one of its departments. The chief command was given to old Marshal Haddick, with the witty Prince de Ligne for his second. The Prince of Saxe Cobourg was intrusted with the corps on the frontiers of Moldavia and Wallachia, and was to act in concert with the invin-

cible Suvaroff, whom Catherine had detached in that direction with a strong division of Russians. The Prince of Hohenlohe took the command of the Austrian army on the frontiers of Transylvania; and old Marshal Laudohn commanded on the side of Croatia. Collectively, all these *corps d'armés* exceeded 150,000 men. The campaign was, on the whole, successful, if not very brilliant. The Turks were discouraged and distracted by a great variety of causes. There was a scarcity of money and provisions even in the capital; but in the provinces, which had been the seat of the war, there was desolation and absolute famine. On the 7th of April (1789), before the campaign had well begun, Sultan Abdul Hamet fell down in a fit in the streets of Constantinople, and died that night or the following morning. His nephew and successor, Selim, was young, rash, and wholly inexperienced, with an unfortunate turn for precipitating changes and reforms, and an impolitic disregard of the feelings and superstitions of the Turks. The late sultan and grand vizier had acted on the offensive against the Austrians, and on the defensive against the Russians; but now Selim and his new vizier changed the plan of the war, and determined to act offensively against the Russians, and defensively against the Austrians. The Turks fought bravely, but they were everywhere crushed by the superior discipline of their enemies. They were defeated in every battle, and driven from every fortress they attempted to defend. Belgrade was taken by Marshal Laudohn, and Bender by Potemkin. Before winter set in the Russians gained possession of Bialogrod or Ackerman, at the mouth of the Danube, and of several other places on the shores of the Black Sea. They had been gradually extending their frontier to the left bank of the Danube; and they had actually reduced every important place between that river and the Bog and Dnieper. Some trifling combats had taken place on the Black Sea between the ships of the capitan-pasha and the tzarina's flotilla or flotillas; the Russians here felt their inferiority, and only escaped destruction by running into mouths of rivers, or to the shallows, whither

the Turkish ships of the line could not follow them. If Catherine had possessed in the Black Sea a fleet equal to that which she had in the Baltic, the passage of the Bosphorus, with its then contemptible batteries and fortifications, might have been forced with little difficulty or danger, and the proud mosques and serais that stand on the seven hills of Constantinople, and the arsenal and dockyard on the Golden Horn, with all the shipping in that port, might have been bombarded, shattered, burned, and destroyed.

Ever since the close of the preceding year a certain Baron de Thorus, formerly Russian consul at Alexandria, had been labouring in secret to excite the Mameluke beys to a fresh insurrection against the Porte. But the Russian fleet was still kept in the Baltic by the hostility of the King of Sweden. On his return to his capital at the close of 1788, Gustavus, although relieved from the Danish invasion, found himself surrounded by cabals, intrigues, and difficulties of almost every kind. The nobility seemed set against him as one man; the army left in Finland had despised his authority, and had concluded a truce with the Russians without his consent and even without his knowledge. Confident, however, in the steady attachment of the Swedish people, Gustavus summoned a diet to meet in Stockholm. The northern liberty had taken various forms. In Sweden it exhibited itself in four separate orders, sitting in distinct houses or chambers. Before these four orders assembled, the king had consulted with the magistrates and principal citizens of his capital: he had explained to them how his bright hopes had been blighted by the intrigues of his inveterate enemy, and by the mutinous spirit of his officers, and he had succeeded in convincing them that neither he nor any other sovereign would ever be able to govern the kingdom with honour, and recover all it had lost, unless some material alterations were made in that part of the constitution which hampered the royal prerogative in the declaration and conduct of war. The diet of the states assembled on the 26th of January (1789). The order of nobles, and all who had formerly belonged to, or been

connected with, the senate, displayed a decided hostility to the king. They began by accusing him of designs against the constitution. The three orders, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants—for even the peasantry formed a state and were represented like the rest—were apparently as much devoted to the king as the nobles were opposed to him, and their loyalty was notably increased by his proposing a law, which was afterwards carried, for extending certain privileges, hitherto possessed exclusively by the nobility, to all the other orders, to all classes and conditions of Swedes, and even to foreigners who became permanent inhabitants of the country. But this was, of course, considered as a fresh injury by the aristocrats, who understood by Swedish liberty merely that part of it which secured them in the enjoyment of their old privileges and immunities, and who were determined to make or allow no sacrifices if they could possibly avoid it. On the 17th of February, after hearing a reproachful speech from the king, who publicly taxed them with their unpatriotic and traitorous connections with Russia, the nobles all rose and immediately quitted the diet in a body, leaving the king and the other three states together. For three days Stockholm was greatly agitated, and so incensed were the people against the nobles, that it required great care to prevent their falling upon them with arms in their hands. This feeling was by no means confined to the mob or to the inferior grades of society; the clergy, the most respectable of the burghers, were quite as favourable to the king, and almost as much incensed against the aristocrats, as were the common people. The result was a revolution or a complete change in the old Swedish constitution. The aristocratic senate, which had been abridged of its powers in the revolution of 1772, was now to be entirely suppressed. To supply its place Gustavus instituted a new commission or council modelled after the *Cour Plénière*, which had recently been devised by the Royalists in France as a mode of preventing the march of the revolution, but which had there been rejected as an impracticability. The powers granted to this new court in Sweden were in

some respects extensive; but, the most powerful of the aristocracy being rigidly excluded from it; and the whole being subjected to the immediate control of the king, it became in its operation little more than a mere council of state, after the fashion of those which existed in absolute monarchies. The clergy, the burghers, and the peasants hailed with delight a very comprehensive act called the Act of Safety, which, among other things, conferred on the king the prerogative of declaring war and making peace—a prerogative which had always been attached to the constitutional crown of England. These three states also voted supplies for carrying on the war against Russia with the utmost alacrity. A fresh army of 50,000 men was raised with all possible speed, and some supplies and reinforcements were sent to the fleet. But Gustavus still apprehended that as soon as he should take the field in Finland the Russians would again bring the Danes upon his back; and as he was playing the part which the three allied courts of London, Berlin, and the Hague would have prescribed for him—as he was keeping up a very important diversion, highly favourable to the sultan—he considered that those three courts ought not merely to guarantee his safety on the side of Denmark and Norway, but also to furnish him with subsidies and other assistance. But Pitt, who was the main director of the triple alliance, had only made up his mind to half measures; he wished to preserve the Turkish empire without breaking with Russia; and so timid and cautious was he in the latter respect, that he had not even issued an order of of council to recal the British officers serving on board Catherine's fleet in the Baltic; and thus, though ostensibly favoured by the English government, Gustavus had the mortification to know that brave and skilful English officers were fighting him under the flag of Catherine, and teaching and training her boors and land-lubbers in all the arts of navigation and naval warfare. This was anomalous and unjustifiable. A bolder and nobler course, or even some indirect assistance lent to Gustavus at this crisis, might have checked and humiliated Russia, and have restored to Sweden that balancing power, extent of

dominion, and high consideration in the North which she ought to possess, and to which, in most respects, the manly martial character of her subjects entitles her. But all that Pitt would do was to procure and guarantee a strict neutrality from Denmark. Prussia and Holland were, of course, parties in this guarantee; and the Crown Prince of Denmark was again assured that if he touched the Swedish frontier, or joined his forces either by land or sea to those of Russia, they would give to the King of Sweden their speedy and efficacious assistance. Hostilities recommenced in Finland as soon as the severity of the climate would permit. Towards the end of May several severe and bloody actions took place, the Russians being commanded by Mouschkin Pouschkin, and the Swedes by General Meyersfeldt. In most of these affairs the Russians were defeated by the brilliant valour of the Swedes; but the empress whipped in fresh recruits and powerful reinforcements. Early in June Gustavus arrived and assumed the command of his own army. Only a few days after his arrival in Finland a desperate battle was fought, and the Russians, though far the more numerous, were thoroughly beaten. Gustavus displayed as much bravery as Charles XII. could have done. His brother, the Duke of Sudermania, continued in the command of the fleet, and endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to prevent the junction of the Russian forces. Meanwhile Gustavus continued to be victorious by land; but every battle cost him many of his best men, and as he advanced into Russian Finland his difficulties increased greatly. In this part of his progress he was attended by a fleet of galleys, which moved along shore, and co-operated with the army. But Catherine had collected in the Gulf of Finland a far more numerous galley-fleet, and a tremendous engagement, in waters where no large ships could approach, took place on the 25th of August. The result of this day of carnage was, that the King of Sweden was obliged to evacuate the Russian territories and retreat across his own frontier.

The troubles in the Netherlands had broken out afresh, and were not destined to come to a peaceful and satis-

factory termination. Joseph's pride was hurt by the accommodation of 1787; and, as soon as he imagined he had means sufficient so to do, he rashly resolved to annul all the concessions which he had made to the Flemings and Brabanters, and to carry into execution every part of his original scheme of reform. Above all things, he determined that the Capuchins should not be allowed to triumph over him, nor the doctors of Louvain be permitted to teach philosophy and theology in their own old way. The first intimation of Joseph's design was seen in the recal of Count Murray, and the substitution of General Dalton. Murray was a man of a lenient, conciliating temper: Dalton, an Irishman by birth, but who had grown grey in foreign service, was exactly the reverse in character and disposition. He was thoroughly a man of the sword, and one that thought the sword, in all cases, the best instrument of government. At the same time, Count Trautmansdorff was appointed to the civil government of those dominions. They arrived at Brussels at the end of 1787, or early in 1788. The first renewal of discord was on the subject of the University of Louvain. The people stood up manfully for their old priests, monks, and divinity professors; and blood was soon spilt in the streets of Brussels, of Antwerp, and of other towns by Dalton's battalions. The college was shut up, but so also were the hearts of all the emperor's subjects in the Netherlands to any return of good feeling or reconciliation with him. While blundering through his campaign on the Danube, and allowing his fine army to be repeatedly defeated by the undisciplined, unskilful Turks, Joseph found time to write letters to the Netherlands, expressing his perfect approbation of Dalton's vigorous proceedings at Louvain, and at Antwerp. He indulged in the confident hope that these acts of vigour and the flight of the principal malcontents would re-establish order and a perfect submission to his will. He could not, or he would not, perceive that these exiles might soon return with foreign armies at their backs; and that the Flemings, Brabanters, and the rest might rise to a man and join any standard

rather than submit again to his rule. For the present the whole of that fine country wore the aspect of sullen gloom and discontent; the prisons were crowded, the manufactories were left empty, the emigration continued, and a stop was put to nearly all trade and industry. Many of the emigrants threw themselves into the political clubs and all the revolutionary commotions at Paris, imbibing new, extreme, and violent notions of politics, and of the rights of man; and from this time clubs and secret societies began to be formed in Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Liege, and most of the principal cities of the Austrian Netherlands; and ideas and aspirations received birth and encouragement, which were not merely incompatible with the sovereign rule of the emperor, but with any monarchical government or any known and settled constitution. Frenchmen of ready wit and still readier tongues went from place to place as political missionaries and prophets; and these visitations were extended into Holland and the other united provinces, where the democratic party, who had been put down by Prussian bayonets and cannon, were quite ready to rise again if they could only see a good prospect of support and success. By one edict Joseph sequestrated all the remaining abbeys of Brabant. The states of Brabant now refused to vote any subsidies whatsoever; and at the beginning of the year 1789 Joseph recalled his oath to observe the terms of the Joyous Entry, ordered fresh arrests and banishments, and intimated in the most unequivocal manner that he intended to establish by military force an absolute government in the Netherlands, to correspond with the despotism of all his other states and possessions, excepting Hungary and the Tyrol. But, in a brief space of time, nearly all the nobility, gentry, and clergy—nearly all the manufacturers, merchants, burghers, and substantial farmers,—openly declared against the emperor, who was so occupied by the war on the Danube, and so impoverished by it, that, instead of 40,000 men which Trautmansdorff had spoken of, he could scarcely spare 1000 to send into the Netherlands. He had goaded his subjects there into universal insurrection at the very moment when his means of coercing

them were at the lowest, and their hopes and encouragements at the highest pitch; for the French revolutionists were now advancing *à pas de charge*. The Duke d'Aremberg and other great nobles, the Archbishop of Mechlin, the head of the clergy, with numerous bishops and lord abbots, the members of the states of Brabant, and the members of the now suppressed grand council, assembled at Breda in the course of the months of August and September, 1789, and on the 14th of September they constituted and declared themselves to be the legal assembly of the states. In that capacity, and supported by the almost unanimous voice of the country, they told the emperor that nothing but the immediate revocation of his illegal edicts, and the reinstatement of the provinces in their ancient rights, could possibly relieve them from the cruel necessity of appealing to God and the sword. A few weeks after the militia and volunteers assembled in many towns under their old officers, and bands of insurgents, well armed and not unprovided with artillery, took the field and drove the emperor's garrisons out of forts Lillo and Liefenshoeck. Dalton sent against them a strong division under General Schröder, who retook the two forts. But a few days after, when Schröder ventured to follow the insurgents into Turnhout, he was defeated in a street fight and driven out of that town with great loss. After this success the insurgents took the name of the "patriotic army," and were joined every day by great numbers of returning emigrants, who, if they came from the south, brought with them French democrats, and if they came from the north, Dutch democrats. If Dalton had ever been fond of fighting, he certainly showed no such propensity on the present occasion: he kept away from the field and intrusted the command of the troops to others. Being informed that the patriots were making head at Tirlemont, he sent General Bender against them, and Bender, imprudently engaging in the streets of the town as Schröder had done before him, was thoroughly defeated and driven out of the place with great loss and shame. This was at the beginning of November. Within a very few days after General

Arberg was routed and compelled to retreat behind the Scheldt; and the banner of independence was raised in Louvain, Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and other important cities. The emperor now fell into an agony of alarm and suspicion. The letters from his sister Marie Antoinette conveyed dismal accounts of what was passing and plotting in France. He began to suspect almost every man that was anywise connected with the Netherlands, and he even doubted for a moment the fidelity of the brave and witty Prince de Ligne, who had hitherto been an especial favourite with him, but who, as a native of the Low Countries, and as one having great estates there and high consideration among his countrymen, now became an object of suspicion. And in fact the chiefs of the insurrection had applied to de Ligne, who was then commanding a part of the emperor's troops at the siege of Belgrade, to take the command of the patriot army in the Netherlands. The prince was not the sort of man that could break through the ties of allegiance, the obligations of a soldier, or the habitudes of a whole life; he was moreover personally attached to the emperor, who had many qualities proper to conciliate friendship and esteem; and de Ligne, who was quick-sighted and sagacious beyond most of his contemporaries, clearly foresaw the anarchy to which the French revolution must lead, and the identification which must take place between that revolution and the insurrection in his own country if not checked in time. He removed the emperor's doubts and suspicions by some of his familiar and witty letters; but under his pleasantry and badinage appeared in sober sadness his forebodings and apprehensions. He earnestly recommended the emperor to put an end to the ruinous war on the Danube, to content himself with the towns and the fortresses he had taken, to make peace with the Turks, and to apply himself with all his power, and with the least possible delay, to extinguish the flames in the Low Countries, and to prevent the spreading of the great fire kindled in France;* and if Joseph had followed his

* Lettres et Pensées.

advice some of the earlier stages of the French revolution might have been less ruinous and disgraceful to the old monarchies and despotisms of Europe. If nothing more had been done, the quieting of the Low Countries and the return of the people to their former tranquillity and attachment to the House of Austria, which might have been brought about without armies and without any bloody contention, might have closed the gates to the neighbouring French, instead of leaving them wide open, and the minds of the Flemings and Brabanters in a state to receive the republicans as friends and deliverers. The first outpouring of the French was sure to be towards Flanders and Brabant, the old battle-fields of Europe—every motive, nearly every possible consideration, ought to have urged the emperor to make himself strong on this side; but he, on the contrary, had been throwing down every rampart and barrier, had been labouring, as if purposely, to facilitate the first movements of the French, and possibly even at the first moment on which the Prince de Ligne offered his good advice it was too late to follow it with effect. De Ligne says that he was himself oppressed with summonses and propositions to go and place himself at the head of the Flemish insurgents; that he was called upon to defend the rights and privileges of his country, and menaced with confiscation in case of his delaying any further to take that decisive patriotic step. To Vandernoot, who conducted this correspondence for the patriots, the prince returned no answer; but he wrote to others of his countrymen to assure them that there was more to be gained from a reconciliation with the emperor than from a perseverance in revolution and war, which could only be maintained by a union or alliance with the French, whose present temper and views he considered as perilous in the extreme, not merely to all crowns and sceptres, but to all nobles, to all men possessing property, to the entire aristocracy of Europe.

In the month of November the emperor addressed a conciliatory declaration to all his subjects in the Low Countries: he expressed a deep sorrow for the troubles

which had broken out, and offered a redress of grievances upon condition of their first laying down their arms. Having already been deceived in this way, and having been exasperated and maddened by Dalton's military executions, the people would not trust Joseph again, nor rely in any degree on the paternal affection which he boasted. The states of Flanders, on the 20th of November (1789), assumed the style of High and Mighty States; and they asserted their independence by passing and issuing various resolutions and manifestos declaring the emperor to have forfeited, by tyranny and injustice, and the invasion of their privileges, all right or title to the sovereignty, and ordering the levy of an army of 20,000 men, and a close union with the states of Brabant. In Brabant, and particularly in Brussels, the patriots proceeded with increasing vigour and vehemence; for every day brought the most encouraging news of the emperor's illness and political weakness, of the irresistible might of the mother-revolution at Paris—and many of the aristocracy of the Low Countries were not so quick-sighted as de Ligne in discovering the tendency of French democracy, and its inevitable consequences if once allowed to get the ascendancy. Dalton, after all his bravadoes, had been compelled to shut himself up in Brussels. The patriots soon rose upon him there, and attacked him unexpectedly at a moment when conciliatory negotiations were carrying on. All the unscrupulous conduct was not on one side, and in the Low Countries, as elsewhere, patriots could be guilty of treachery and deception as well as kings, ministers, and courtiers. The Irish soldier of fortune was so completely taken by surprise, that he was obliged, on the 9th of December (1789), to sue for a capitulation. The patriots granted him leave to withdraw his troops into Luxembourg; and they then remained in undisputed possession of all Brabant as well as Flanders.

The applications of the Belgic patriots to France had commenced in the earliest stages of the French revolution, and before the character of that phenomenon could be ascertained. They gave birth to a strong variety of

schemes and intrigues at Paris. One party thought of getting the Duke of Orleans appointed ruler of the emancipated states, which were to be formed into a separate kingdom, with something like the same limits which belong to the present kingdom of Belgium. Emissaries had been despatched to Brussels, to Ghent, and to other cities, in order to work out, or prepare for, this project; and it is even said that the Duke of Orleans opened the scheme to the British government, and endeavoured to obtain their concurrence or acquiescence on the ground that the Netherlanders would never again submit to the emperor.* This intrigue failed, as might have been expected. As a last resource, the Emperor Joseph despatched Count Cobentzel, a practised and able diplomatist, to Brussels, with full powers to treat with the insurgents. Cobentzel offered to restore all their privileges and rights; but the states now haughtily demanded many new privileges and an extension of their rights, together with a better security, properly guaranteed, for the enjoyment of them. And on the last day of the year 1789 the states of Brabant bound themselves, in presence of the citizens of Brussels, by a solemn oath, to preserve the rights, privileges, and constitution of their country; and they administered the same oath to the members of the restored grand council, also in presence of the citizens and populace of Brussels, who rent the air with their acclamations, swearing in their turn to support the states and the council, and to live free or die. Shortly afterwards they formed an offensive and defensive league with the states of Flanders. By this time the king and queen of France were little better than state prisoners in the Tuileries. The National Assembly was transferred from Versailles to Paris, the scene of famine and almost daily insurrection. The revolutionary arena was now full of combatants, the combat was considerably advanced.

By the part which it had taken in the American war, the government of Louis XVI. had reduced itself to a

* Memoirs of Dumouriez.

state of bankruptcy; and had given countenance and strength to the spirit of revolutionism in Europe. Lafayette, who ineptly figured during the first stages of the French revolution, became on his return to his own country a sort of popular idol; and nearly every Frenchman that had served with him in the Western World was regarded with admiration and respect, as one that had witnessed the triumph of the cause of the people, and that was capable of giving advice and instruction in all those political matters which Frenchmen had so long disregarded. Franklin, too, and all the American residents and travellers, were regarded as oracles in the *salons* of Paris; and republicanism became a fashion even among the nobility—especially among such as were poor, or out of favour at court, or younger brothers. It was in this state of mind that the writings of Voltaire, d'Alembert, Rousseau, Diderot, and their followers—the principles of the *encyclopédistes*, *économistes*, and *philosophes*, who were one and all agreed in an animosity not merely against the Catholic Church, but against all revealed religion, began really to ferment and to produce their rapid and wide-spreading effects. But, perhaps, as compendiums and manuals of political science Thomas Paine's 'Common Sense' and his 'Rights of Man' were in greatest vogue among the less educated part of the community. With such guides, with their national impetuosity, rashness, and vanity, and their unacquaintance with the practical workings of a free system of government, the French were not likely to conduct a revolution with wisdom and moderation; yet that some great and sweeping changes were indispensable will not now be denied by any man in his senses. Not less, as we believe, through the imprudence and vices of the people than through the concerted despotism of the court, almost the last traces of a constitution or of liberty had for long ages disappeared in France. The states-general, which had once an authority corresponding to that of the English parliament, had been altogether discontinued; *the Parlemens* had been converted into mere courts of register; and those municipal institutions upon which

all liberty and proper self-government depend had been reduced to a nullity. The taxes were most unequally distributed—the privileged classes, the nobility, the clergy, the monastic orders, contributing hardly anything to the public revenue. Plebeian birth was an all but insurmountable bar to any promotion in the army or navy. Yet the noblesse had no political privileges whatsoever; and if not considerable by their landed property, their employments, or military rank, they were simply valets of the court, or dissipated adventurers, or obscure yet proud country gentlemen. Impartial justice was rarely to be obtained, and arbitrary arrests by *lettre de cachet* and long confinements in the Bastille, without trial and without cause assigned, were, or rather had been, common events among the superior classes of society. The poor people were oppressed by *corvées* and other intolerable services. These were only a few of the evils which the French had to complain of; and the redress of them would have sanctified a revolution if it had been conducted with wisdom and humanity.

The financial embarrassments of the government, which precipitated the crisis, originated in rather a remote period; the splendid and much vaunted reign of Louis XIV., with its invasion and transient conquests, had impoverished the country; the profligate government of the Regent Orleans sank the state still deeper in debt; and under the reign of Louis XV. ruinous, sanguinary, and for the most part unsuccessful wars abroad, and an infamous misrule at home, increased this poverty and discontent.

It was under this reign that the court, the capital, and most of the great cities of France became demoralised to a point beyond which all the horrors of the coming revolution could scarcely carry them. There were great and glorious exceptions among all classes, and in every part of the kingdom; in many of the remote and rural districts a simplicity and innocency of manners still reigned; there were generous sentiments and aspirations in a very large part of the nation, and existing even in the breasts of men to whom vice and sensual indulgence were most familiar; there was bravery to do and dare, for that

essential quality never yet was wanting in the French; there was an abundance, or a superabundance, of talent, ingenuity, wit; but there was no political experience, no caution or moderation, no patient perseverance, no toleration for the errors or passions of others, no sympathy or friendship, but a deadly hostility between all the different ranks or classes of society, at the moment when Louis XVI. and his young wife became king and queen, with the touching exclamation or prayer uttered on their knees, and with streaming eyes, "Oh God, guide us, protect us; we are too young to reign!"

The new sovereign, a weak but amiable man, and not without acquirements and abilities which might have rendered him a good and useful king in a different country, or even in France under less numerous and fatal difficulties, found the people discontented, impoverished, suffering, and mutinous; the government embarrassed by an enormous and still increasing debt; the credit of the state destroyed by a bankruptcy profligately perpetrated by the Abbé Terray, the precious finance-minister of Louis XV.; the army disorganised, the navy almost annihilated, and all classes and conditions of his subjects calling for reform—for an immediate and sweeping reform—without being in the least agreed as to where it was to begin and where end, or as to the means to be employed in procuring it. At first, however, there seemed a fair prospect of contentment and tranquillity: the king chose for his premier the octagenarian Count de Maurepas, who had grown old without growing very wise; but he appointed Turgot, the most distinguished of the economists, and a virtuous and philosophic man, to be comptroller-general of the finances, and the wise and good Malesherbes to preside over the department of justice. The exiled parlement was recalled, and reinstated with honour. Turgot and Malesherbes, who knew the temper of the times, and that some grand changes were inevitable, wished the king to take the business of reform into his own hands, whereby, they calculated, he might be enabled to retain the direction of it, and prevent the extremity of a revolution—an extremity fear-

ful even among a better trained and more phlegmatic people, but trebly dangerous with a people like the French. They proposed that the king should begin with some of the gross and monstrous burthens that ground the commonalty, that he should suppress the internal duties which weighed heaviest on articles of food, and above all the detested *gabelle;* that he should abolish the *corvées,* and the other tyrannical usages which had arisen out of the feudal system; that he should subject the nobility and the clergy to pay taxes as well as the *tiers état,* or common people; and that he should convert tallages and other services, which excessively harassed and distressed the country people, into a fixed territorial impost. They also recommended the abolition of torture; a total revisal of the old criminal code; the compilation of a new and uniform civil code; full liberty of conscience, and the recal of the Protestants; the gradual suppression of the greater part of the convents and monasteries; the emancipation of the civil power from ecclesiastical jurisdiction; a proper provision for the parochial clergy and country curés, who did all the duties of religion that were performed in France, who possessed all the religion that was left in the French clergy, and who were and had for ages been condemned to starve or languish upon miserable pittances, while the dignitaries of the church—excessively wealthy and luxurious, and as dissipated and unbelieving as the lay aristocracy—were spending the money of the church at Paris. They further recommended the redemption of all feudal rents and obligations; the suppression of all the existing impediments to trade and industry, of everything which separated the provinces of France from one another, and checked the commercial intercourse of the kingdom; the formation of provincial administrations, to be composed of the great landed proprietors, who were to unite and give strength to the powers and spirit of the municipal bodies, to superintend the construction of roads and canals, in which France was miserably deficient, and to attend to a variety of important affairs too apt to be overlooked by the central government, residing continually

in the capital. Turgot was intimately connected not only with the political economists, but with the whole body of philosophes, whose free notions in metaphysics and in religion he participated in: he therefore suggested, as important parts of the reform, that the philosophes should be retained for the government by proper fees and emoluments, in order to furnish "*the tribute of their philanthropic observations*;" that thought should be rendered free as trade; and that a new system of public instruction should be established, from which "*all the old prejudices*" should be weeded and excluded. As Louis XVI. was not an *esprit fort*, as he loved the old religion much better than the new ethics, as, like his grandfather, Louis XV., he suspected and dreaded the philosophes, their converts and partizans, there was much in the scheme proposed that was in the highest degree distasteful to him; and other essential portions of the project were still more odious to the aristocracy and the clergy, who exclusively surrounded the king, who already raised a loud cry about vested rights and ancient privileges, and who expressed, in the most determined manner, their intention of yielding nothing to the people. Deafened by these clamours, the young king threw out all the vital parts of the project; and agreed with his premier, old Maurepas, that nothing ought to be done that tended to disgust and alienate the nobility and the clergy, the real supporters of the power and splendour of the throne. Turgot, however, succeeded in inducing Maurepas and the king to consent to the abolition of the *corvée*, of the interior custom-houses between province and province, and of various other vexations and abuses, which, collectively, formed no insignificant instalment towards better government. But the French people and the philosophes were far too impatient to wait for what could not possibly be well done except with time and caution; and the other orders were variously dissatisfied even with the little that was thus done in the way of reform. The courtiers complained bitterly of the rigid economy which Turgot had introduced; and the parlement of Paris resented several measures which went to interfere with their old jurisdiction,

functions, and profits. The patriotism of the latter body seems to have evaporated from the very moment they discovered that their purses and their influence were to be touched. Turgot's ministerial life of two years was a very uneasy one. The wisdom and the boldness with which he opposed the mad war-party that drove Louis XVI. into the American war—predicting so many of the fatal consequences of that rash step—put the capstone to his unpopularity at court, and he was driven into retirement in 1776.

Turgot was succeeded as comptroller-general of finance by Clugny, who, after holding office about six months, gave place to Necker, from whom nothing less than absolute miracles were expected; and that too by a people who believed not merely that the age of miracles was over, but that it had never existed. The prevalence of the new ideas was seen in this appointment, for Necker was not only a plebeian, but a foreigner and *Protestant*. He was a native of Geneva, and the son of a professor of law in that little republic. He went to Paris in his youth to seek fortune or employment; and he found both in the house of Thellusson, also a Genevese, and at that time the greatest banker and capitalist on the Continent. His steadiness and perseverance, with some abilities, soon raised him from the condition of a clerk to that of a partner, and in the course of twelve or thirteen years he realised a very large fortune. There was some difficulty in overcoming the religious scruples and the national scruples of Louis XVI., who thought that his finance-minister ought to be a Frenchman and a Catholic; but in the end, the alien and Protestant Necker was admitted to the most difficult office of the state, without, however, having the honour of a seat in the council. He refused the ordinary pay and emoluments of office, declaring that his only object was to benefit the people of France, and save their government from bankruptcy. Men, however, who knew him well, and who even respected the many good qualities that were in him, thought that it would have given him some pain to see France saved by any other hand than his

own; and that, though not covetous of money, of which he had already more than enough, he was covetous of distinction and glory as a statesman, and singularly ambitious of being thought the only regenerator of an undone kingdom. If Turgot's schemes had in some degree smelt over-strongly of the new philosophism and of the coterie of encyclopedists and economists, Necker's certainly savoured too much of the banking-house and the stock-exchange. He considered that the salvation of this rickety, worn-out monarchy might be found in public loans adroitly managed, in the introduction of a better system of collection and book-keeping, and in a very little economy on the part of the court and the various departments of government. Loans, new loans, were to supply the place of new taxes; for the people, the Tiers Etat, were already so overburthened that they could bear no more, and the nobility and clergy had secured for a little while longer their exemption from all taxes. No doubt there was service to be done by a good banker and stock-broker, and Necker did, honestly and with spirit, just as much as was to be expected from a man in that capacity; but he did, and could do little more, for Necker was scarcely a statesman at all, and the crisis required the greatest of statesmen. Nor is it at all improbable that the greatest statesman that ever has lived, or that ever shall live, would have utterly failed in that chaos and pandemonium. As for Necker's economy, or reduction of expenditure, it was too insignificant in amount to have saved a little Swiss canton. He would have made it more, but he was thwarted by the young queen, who naturally loved pleasure and expense, by the whole household, and by nearly every aristocrat that had place, appointment, or pension, or was living in the hope of obtaining it. The more thoughtful part of this high, and privileged, and separate world agreed that some retrenchment might be necessary or expedient; but they never could agree as to the places where the retrenchments ought to be made, and every one of them thought that he, his own connections, or particular department, ought to be spared. And

Necker, afraid of making enemies, afraid of offending the queen, carefully abstained from any bold attempt. If it had been a time of peace his financial operations might have produced some more lasting benefit; but nearly all the money he could borrow was swallowed up by the American war, and he found himself incapacitated from alleviating the crushing burthens of the people. He went on adding loan to loan. In the year 1781 he was permitted to publish his famous Comptes Rendus, or regular account of the finances of the kingdom, which disclosed for the first time the state of the revenue and expenditure—things which had hitherto been considered as sacred arcana of government, of which the people were never to have a glimpse. Although he was only half a philosophe and half a liberal, that party highly applauded this disclosure, declaring that it would render impossible the return of the old secret and absolute system. But, on the other hand, his disclosure made him many powerful enemies, and united against him a legion of placemen, pensioners, contractors, and others, who loved to live upon the public purse without the public having any knowledge of the fact. The Comptes Rendus certainly contributed somewhat to the great change that was approaching, and which was driven on by causes innumerable. Necker, assailed on every side at court, now declared that all his endeavours to retrieve the affairs of the country must prove ineffectual unless the king allowed him to change a part of the cabinet and to have a place at the council-table. The king refused even the seat in the council, and thereupon Necker tendered his resignation, which was accepted in May, 1781, not many weeks after the publication of his Comptes Rendus. After a short uneasy interval a finance minister was found perfectly to the taste of the court. This was Calonne, a bold, dashing, brilliant, self-confident man, who had a great deal of wit and a wonderful fertility of invention, and who would have saved France, if wit and impudence and wild schemes could have done it. Instead of recommending an extensive and statesmanlike economy as Turgot had done, or prac-

tising a paltry economy like Necker, he boldly declared that no economy was necessary, and that the gaiety and splendour of the court ought to be supported. He entirely captivated the suffrages of the court by the urbanity of his manners, the facility with which he granted favours or money, and the charming tone and tenour of his political philosophy. He was regarded as the best comptroller of finances that God had ever made —for courtiers. But this pleasant piping time could not last; a sum of money which, in francs, fills the breadth of a page, must be raised immediately, and an enormous addition must be made to the annual taxation of the country, or bankruptcy, ruin, anarchy, must ensue. Calonne felt, as a man that had bowels and sense, that it would be cruelty and madness to grind the people any further; and, after revolving many schemes, he determined to make an appeal to the nobility and the clergy; and he obtained the reluctant consent of the king to convoke an Assembly of Notables. The notables assembled at Versailles on the 22nd of February, 1787. The old courtiers were horror-stricken even at a deliberative, powerless, and most imperfect popular assembly like this; and the profligate Duke of Richelieu asked one of his friends what punishment he thought Louis XIV. would have inflicted upon any minister that had presumed merely to propose such a dangerous measure? These notables were almost to a man members of the privileged orders, and were exempted, either by birth or by profession, or by both accidents, from contributing to the wants of the state; but many of them were known to entertain the new notions, and to have expressed an eagerness for reform and the correction of abuses. It was, in fact, upon these grounds that they had been selected from among thousands and hundreds of thousands; and Calonne was credulous enough to imagine that they would display a perfect disinterestedness, and forward the liberal principles they professed at the expense of sacrifices from themselves and the orders to which they belonged. He thought, too, that if selfish men should be found among these notables of the land,

they would, from their very selfishness, be ready to sacrifice a part to save the large remainder, to resign their exemption from taxation in order to keep their great estates and their rich benefices. It was, therefore, with his ordinary gaiety and vivacity that Calonne explained in detail the motives of their being called together, and the healing schemes which he had to propose for their consideration. These schemes consisted, first, in a new distribution of taxes, by which the revenue would be materially increased, and the expenses of collecting it materially lessened; and, secondly, in the abolition of the invidious privileges of the nobility and clergy, which provoked a perennial jealousy and animosity on the part of the Tiers Etat, and which opposed an insurmountable barrier to permanent improvement of any kind. But his illusion was presently dissipated. Instead of approving his plans, the notables pointed out their defects and their very dangerous tendency. Such a storm was raised as completely overwhelmed even the bold and ready-witted comptroller-general; and, though warmly supported by the queen, Calonne was dismissed on the 10th of April. He was succeeded by a forward, fashionable, self-confident dignitary of the church, Loménie de Brienne, archbishop of Toulouse, who accepted the post of Calonne with an appearance of confidence, and was shortly after translated to the much richer archbishopric of Sens. At every change wonders were expected; but it soon became visible that Loménie had no plan, and that no plan was possible. The notables who had joined him in making war upon Calonne abandoned him the very moment he showed a disposition to resume and carry into effect a part of the projects which had been proposed by that minister and first contemplated by Turgot. He could neither continue the profusion of Calonne, by which alone the court was to be retained, nor fall back upon the saving system of Necker, which might have amused the people yet a little while: the loan-market was shut against him, and neither nobility nor clergy would open their purses to contribute. There was no hope for him or in him. He could scarcely dare

to speak against the privileges and exemptions which he had so recently defended; and, when two or three of the notables hazarded reflections upon the amount of untaxed property, tithes, &c., they were put down by loud and indignant voices. "You demand the convocation of the states-general," said the new minister with an air of alarm and astonishment. "Yes," said Lafayette, whose revolutionary ardour had not excluded him from the assembly of notables, "yes, and *something more than that!*"—The notables, who were not incorrectly designated by Lafayette's pun *Not-able*, were rigid in their parsimony, and not very submissive in other respects. They, however, sanctioned the formation of provincial assemblies, which, with time and patience, might have been productive of great good, if only in accustoming the French to a little self-government; and they also approved of the ministerial plan for regulating the internal trade in corn. They agreed to the total abolition of the *corvée*, and to the imposing a new stamp-tax; and here they halted. The court and the new minister of finance were about equally afraid of what they might do and what they had left undone; and it was resolved to put an end to a meeting which had disappointed all parties. On the 25th of May, the king dissolved them. In July, the parlement of Paris refused to enregister the new stamp act which the notables had sanctioned; and requested that his majesty would be pleased to convoke the states-general of the kingdom. Then, by the advice of Loménie de Brienne and his other ministers, Louis had recourse to a *Lit de Justice*, or Bed of Justice, a fashion which had been introduced in the course of the gradual growth of despotism and disuse of even deliberative assemblies, and which had often been resorted to before, when parlemens proved refractory.

This Bed of Justice was held at Versailles on the 6th of August, 1787. Before the parlement quitted Paris to attend it they entered a protest against anything that might be done or attempted contrary to the laws of the kingdom. At Versailles they were compelled to be silent, to witness the registering of the edict at the ex-

press command of the sovereign; but, on the next day, when they re-assembled in the Palais de Justice, at Paris, they declared, in a formal protest, that the edict, having been registered against their approbation and consent, was null and void; and the first person that should attempt to carry it into execution should be judged and treated as a traitor. They well knew that the other parlemens of the kingdom would follow their example, and that the tax and duty payers—the great body of the people, who already paid too much—would not, with such encouragements, submit to the stamp-tax. Altogether, a more unlucky choice of an impost could not have been made. The history of the stamp-tax in America was very generally known, and there was Lafayette, with Jefferson, and a knot of Americans, to endoctrinate the French people. The very name of the tax was enough to forebode mischief. At this time of ferment all the printing-presses of Paris worked night and day, pouring forth, for the most part, nothing but eulogiums on the patriotic parlement, anathemas on the government, libels on the king, and libels still more atrocious on the queen. The Count d'Artois, the king's younger brother (afterwards the ill-starred Charles X.), was grossly insulted in the streets of the capital, for having told the parlementers that if he were king he would compel them to be more obedient. At court, with an excessive irritation, there was much indecision; for Louis, though claiming absolute power, had in reality little taste for absolute measures. But, about a week after holding the unpropitious Lit de Justice, he assented to the proposals of his ministers for employing force and intimidation. All the parlementers were suddenly arrested and conveyed to Troyes. When their departure became known there was a loud uproar; but the soldiers, who were not yet won over to the popular side, patroled the streets and restored quiet by breaking a few heads and conveying some of the noisiest to their corps de gardes or to prison. But the king had not armies in every part of France, and at nearly every great town where there were no troops or only weak garrisons a spirit of riot and resist-

ance was manifested. Even at this very early stage there were symptoms that the people would make a wild and immoderate use of their power whenever they should be enfranchised; and that the revolution, like all its predecessors, would be a bloody one. But men would not permit their extravagant hopes to be overcast by these sad signs.

Lafayette, who appears to us to be about the most inept man that ever meddled with the mainsprings of revolutions, wrote in an ecstasy of joy to his old friends on the other side of the Atlantic—"Notions of liberty have been spreading very fast among us ever since the American revolution. The combustible materials have been kindled by the assembly of notables and by our parlemens . . . . Liberty is cantering and prancing from one end of the kingdom to the other."* Prancing, indeed! a wild unbroken colt, beating her unshodden hoofs to pieces on rough ground, where no roads as yet had been made, without bit or rein to curb and guide her, and with a crowd of self-confident but bad riders like Lafayette, each jostling the other and fighting to be first, fondly fancying that they could vault upon her back without saddle or stirrup, guide her as they list, and put her through her paces like an old manège Flanders mare. But if Lafayette was deficient in all the high qualities which make a statesman or a political philosopher, he was gifted with a wonderful share of activity. He attended the notables; he was in constant communication with the leaders of opposition in the parlement of Paris and in nearly all the other parlemens of the kingdom; he voted and harangued in the provincial assembly of Auvergne, his native province; and in a trice he was back in the capital, consulting with Jefferson and other American republicans as to the best means of making and conducting this revolution.† Other men of less name, but of infinitely more ability, were as active

* Letters to General Washington, in Memoirs, Correspondence, &c., of General Lafayette: published by his family.

† Memoirs of Lafayette—of Gouverneur Morris—and of Jay.

as Lafayette, for the revolutionary party comprised the young and middle-aged, whereas the monarchy was defended by the old only—who, as Jefferson complacently remarked, must be less active and be diminished daily in the usual course of nature. Loménie de Brienne, who had to bear the whole weight of government, and who was distracted by conflicting schemes and intrigues at court, not knowing what to do, did scarcely anything at all, beyond ordering the suppression of the political clubs, and causing the streets of the capital to be patroled constantly by strong parties. Troubles and even open insurrections broke out in Dauphiny, in Britany, French Flanders, Provence, and Languedoc; and the provincial states, nobility, clergy, and Tiers Etat united in determined opposition. In this state of the public mind ministers could not venture to attempt levying the stamp-tax or carrying into effect the *subvention territoriale;* and the president of the parlement, without any permission from the king, or previous notice given, was emboldened to quit Troyes and repair to Versailles. On the 13th of September (1787) M. le président obtained an audience of Louis, who had been for some time in a most painful state of poverty, doubt, and vacillation, not knowing whether to persevere in hostilities or to attempt a reconciliation. He told his majesty—what all the world had been telling him for months—that the kingdom would be absolutely ruined unless the present system was abandoned, the parlement reinstated, and the states-general convoked. The boldness of his language had an instantaneous effect on the timidity of the king, and decided his wavering mind—at least for a few hours. Louis engaged to give up the stamp-tax and the territorial impost, to recal the parlement, and to give them satisfaction in some other respects; while all that he required from the president was, that they should register the patent by which Loménie de Brienne was recently appointed first minister of state. The parlement returned in triumph to Paris.

This apparent return of a good understanding between the court and the parlement lasted but a very short

time; nor would its longer duration have been of much importance; for it was impossible that the questions at issue should be settled by these two bodies. Louis, unfortunate in his own character, unfortunate in his advisers, and in nearly all those who surrounded him, changed his mind and system within a very few days. With somewhat unusual noise and publicity the 19th of November was fixed for a grand royal hunt; and on the morning of that day, when the parlement thought that the king and court were chasing deer in the forest of St. Germain, Louis, attended by all the princes of the blood, the great officers of state, the peers of France, and a long retinue besides, drove into Paris and suddenly appeared at the gates of the Palais de Justice, wherein the parlement was assembled. This was a poor and weak parody of a feat of Louis XIV. The time had gone by for such performances; and Louis XVI. was neither shaped in body and feature, nor formed in mind, to play, theatrically or otherwise, the part of an off-handed tyrant. His most unexpected arrival, however, produced no inconsiderable sensation; and, as Paris was still well filled with troops, there was some appearance of consternation as he entered the great hall. He brought with him two edicts, one for a new loan to the amount of 450 millions of livres; the other, for the re-establishment of the Protestants in their natural and civil rights. This emancipation of the Protestants had at last become a popular measure in France, and had been even recommended to the king by the parlement some time before. It has therefore been thought that it was introduced on this occasion to reconcile both the public and the parlement to the successive loans. Louis, however, appeared to speak feelingly on the subject of religious toleration. "I will ever maintain," said he, "the holy religion in which I have the happiness to have been born, and I will not permit it to suffer any diminution of its pre-eminence in the kingdom; but I am of opinion that this same religion commands me not to leave a part of my subjects deprived of their natural rights." There followed a hot, loud, and passionate debate, which made the king

red and pale alternately. The great theme was the necessity of immediately assembling the states-general, in order to achieve a rapid and universal reform. These harangues lasted six or seven hours: it was growing dark, and was far beyond the hour at which royalty and the great world then generally dined. Louis, whose good appetite no troubles or anxieties could depress, was hungry, faint, exhausted. At last, on a hint given him by Lamoignon, he rose to put an end to the sitting by declaring, as imperiously as he could, that he must have his successive loans edict registered without further talking. A short silence followed, and men gazed at one another as if each expected that some one else would reply. The personage to rise and break this silence was the Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood next to the king's brothers, who had led one section of the opposition in the Assembly of Notables, and who had been for several years in fierce hostility to the court, to the king, and still more to the queen. Looking full at his majesty, Orleans inquired whether this was a Lit de Justice, or a Séance Royale? He was answered by the king and many of the court, all in a breath, that it was a Séance Royale. Even under despotism certain little forms and rules of etiquette had been observed, and the duke now quoted one of these to the king's face. Orleans said it was an old rule that edicts could not be registered by order in a Séance Royale; and that he, for one, must enter his humble protest against such registry. "You may do as you choose," said the king, who repeated his order, saw it obeyed, and then departed with the same state in which he had come, attended by the princes of the blood, the peers, great officers, and the rest. But his Highness of Orleans accompanied his majesty no farther than the gate, and, returning instantly, entered his stinging protest, which was adopted as their own by such members of the parlement as had remained behind, and who declared the loan edict to be null and void, and Orleans to be the greatest of princes and the best of patriots. They then separated. Next morning the Duke of Orleans was commanded to quit Paris, and to confine

himself to his château of Villars-Cotterets; and, by lettres de cachet Fréteau was consigned to the dreary castle of Ham, and Sabatier de Cabre to the still dreariér fortress of Mount St. Michael; the other members of the parlement being ordered at the same time to repair to Versailles with their journal or register in order to have the protest erased. If they were rebuked and brow-beaten at court, the parlement were honoured and applauded by the people of Paris, by the people of Versailles, and by all the people on the road. They returned to the capital bolder than ever, entered a fresh protest, and demanded the immediate recal and liberty of the Duke of Orleans, Fréteau, and de Cabre.

On the 4th of January, 1788, the parlement passed some strong resolutions against *lettres de cachet*, and repeated their declaration that they would not cease their demands and remonstrances until security was given for the personal liberty of every Frenchman. The contest grew every day sterner. At last the court *secretly* adopted the project of instituting a Cour Plénière, which was to be possessed of such powers as to render the parlement unnecessary for all purposes of government. This Cour Plénière was to consist of princes of the blood, peers of France, great officers of the crown, the higher orders of the clergy, marshals of France, governors of provinces, knights of the different orders, and a deputation of one member from each parlement in the realm, and of two from the chambers of accounts and aids. They were all to be appointed by the king, but their appointments were to be for life. The parlement no sooner got the clue to the secret through the activity, ingenuity, and liberality in bribing of d'Espréménil, than they passed a variety of resolutions condemning the whole scheme as an invasion of their rights and the national liberties, affirming that they were irremoveable, and that no authority in the state was competent to suppress or usurp their functions. These proclamations, which greatly excited the whole city of Paris, brought down a fresh exercise of arbitrary power. Orders were issued for arresting d'Espréménil and de Monsabert in

their own houses. But in the court, and in every office and department of government, there were individuals who, from jealousy and enmity to their official superiors, or sympathy with the opponents of the court, from a love of the new ideas or a love of money, or from some other motive, were ever ready to betray all the secrets they could learn. This continued until the expiring candle of this poor monarchy was completely burnt out; and the practice will account for many things in the revolution which might otherwise appear inexplicable. When the king's officer went by night to the houses of d'Espréménil and de Monsabert to capture them without noise, they were not to be found there or anywhere else. It was not the intention of those two gentlemen to flee or hide themselves for any time: what they wanted was to get up a scene, to injure the court by a scandalous éclat, to imitate the grand scene which had taken place in the English House of Commons when Charles I. went with an armed force to demand the persons of the five members: for these Frenchmen were always imitating, or fancying they were imitating, the patriots of England, or Rome, or Greece; and, as the two things resembled each other in name, though in nothing else, they thought their parlement might stand out in the eyes of the world like an English parliament. Accordingly, on the following day, they went down to the Palais de Justice, and took their usual seats. What they expected and had counted upon for their coup d'éclat happened very soon after: the palais was surrounded by a regiment, and an officer entering their hall demanded, in the king's name, that M. d'Espréménil and M. de Monsabert should be delivered up to him. A profound silence ensued. At length the president rose and declared that he and every member present was a d'Espréménil and a de Monsabert, as they one and all coincided in the sentiments of those members. The officer, not knowing the persons of the two members, and not wishing to proceed to violence without express orders, withdrew, and either went or sent to Versailles to consult ministers or the king and queen. The

troops remained outside the building, blocking up all the avenues leading to it, and the parlement remained within, having declared themselves in "permanent session." There were one hundred and sixty-seven of them, sixteen being peers. D'Espréménil compared them to the Roman senate, sitting in their curule chairs and purple robes, awaiting Brennus, the victorious Gauls, slavery or death; and told them that they were offering a grand spectacle to the Universe! As they were allowed to send messengers out, and even to despatch a courier to Versailles, it is to be supposed that they were permitted to receive messengers within, and that the means of procuring food and wine were not denied to them. After some twenty hours the officer again entered the hall and required the members to point out to him M. d'Espréménil and M. de Monsabert under penalty of being declared guilty of treason in protecting the king's enemies. There was a beating of drums, and rattling of muskets in the court. It was evident that the officer, who was a man of iron, and who had been chosen on account of his resoluteness, would execute his order by force. The scene, besides, had lasted a long while—the majority must have been tired of playing at Roman senators—and so the two chosen victims stepped forth from their brethren and surrendered themselves. As d'Espréménil was escorted to a carriage by a file of soldiers with their bayonets fixed, he put a short question to the crowd of spectators, which, a very few months later, might have caused blood to flow like water. "Have you courage?" said he. The multitude made no reply, and the regiment doing duty on the spot—the French guards—were firm and unconcerned. D'Espréménil was carried away to a little island off the coast of Provence not far from Toulon, and de Monsabert to an old fortress near the city of Lyons. A few minutes after their seizure the officer turned out all their brethren, locked up the chamber of parlement, and carried away the keys in his pocket.

Not many days after these high events, on the 8th of May, 1788, the king held a Lit de Justice at Ver-

sailles in order to enforce or to establish the Cour Plénière. He produced certain ordinances ready signed. These were registered, the parlement meantime keeping profound silence, and the meeting broke up. But the very next day the parlementers assembled in a tavern or coffee-house, at Versailles, and drew up a strong protest. Nor were the provincial parlements much more submissive; except that of Douai, not one of them would recognise the royal edict. But the last blow which upset the whole plan was the refusal of peers, nobles, bishops, counsellors, and other men of note, upon whose co-operation the king had confidently relied, to accept places in this new Cour Plénière, or to be in any way concerned in it. Absolutism made a few shifts and a few dying struggles before it resigned itself to its inevitable doom. The military were employed at Rennes, and forced the Breton parlement to enregister. Blood was spilt in the streets of that town, and, when the Bretons sent a deputation of twelve to Versailles with a remonstrance, Loménie de Brienne, after hearing them, packed them off to the Bastille by letters de cachet. The Bretons sent a second and more numerous deputation, who were met on the road by emissaries of ministers and frightened back to Rennes. The persevering Bretons despatched a third and still more numerous deputation, and, as these deputies travelled *incogniti*, and by different roads, they succeeded in reaching the capital and the royal residence. The minister refused to grant them an audience, but they had other work in hand besides that of representation and remonstrance. Before their coming they had struck up a close alliance with Lafayette, who, by letter, had assured them "that he associated himself in all oppositon to every present and future act of arbitrary power." Though not a born Breton, Lafayette's principal property lay in that province, and his mother was a native of it. He was, therefore, considered as good as a Breton, and he became the rallying point, not only of the deputies, but of all the men of movement that came up from their country to Paris. Under his auspices was now formed the *Breton club*, the first germ

of the *Jacobin club*. After these proceedings it was not extraordinary that the queen should conceive sentiments of suspicion and aversion against Lafayette, or that he should be deprived of his command of a military division of the kingdom. To those who represented the relegation of the Duke of Orleans to Villars-Cotterets as too severe a punishment for a prince of the blood, Louis replied, that he knew that of him which would justify him in taking off his head; yet he soon yielded to entreaties, and recalled the duke to the pleasures and excitements of Paris. It was observed, or fancied, that, from the moment Orleans returned, there was an increase of activity in the press and in the mob, and rumours began to be spread of great sums of money distributed in the Faubourgs, and of plots for dethroning the king and setting up Orleans as captain-general and provisionary regent. Many of these reports were premature, or altogether fabulous; but some countenance appears to have been given to them by the duke's crowded dinner-parties and assemblies in the Palais Royal, where, without distinction and without etiquette of any kind, parlementers, philosophes, economists, journalists, peers, nobles, liberal churchmen (who neither believed in the doctrines of the church nor in any one point of the Christian faith), and all the men in Paris that were the most wedded to the new opinions, congregated day after day.

But the mischief and the woe were aggravated by the arrival of a far more terrible agent than the Duke of Orleans, whose influence on the revolution has been vastly overrated. In the month of July of this year (1788), a terrific hail-storm fell upon Paris and the country for one hundred and fifty miles round about, destroying the harvest, as it was all but ready for the sickle, spoiling all the fruit upon the trees, and doing incalculable damage in other ways. As this storm had been preceded, in most parts of France, by a long drought, there was a certain prospect of scarcity, and of the rage of hunger being superadded to the other miseries and madnesses of the people. Surrounded by difficulties of every kind, without money, or the hopes of getting any—for the

people were refusing to pay taxes, whether registered or unregistered, and the capitalists would not look at the successive loans, or lend a sous to a bankrupt government which was evidently falling to pieces—the king agreed that the states-general should be convoked in the following month of May.

The poverty of the court, and the emptiness of the national exchequer, precipitated events. The king had but 2000 louis-d'ors left in his strong box at Versailles, and the state-treasury at Paris did not contain wherewith to meet its obligations. At last, Count d'Artois waited on the queen to assure her that Loménie must be dismissed, or the monarchy ruined; and, after tears shed both by her majesty and the minister, it was agreed that the archbishop should travel for the benefit of his health, and that Necker, who had returned to Paris some time before, should be invited or implored to accept the task of righting the finances and the monarchy.

Loménie de Brienne took the road to Nice and Italy; and the Genevan banker, on the very same day, the 24th of August (1788), was reinstalled finance-minister, with wonderful acclamations on the part of the people, who once more believed, for a little moment, that he was destined to be the saviour of France. His appointment gave so much satisfaction that Paris, which had long left the name of royalty out of her *vivats*, shouted all day and all night, *Vive le Roi! Vive Necker!*

The promise to assemble the states-general in May, and even a royal decree to that effect, had been given under the wretched ministry of Loménie. Necker only confirmed the king in this resolution. It would have been beyond the power of Necker, and all the finance-ministers and statesmen of Europe, to have put off the meeting; but a wiser man might assuredly have made some better preparations for it. Some sort of revolution was as necessary as it was inevitable—perhaps the worst was better than lingering on in the present state;—yet, by previously defining and properly limiting the respective powers of the three orders of the state, and by providing beforehand some barriers against the sudden in-

rush of the democracy, it appears just possible that much blood and crime might have been spared, and that Louis, instead of being dragged under the axe of the guillotine, might have been made the not unhappy or incompetent head of a constitutional monarchy. In spite of their boasted new lights and new philosophies, all classes, in constitutionalism and the science of representative government, had almost everything to learn; and, unfortunately, each from the beginning seemed determined to ride over the other, to treat it as an enemy, to impose its own will for law upon it by force or by manœuvre. The parlement of Paris, which was honourably reinstated as soon as Necker returned to office, positively and pompously declared that the states-general ought to sit according to the form observed at their last meeting in 1614, which was the same as declaring that the nobility and clergy should be everything, and the Tiers Etat, or Commons, nothing. The parlementers evidently thought that patriotism was an aristocratic occupation, and that they ought to preserve the monopoly; but their dogma, their heresy, their high treason against the Tiers was no sooner promulgated than they lost, and for ever, all favour with the nation. Even in France, there has seldom been a transition so rapid and extreme. On the 22nd of September they were reinstalled in the Palais de Justice, amidst the plaudits, and rejoicings, and congratulations of all Paris; on the next day they delivered their opinion on the subject of the states-general; and on the next all Paris hissed them, hooted them, and loaded them with execration. As a body they never raised their heads again: they had played their part in what was only a prologue to the great drama, and they were thrust aside to make room for other actors. On the other side the Breton Club, the *Club des Enragés*, all the clubs, with all the philosophes, economists, and ultra-liberals of Paris, went as far into extremes, or rather farther, than the parlement had done—advising and insisting that the Tiers Etat ought to have a greater weight in the states-general than the two orders of the nobility and clergy united; for (so they

argued, with a force that was irresistible to those who had nothing to lose) as great sacrifices were to be demanded from those two aristocratic and privileged orders, how was it possible that resolutions and laws to that effect should be carried, if those two orders were not outnumbered and outvoted by the Tiers, who were calling for the sacrifices, and were to be directly benefited by them? A paper entitled 'Deliberations' was put forth as the production of the Duke of Orleans, though it was written, no doubt, with advice and assistance from the philosophes and littérateurs that sat at the duke's table, by Laclos, the author of 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses,' one of the most debauched and debauching works ever written, even in France. Laclos was secretary —*secrétaire des commandemens*—to the Duke of Orleans, and a servant very worthy of such a master. The conclusion intended to be drawn from these deliberations was, that the third estate was the nation, and that nobility and clergy were nought! On the other hand, the Count d'Artois, with other princes of the blood—the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Bourbon, the Duke of Enghien, and the Prince of Conti—published a mémoire, or memorial to the king, in which they declared that such principles must endanger privilege, nobility, monarchy itself, church, state, and the king's treasury. This was quite certain; but what could the helpless king, or what could these princes of the blood, do to prevent it, or to overset a political philosophy that was inculcated by ten thousand pens, and that would soon be maintained by four hundred thousand swords—by all France, except the privileged orders? But the production which was by far the most ably written, which made the most noise, and produced the greatest effect, was the *brochure*, or pamphlet, of the Abbé Sièyes—*Qu'est-ce que le Tiers Etat?* or, 'What is the Third Estate?'—in which, answering his own query, the author said it was everything; that it had hitherto been nothing, but that it now wanted to become something. Sièyes, one of the many priests who had let their tonsures grow, embraced the new philosophy, and thrown their theology to the dogs—had been

vicar-general to the Bishop of Chartres, a canon and chancellor of that cathedral; but he had been living for some time in Paris, with the philosophes and political reformers, having a voice potential in all their deliberations for the regeneration of France and the world. He was one of the ablest men of that school, but visionary, fanatic to his system or systems, and as blind as all the rest to the danger of throwing all the power of the state, and all at once, into the hands of the people, who hitherto had had no share of it. As well might this logical Sièyes have believed that a child might construe Virgil before being taught his alphabet, as believe that the huge and untaught democracy of France should pass at once from the condition of bondsmen to that of lords and masters, and still act with moderation and wisdom. He and his fellows, no doubt, reposed an entire confidence in their own great wisdom and moderation, and in the enlightenment of the middle classes, who were, at least, well read in Voltaire; and fancied that, when the masses of the people had thrown off the yoke of king, nobles, and priests, they would, with exemplary docility, submit to the guidance of philosophes, and to the laws and regulations adopted by the middle classes. We shall see his vision ended.

Necker, had found out before this that there are accounts more difficult to manage than accounts of finance, and that it is easier work to raise loans than to create constitutions; and he evidently had no scheme of his own. As a means of solving the difficulty, or of settling some of the points in dispute, he advised so inauspiciously in the time of Calonne; and the very same men were once more called together on the 6th of November (1788). The questions proposed to them were principally the double representation of the Tiers Etat, and the vote by head. Should the Tiers Etat, or Commons, have as many members in the states-general as the noblesse and clergy united? Should the states-general vote and deliberate altogether in one body, or vote in three separate bodies—vote by head, or by order or class? Simply the two questions amounted to this:—

Shall the Tiers Etat have power to outvote the other two orders or not? As the notables thus reassembled consisted of princes of the blood, great lords, great churchmen—consisted, almost exclusively, of members of the two privileged orders—it could hardly have been expected from them that they should answer in the affirmative. Necker's wish appears to have been that the double representation should be granted, but that the three orders should not vote by head, but deliberate and vote separately; and he had the vanity to believe that, by the weight of his character and influence, he could carry the notables along with him. After sitting about a month without coming to any decision, these notables were dismissed, with bad humour on all sides. When the perplexed king applied for the advice or opinion of the parlement of Paris, they meanly shrank from any resolution, saying that it was for the wisdom of the king to decide these weighty questions. At last Necker presented a report to the king in council, wherein he recommended, or almost enjoined, at his own risk, the granting of the double representation, without enforcing what ought to have been a corollary, separate deliberation, and the vote by order, not by head; and, on the 27th of December, an ordinance was issued in which Louis gave the double representation to the Tiers Etat, leaving the other question of voting by head, or by order, to be settled by the states-general themselves, when they should meet at Versailles in the happy month of May, 1789. French writers of memoirs and histories draw a fanciful picture of this dawn of liberty, making it all gentle, soft, and balmy, like a sunrise picture by Cuyp or by Claude, filled with lowing cattle and piping swains, or with goddesses and nymphs dancing before the rising orb, and making with their own fair hands music for their own merry feet; but in sober truth, and sober sadness, the picture was of a character and a composition altogether different from this; the dawn was dark and stormy like the noon that was to follow it; the tempest had not only gathered on the horizon, but was already spreading itself as fast as winds can fly over the

whole hemisphere; and instead of that absence of hatred and all the evil passions which philosophes and littérateurs dreamed of in their Paris lodgings, all the evil passions, with hate and revenge at their head, were crowded and jostling together as in a carnival. During the elections innumerable duels, scuffles, and downright battles, took place all over the kingdom. In all town riots, where no troops were employed, the democracy had the upper hand, and made the noblesse and clergy taste the bitterness of mob-law. The fierceness of the populace was augmented by their privations. Trade, manufactures, and nearly every kind of industry, had come to a dead stop, and the price of bread rose to an enormous height when money was scarcest. Blood had been shed in riots in many parts of France, and in the streets of Paris on the very night that rejoicings were made for Necker's return to office. But worse followed. Only a few days before the meeting of the states-general at Versailles the capital was the scene of frightful disorders. The people, crying "Down with the aristocrats," attacked the house of a rich paper-manufacturer, and plundered or destroyed everything in it. The military were called out, the mob fought with them desperately; and before the affair ended, from four to five hundred persons, including women and children, were killed or wounded. The people already considered the possession of property as a damnable mark of aristocracy. But nothing less than absolute perfection in government and laws, and a national prosperity without check or end, was now anticipated; for the 4th of May had arrived, the deputies of the three orders were all assembled in Versailles, and the states-general were going in solemn procession with the king and court to the cathedral church at Notre Dame to propitiate heaven to bless their labours, which were to commence on the morrow. It was a *Grand Spectacle*, and all Paris, and all towns, villages, and hamlets in the valley of the Seine, or within twenty leagues of it, went to see. There was scepticism, Voltaireism, or Holbachism, or downright atheism, in luxuriant abundance; but religion of any

kind, except the religion of nature, or the theism of Rousseau and his Vicaire Savoyard, there was little or none except only in the breast of the king and a few old courtiers, who had not been able to shake off the fashions of old times, or their reverence for the church of Rome: and yet this procession of the states-general assembled in, and started from, one church—the church of St. Louis—to go to another, where high mass was to be sung, and all knees bent at the elevation of the Host. There was a hollowness and mockery in this very beginning. The streets were lined with regiments of the French guard and regiments of the Swiss guard. The first that came forth from the church of St. Louis were the deputies of the Tiers Etat, six hundred in number and all—as had been nicely regulated at court beforehand—wearing plain black mantles, plain white cravats, and slouched hats; then came the noblesse, three hundred in number, all clad in gold-embroidered cloaks, with lace cravats, and plumed, turned-up hats à l'Henri IV.; after the noblesse marched the clergy, also three hundred, the high dignitaries, the archbishops and bishops distinguished by the violet-coloured robe, the alb, and rochet, and the rest in soutanes, grand mantles, and square caps; and last of all came the court, most splendidly attired and blazing with jewels, with the king looking hopefully and even joyously, and the queen already changed from what she was, her bloom and beauty fading, and her hair prematurely turning grey. It was remarked that during the procession the Duke of Orleans, in contempt of the laws of etiquette, was continually quitting his place as a prince of the blood to mix with the sombre-clad deputies of the Tiers. As they all wended on their way to the church of Our Lady the priests chanted, military bands played, and trumpets and drums sounded. Within the temple the three orders took their seats according to their ranks, on benches prepared for them in the nave; the king and queen were conducted to a dais near the high altar, and sat under a velvet canopy violet-coloured and sprinkled with golden *fleurs de lis*. *O Salutaris Hostia* was chanted, the grand mass was finished, and then M. de la

Eare, Bishop of Nancy, delivered a sermon or discourse on the theme—"Religion makes the force of empires, religion makes the happiness of the people." Even philosophers, doubt-alls, and scoffers were touched for a moment by the music, the incense, and the imposing pomp; and the multitude of spectators that only saw the procession in the streets returned to Paris, or their other homes, declaring that it was beautiful, sublime, ravishing—that so grand a spectacle had never been seen.*

On the following day—the 5th of May, 1789—the states-general assembled in a great hall at Versailles, which had been prepared for them, not without expense. It was the *Salle de Menus Plaisirs*, or hall of amusements, in which the court had been wont to disport itself in all kinds of merry games; but carpenters and upholsterers, painters and decorators had done their work, and, in French phraseology, "that vast hall was arranged with a magnificence worthy of the imposing solemnity of the occasion." The king, with a countenance still cheerful and hopeful, read a commonplace speech, recommending disinterestedness to the privileged classes and prudence to the others, and expressing his own earnest love for his people. He was interrupted more than once by warm acclamations, which made the queen weep for very joy: but not one voice was heard to wish her well. His majesty was followed by the keeper of the seals, who spoke for an hour, and then by Necker, who spoke for two. The finance-minister, who might now be considered as prime minister, read a long mémoire on the state of the kingdom, and wearied those whom he did not offend by the great length of his explanations.

On the next day the combat began between the Tiers and the two superior orders. It was intimated that the deputies of each order should repair to the chamber appointed for them. Besides the great hall, two smaller halls, opening upon it, had been constructed, one for the

* Mémoires du Marquis de Ferrières.—Madame de Staël, Considérations sur la Révolution Française.—Dulaure, Esquisses.

noblesse, the other for the clergy. The first operation to be performed was to verify the returns, or to make what was termed a *vérification des pouvoirs;* and there instantly arose the question whether this should be done in common, or by each order or state separately. The Tiers, alleging that each part of the states-general ought to assure itself of the lawful returns of the two others, demanded that the verification should be made in common, and not by each order separately. The noblesse and the clergy, wishing to assert and maintain, at starting, the principle of separation by orders, insisted that each order should verify and constitute itself apart from the rest; and after very little debate they quitted the great hall and retired to their several chambers. The Tiers, understanding that this would be followed by the assumption on the part of the privileged that the orders should also vote separately, and not by head, determined to make their stand here, and to adopt a "system of inertia," until the noblesse and the clergy should give in, and consent to the verification of powers in common. And accordingly there they sat in the great hall, day after day, doing nothing beyond declaring that they were waiting for the other two orders, and declining to receive letters and petitions as they were not yet constituted, but waiting for their colleagues of the other orders.

The first remark which suggests itself is, that the representatives of the Tiers Etat represented, in their own persons, almost everything but property. There were physicians and metaphysicians, poets and painters, a great astronomer, and several natural philosophers, chemists, mathematicians, journalists, littérateurs, and more than *three hundred and fifty lawyers;* but the number of proprietors was exceedingly small.* The

* The Marquis de Bouillé says that, of the six hundred members who represented the Tiers Etat, *three hundred and seventy-four* were lawyers of some kind or other.

The Tiers Etat of Rennes had sent as one of their deputies a rough old farmer, one Gérard, commonly called Père Gérard, or Father Gérard, and described as "a man of common sense and honesty, with not any learning." On

majority of the six hundred were young men—men at least under thirty years of age—who had no experience in public business of any kind, and who could not, from the previous condition of the country, have had any training in political life. The only men at all trained—and their education was not good—were the members of the parlemens, who belonged to the privileged orders, and sat, like d'Espréménil, with the noblesse. Instead of experience and practical knowledge, the deputies of the Tiers brought theories and systems—with all the impatience, intolerance, and fanaticism of system-makers. Instead of doubt and diffidence, there was an overweening and most rampant vanity, nearly every third man among them believing that he and his scheme alone could regenerate France and the world. A great many of them were so poor that they could not have supported themselves without the daily pay which was allowed them. This pay, or *traitement*, moderate as it was, formed a better income than many of them had ever enjoyed before. At first there were, in some quarters, delicate scruples whether patriots and world-regenerators ought to take pay for their sublime functions; but patriots and regenerators must eat and drink, be lodged and clothed; and, seeing that the members of the American congress were paid for their attendance, there was even republican precedent for the acceptance of the traitement. As the noblesse and clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the landed property of the kingdom, as their respective deputies were considered as representing property and privilege, as the deputies of the Tiers did not represent property, and were come to destroy all privilege, nothing but a combat *à outrance* could be expected. Notwithstanding the tremendous threats of the people, and nearly every possible means of intimi-

being asked, after he had had some experience, to say candidly what he thought of his colleagues, Gérard said, with his farmer frankness—"I think there are a great many, scoundrels among us!" (*Je pense qu'il y a beaucoup de coquins parmi nous.*)

dation which was resorted to by the leaders or drivers of the Tiers Etat, the nobles were resolute, and formed their separate house. The clergy wavered; and after an inaction of six weeks, the third estate, being joined by a few of the clergy, and feeling themselves strong in the support of the mob, declared themselves the legislative body, and assumed the title of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. The majority of the clergy were brought to acquiesce in this assumption; but the king, supported by the nobles, declared these proceedings to be null and void, and commanded the deputies to separate. Violent tumults followed: Paris poured out its clubs and its mobs to Versailles; a part of the soldiery gave unequivocal symptoms of attachment to the popular cause; and, in fine, the king prevailed on the nobles to give way, and an imperfect, incongruous union of the three orders in one chamber took place. Thus nobility and clergy were swamped, and all balance was lost, never to be restored, except by blood. Compliant or recusant, voting by order or by head, the two superior orders were equally doomed; and one chamber, a nullity and nonsense when the sovereign is powerful, must become a tyrant and a devourer when the sovereign is powerless. There was, indisputably, much to redress, but there was no patience or practical wisdom, in any quarter, for the difficult work.

In the meantime an army was collecting round Paris; and as soon as the court felt its strength, the step was taken, on July 11th, of suddenly dismissing Necker, with an order to quit the kingdom in twenty-four hours. The intelligence of this event excited a furious commotion in the capital, and an attempt to disperse the populace by means of a foreign regiment having been defeated, the citizens armed, and were joined by the French guards. On the 14th of July, the Bastille was stormed and taken by the people of Paris, aided by some of the military. Since the accession of Louis XVI. it had been almost void of state-prisoners, but it certainly had been for long ages, an infamous place, a detestable den, wherein despotism threw her victims to pine and to rot; it was a place to

be destroyed and obliterated from the face of the earth; but the French people could not achieve this triumph over tyranny without committing atrocious cruelties, and deeds as savage and treacherous as any that had been perpetrated in old times under the worst of their kings. Having once tasted of blood the people of Paris became ravenous for it; and many individuals were butchered in the streets with levity and atrocity. As the murder, only on the preceding evening, of de Flesselles had left the new municipality without a head, Astronomer Bailly was immediately elected, by acclamation, to succeed that unfortunate provost, with the higher title of Mayor of Paris; and, as the new civic guard, now to be called the National, was in want of a commander of good revolutionary repute, Lafayette, also by acclamation, and without any deliberation, was named to that post, which was soon to become the most important in the kingdom.*

On the next day, the 16th of July, the permanent committee of the new municipality, which already seemed to assume a sovereignty separate from that of the National Assembly, decreed the immediate demolition of the Bastille. This order was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, and in the name of Lafayette.

In these days the white cockade of the Bourbons entirely disappeared, and the tri-colour cockade was mounted by Lafayette, the National Guard, the French Guard, and nearly every man in Paris.

The king now issued orders for the removal of the troops stationed in the vicinity of Paris, and once more recalled the marvellous Necker—who was always to perform miracles, but never did. While daily assassinations

* The election of Lafayette is made more picturesque in French books. The citizens of the United States, soon after the war of independence, had presented to the city of Paris a marble bust of the marquis. That bust was now in the Hôtel de Ville. Moreau de Saint Méry extended his hand towards it, all eyes went in the same direction, and then a general cry proclaimed Lafayette commandant of the Paris Guard.—*Thiers.*

were perpetrating in Paris, and while bleeding heads—the heads of aristocrats, or of men holding office were exhibited—Necker recrossed the Jura mountains. He arrived at Versailles on the evening of the 26th of July, after having traversed France in triumph, followed by one continuous mob, shouting and applauding, and receiving from him paternal nods—to be peaceable and orderly. The king received him with some embarrassment, but the National Assembly welcomed him back enthusiastically; for his triumph was their triumph, and they alone had brought him back. His best friends had endeavoured to show that France was now in a state not to be governed by any minister, or any system of administration whatsoever, and had strongly dissuaded him from returning or trying any more dangerous experiments; but Necker said in his sententious manner that it was better to expose oneself to danger than to remorse. He was elated by the mouth-honour he had received on the highways, elated by the equally hollow applauses of the Assembly, and experience and a duplicated failure had not weakened his gigantic confidence in his own puny powers and abilities. That his triumph might be complete, and the applauses of the provinces confirmed and heightened by the voice of the capital, on the morning of the 30th, when he had been only a few hours in Versailles, he set off for Paris, and for the Hôtel de Ville, wherein there resided more sovereignty—cramped and mob-controlled though it was—than in the palace of the king or hall of the National Assembly. The vanity of the man was gratified to the utmost: he was received with transports, and all the way from the bridge of Sèvres to the Place de Grève his progress was a triumph; his path was strewed with flowers; bouquets, garlands, and wreaths were showered upon him; and the air was rent with shouts of "Vive Necker!" "Vive le Ministre du Peuple!" At the Hôtel de Ville, where was the new municipal body which had been composed by Astronomer Bailly and Scipio Americanus Lafayette, the banker implored that an end might be put to assassinations and massacres. "In the name of God, gentlemen," said

Necker, "no more judgments, no more judgments, no more proscriptions, no more bloody scenes!" The national *sensibility* showed itself in an universal shouting of "Grace, pardon, amnesty!" When the enthusiasm had subsided, Clermont-Tonnerre proposed that the amnesty should be embodied in a decree. The motion was carried without discussion, and the electors of Paris decreed, in the name of the people of that capital, that *they pardoned all their enemies*, &c. Mayor Bailly, being called upon to sign this precious decree, positively refused. His refusal may have proceeded truly and conscientiously from the motives he assigned for his conduct; but it was nevertheless attended by two very apparent consequences—it increased Bailly's popularity with the mob, and it made the mob believe that, since the Mayor of Paris would not sign it, the decree was nought. After the hollow or useless amnesty had been read in the midst of acclamations, it was proposed that the busts of Necker and Bailly should be placed by the sides of the American-given bust of Lafayette which figured in that hall; and that these two new busts should be executed at the expense of the Paris electors. Necker, attended by the same triumphant procession with which he had arrived, and revelling in a mirage or bright Fata Morgana, partly of his own making, and partly conjured up for him by the great magicians in the Town-hall, returned towards Versailles. But this was the last day of his high triumph and popularity. By the morrow the vision was fled: it had burst like the mirage of the desert —it had faded away and become invisible more rapidly than ever Fata Morgana vanished on the Calabrian coast or the beautiful straits of Messina. Necker had left Paris, in the afternoon, an idol, a guardian angel, a God; but, before midnight, he was *suspect;* and, on the following morning, he was an aristocrat, a devil. Thus perished the popular fame and influence of every man that attempted to check the popular appetite for blood, or that recommended moderation in anything. These reformers, in order to terrify the court into submission, had entirely let loose the fierce democracy, had armed

the mob, had debauched the army from its allegiance, and had given countenance and encouragement to the mad political clubs which dictated alike to king and people, to the National Assembly, and to the municipality of Paris, which had made itself more than the Assembly. The Faubourg St. Antoine, nearly all the districts of Paris, sent off a deputation to the National Assembly at Versailles, to complain of the attempt at an amnesty; to warn them against originating or sanctioning any such unpatriotic measure; to tell them, in short, more plainly than by words, that the people were and would be their masters and the sole lawgivers in France. The Assembly, partly out of jealousy of the high functions which had been assumed by the municipality and the electors, and partly from their own vile dastardly fears, received these vagabond, bloodthirsty deputies with respect, and assured them that there was no intention of subtracting the enemies of the country from the hands of justice. And they presently voted and decreed that a tribunal should soon be established to try the late ministers and other state delinquents. But the Parisians continued to administer the law in their own manner, indulging in personal animosities, and passing a *non fiat* upon every kind of privilege, and already on most kinds of property. There was much to redress, and there was no patience for the work, and in no one quarter a proper notion of doing the work gradually and so as to respect existing interests, and to grant compensation to sufferers from changes. The hangings at lamp-posts (*les lanternes*) and other assassinations were continued. Convinced more and more every day that principalities and powers were at their feet, and that there was in reality no power in France except their own, the people proceeded to make that power felt in all directions. They could make no allowances whatever, they would hear of no compromises, they would show no mercy to their old oppressors, or to those who had in any way stood above them in the eyes of the world. In Paris and in most of the great cities they broke up in a single day all municipal corporations, all trade incorporations or char-

tered companies, insulting and terrifying out of their lives all the more conspicuous members of them; and with a very exemplary unanimity they not only refused to pay any taxes to government, but also refused to pay any rent to the proprietors of their dwellings, shops, and warehouses. Their philosophes and their patriots in the National Assembly had taught them to ascend to first principles in all things, and to doubt the propriety of any such artificial distinctions as those that regulate the possession and descent of property; and the revolution was especially a millennium in their eyes, *because* they saw in it the prospect and the certainty of a new division and distribution of property.

The country people in the various provinces of France daringly set forth their right to the land which they tilled or upon which they dwelt; and their Jacquerie went on with still increasing ferocity. Even in the showing of writers who seem to have considered the rich and privileged classes as only fit for destruction, the violence and the cruelty was excessive—atrocious.* The flames spread rapidly through all parts of Burgundy, Franche Comté, Dauphiny, Champagne, Alsace, Britany, and other provinces; and it was soon observed that they raged with a fearful impartiality. At first those seigneurs were attacked who had been proud and oppressive or for other reasons most unpopular; but soon all were assailed alike, the least proud and oppressive with those who had been most so, the most popular with the unpopular. It was quite enough to be a seigneur and to have a château—in this burning hell there was no distinction among persons. Old fathers of families, matrons with their daughters, were sent flying through the night from their burning houses with nothing on them but their bed-clothes, and happy if they had not to endure in their flight the practical experiments of some low-born de Sades, ready, with hellish glee, to prove and test the fact laid down in one of the most-read books in France, that the indulgence of cruelty heightens the relish of

* Thiers.—Mignet.

lust.* These deeds were perpetrated at a time when there was no resistance, when the nobles were consenting to everything, when a considerable part of them had devoted themselves to the popular cause, and when they had all renounced their privileges, and intimated, however tardily, their readiness to submit to a new order of things. Except in the provinces which became the seat of a protracted and most savage civil war, the nobles and gentlemen who did not fly their country, and who escaped the first slaughters, remained like sheep in a butcher's pen, and with the butcher's knife never far from their throats.

In these ebullitions the people were as furious against the clergy as against the lay nobility, and they burned and destroyed as many churches as châteaux, mingling in these exercises every possible sport and device to show their utter contempt, not merely for the ministers of religion, but for religion itself—not only for the doctrines and the mysteries of the Roman form of Christianity, but for every part and parcel of the Christian creed and of all other creeds whatsoever.

Nothing is more certain than that the National Assembly alternately winked at and encouraged the châteaux-burning, the destruction of title-deeds, and the rest. "The Assembly," says an attentive and competent observer of all their proceedings, "were so afraid of offending the people, that they almost regarded as a snare every motion tending to repress the disorders or blame the excesses of the populace. It was still doubt mixed with fear (*la défiance*) that lay at the bottom of men's hearts. They had triumphed by means of the people, and could not be severe against the people; on the contrary, although the Assembly often declared in their preambles that they were profoundly afflicted, and even incensed, at the violences committed by the bandits and brigands that were burning the châteaux and insult-

* This atrocious theory forms the sum and substance, the *morale*, of the popular novel (it is still popular in France!), '*Justine, ou Les Malheurs de la Vertu;*' written by the notorious Marquis de Sades.

ing the noblesse, they enjoyed in secret a terror which they believed necessary." [*In short, they acted and felt much as Robespierre and his followers did, afterwards, during the more tragical 'Reign of Terror.'*] "They had put themselves under the necessity either of fearing the noblesse or making the noblesse fear them. They condemned for decency, but they managed and conciliated the mob for policy: they gave *compliments* to authority, and *encouragements* to those who defied it. Their respect for the executive power was nothing but a formula of style; and when the king's ministers manifested their weakness and fears, and revealed the state of nothingness to which they were reduced, the members of the Assembly, who remembered too well the time when *they themselves* had feared, were not sorry to see that Fear had changed her lodgings. If, thought they, you ministers were strong enough to make the people respect you, you would be strong enough to make *us* fear you. This was the predominant sentiment of opposition. (*Côté gauche.*) It was a reaction of fear."*

In this state of things, when the king saw no safety or protection for his wife and family, and when the members of the National Assembly themselves were not without their fears that they might be butchered by the mob for not doing the work of revolution fast enough, a regiment of infantry—the inauspicious regiment of Flanders—was brought to Versailles on the 23rd of September, with the consent and concurrence of the Assembly. The garde-du-corps or body-guard doing duty in the palace gave a grand dinner to welcome the arrival of the regiment. This was common, or at least not unusual; but what was considered a very alarming innovation was that permission was granted by the court to hold the military banquet within the palace, in the Grande Salle de Spectacle, or theatre. The feast was given on the 1st of October; and, besides the officers of the regiment of Flanders, the officers of the Swiss guards, of the Cent Suisse, and many of the officers of the Versailles national

* Dumont.

guard, were invited to it. The band, instead of *Ça Ira*, or other new liberty tune, struck up some old loyal air. This alone was considered as a very heinous sin by some of the spectators in the boxes. It seems, however, to be admitted by the severest of these censors that the officers behaved themselves with sufficient decency during the first course, or down to the moment at which the champagne corks were cut loose; but when this brisk wine had circulated a little, all decency, all respect to liberty and patriotism were, it is said, audaciously thrown off. The bands of the gardes-du-corps and regiment of Flanders were ordered to play, and they played with great expression the air,—

"O Richard! O mon roi!
L'univers t'abandonne."*

This appeal to the feelings was too much for the sensibility and enthusiasm of the Royalists; and while some wiped their eyes, others set up a shout of "Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!" The devil could not have been more irritated by exorcism and holy water than were the patriots present at the tune the bands were playing and the loyal shouting. A few other indiscretions were crowned and completed, when the king, and the queen, leading the little dauphin by the hand, entered for a minute upon the stage, and when the gardes-du-corps, the officers of the regiment of Flanders, and all the other officers bidden to the feast stood up with their swords in their hands—three hundred good blades shining and pointing heavenward,—and in that martial attitude, and with faces reddened by wine and loyalty, they drank to the king, the queen, and the dauphin.

For a considerable time before this scene took place, the mob of Paris had threatened to march to Versailles

* "O Richard! O my king! all the world is forsaking thee." The words of this opera song were supposed to be sung by Blondel, the faithful minstrel, on discovering our Richard Cœur de Lion a prisoner in the emperor's dungeons. In many respects they were applicable to the case of Louis XVI.

and make the king a prisoner; for provisions continued to be very dear (which they attributed to the manœuvres of the court), and it was *suspected* that Louis was preparing to fly to the frontiers, and there put himself at the head of a devoted Royalist army commanded by the Marquis de Bouillé. But the fête given to the regiment of Flanders now precipitated the execution of the threat; and on Monday, the 5th of October, 30,000 of Lafayette's national guards, and more than 30,000 of the rabblement of Paris, rushed into Versailles, took possession of the National Assembly and of the town, and surrounded the palace with cries for bread and blood. Between night and morning, when the royal family were in bed, the mob broke into the palace, committing various atrocious murders; and, on the afternoon of the 6th, the royal family were conveyed to Paris as dishonoured and helpless captives. The journey was torturingly slow: the cortége was preceded by the bleeding, ghastly heads of two of the gardes-du-corps, stuck upon pikes; Lafayette caracoling on a white charger by the side of the king's carriage; and when the barriers of Paris were reached Mayor Bailly inhumanly insulted fallen royalty by delivering one of his eternal harangues or academical discourses, and by telling the king that this was a glorious day, a beautiful day—*un beau jour*—that saw him restored to Paris as his habitual dwelling-place. It was eleven o'clock at night ere Lafayette saw the royal family lodged in the long-deserted palace of the Tuileries, and left them there as in a prison, he not being their gaoler —at least not their sole gaoler, but one gaoler among hundreds of thousands—a sort of upper turnkey, responsible to all Paris and all the people of France, and liable at any moment to have his brains knocked out with his own keys. Yet the vain inept man, the minion and tool of a monster faction, of a whole people broke loose and gone mad, went home to his bed that night with the happy conviction that he was the greatest man in France, in Europe, in the world; and that now they had gotten the king to Paris the work of liberty was done and most gloriously completed. He was so elated and

so constantly surrounded by a crowd of politicians, as little statesmen as himself, that he had no time for reflection—no ear to give to the few sensible men then in France capable of affording good advice. At the same moment that the National Assembly transferred itself to Paris, the Breton Club, vastly increased, took possession of the great hall of the convent of the Jacobins in the Rue St. Honoré, and thenceforward obtained the name of the JACOBIN CLUB. The change of name marks a great revolutionary epoch: the change of place soon subjected the Assembly to the club, to the Palais-Royal, and the mob. That mob continued as turbulent as ever; for it was found that, though they had got the king, they could not get bread, and fresh stories were invented of atrocious plots and conspiracies against liberty and the people. Peaceful men, if they had good coats to their backs, could not walk the streets without danger; and one of the very first acts passed by the Assembly was a declaration of martial law! They held their first Séance on the 19th of October, and on the 21st decreed martial law. *Et vive la Liberté!* The measure was proposed by *Lafayette* and Bailly*, and most vigorously opposed by Robespierre, who spoke with wonderful unction on the virtues and sufferings of the people, and whose popularity was notably increased thereby. Among many other striking proofs of the progress liberty and law were making, was the exile, at this time, of the Duke of Orleans—a measure in which Lafayette will allow no share of merit to any other man, but greedily takes it all to himself. If the Duke of Orleans were guilty of the state-crimes imputed to him, he ought to have been seized and put upon trial for his life; but he was ordered out of the country without any trial, process, or examination of any kind. He was exiled upon hearsay; and a few months later the National Assembly itself declared that there was no truth in the foul reports.

A considerable party, knowing the jealousies and ani-

* The day before making the motion Lafayette had nearly been murdered by a mob that were assassinating a Paris baker named François.

mosities that existed between the house of Orleans and the reigning branch, had maintained all along that the Duke was indirectly aiming at the crown, was encouraging the excesses of the revolution in order to frighten the king and his family out of France, and was regularly paying and subsidizing a set of brigands and assassins, who were guilty of all that was done amiss. It was pleasant to have a drain of this kind into which all the filth of the revolution could be poured; it was pleasant for the French people to hold up clean hands and say, this is not our work, but the work of a few hirelings, *chiefly foreigners;* it was good and profitable for the drivers in the National Assembly and the orators in the Palais-Royal to establish the belief that it was not they, but a prince of the blood-royal, a Bourbon, that made all the anarchy by which they profited. And in this manner they now endeavoured to represent that, if the march of half Paris upon Versailles had not been ordered by the Duke of Orleans,* at least every atrocious deed committed there had been committed by his agents. These opinions were the more easily propagated, as several silly underlings of the court had chosen the duke as their *bête noire*, and were intimately persuaded that

* Thiers equivocates, and mystifies the whole story: but Mignet speaks out frankly, and in his natural republican tone. "The insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October," says he, "was a true popular movement. We ought not to seek for secret motives, nor attribute it to concealed schemes of ambition; it was provoked by the imprudence of the court. The dinner of the gardes-du-corps, the reports of the king's flight, the dread of civil war, and the scarcity of provisions, were what carried Paris to Versailles. If private instigators (and the most rigorous researches have left that fact *doubtful*) contributed to produce the movement, they changed neither the direction nor the object of it. The event had for its result the destruction of the ancient régime of the court; it deprived the court of their guards; it transported them from the royal residence of Versailles into *the capital of the revolution*, and placed them under the surveillance of the people."—*Hist. de la Révolution Française.*

his spite, malice, money, and ambition had excited twenty millions of people.

England had not been an inattentive observer of this great revolution among her nearest Continental neighbours. From the first dawn of the event, through the quarrels with the parlements and the assembling of the notables, down to the convocation of the states-general, all classes of Englishmen had eagerly watched events; and from the moment the states met at Versailles—now only eight months ago, for all these momentous changes had been effected in that brief space of time—the affairs of France had occupied attention to the almost total exclusion of other public political matters. All parties at first agreed in believing, or at least in hoping, that the states, being properly modelled, would by degrees effect the most important reforms, and none doubted that an extensive system of reform was indispensable. It was, indeed, the deplorable condition of that kingdom, the poverty and oppression of the people, the abuses of lettres de cachet and other means of despotism, the insurmountable barriers placed between the commonalty and promotion, fortune, and fame, the checks put upon industry, the neglected state of agriculture, under the old régime, that made every Englishman desirous that a sweeping change should take place. Matters were bad enough in reality, but, in many particulars, they had been represented by recent French books, and in the reports of a few somewhat enthusiastic travellers, as being far worse than they were: they seemed so bad that any change must be for the better. Attributing to one great single cause that superior order and prosperity which reigned in England, and which were produced by slow degrees by the concurrence and co-operation of numerous accidents or circumstances, and innumerable causes, moral and physical, men fancied that, if a constitutional form of government could only be established in France, everything would be done. There were, perhaps, some that were jealously and unpleasantly excited by apprehensions that France, the old enemy of England, by availing herself of the advantages of a free constitution, might become a much more powerful,

and, consequently, a more dangerous neighbour than ever; but we believe that this jealousy and fear was limited to a very few, and that, without speaking of the enthusiasts for the new French liberty, who formed, if not a very numerous, a very loud party, there was, at first, a general burst of sympathy and generous feeling—an ardent wish that the revolution might succeed, and speedily terminate in the establishment of free institutions.

Individuals the most opposite in habit and thought were united in this feeling; and, if the agreement did not last long, it was solely owing to the blunders and excesses of the revolutionists. Even the melancholy and devout recluse, Cowper—"fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse"—roused himself in his sickness and sadness, and poured forth, in a few energetic verses, his congratulations on the destruction of the Bastille. All the most cultivated and most generous spirits of the country looked to the meteor that had risen with joy and hope; and, alas, but too many of them fondly clung to their hope when it was truly a desperate one. In the first phases the great antagonists, Fox and Pitt, united in a tribute of admiration. Of the great public men of the day, Burke was perhaps the first to catch a real glimpse of the one great cause which would disgrace the progress of the revolution, and render the acquisition of liberty doubtful at the last. He had read well the old history of France, and he remembered the old national admixture of impatience and ferocity. About three weeks after the storming of the Bastille he wrote to a friend in Ireland—"The spirit it is impossible not to admire; but the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true that this may be no more than a sudden explosion; if so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be *character*, rather than accident, then that people are not fit for liberty, and must have a strong hand, like that of their former masters to coerce them. Men must have a certain fund of natural moderation to qualify them for freedom, else it becomes noxious to themselves, and a perfect nuisance to every body else."*

* Letter to Lord Charlemont, as given by Prior, Life

The misgivings of Burke gradually converted themselves into a sad certainty, into the fixed and rational conviction that nothing that was good or free would come out of the horrible, bloody turmoil. He saw clearly that the same ferocious delight in murder, and the same savage cruelty would be again renewed. Whether the deeds which had been perpetrated since the capture of the Bastille proceeded from a settled design of the regenerators and revolution chiefs in the Assembly, or from the fierce instinct and *will* of the people, the case was equally desperate. By this time the Assembly had made such progress in their work as to enable a statesman to judge of what would be the merits of their constitution. "In all appearance," adds Burke, "the new system is a most bungling and unworkmanlike performance. I confess I see no principle of coherence, co-operation, or just subordination of parts in this whole project, nor any the least aptitude to the conditions and wants of the state to which it is applied, nor anything well imagined for the formation, provision, or direction of a common force . . . . . I cannot think with you that the Assembly have done much. They have, indeed, *undone* a great deal; and so completely broken up their country as a state, that I assure you, there are few here such Anti-gallicans as not to feel some pity on the deplorable view of the wreck of France."* Such were the feelings and opinions of one who was not free from human error, of one who, even on this great question, allowed his feelings to overcome him, and his passions to carry him to extremes, but who was assuredly, as a whole, the wisest man and the greatest political philoso-

Burke.—At this time the French had scarcely begun making their constitution, and the confusion of the three orders into one chamber might be considered as merely temporary. But Burke evidently doubted, from such a beginning, whether any tolerable system would be adopted. "To form a solid constitution requires wisdom as well as spirit; and whether the French have wise heads among them, or, if they possess such, whether they have authority equal to their wisdom, is yet to be seen."—*Id. id.*

* Letter to M. de Menonville.

pher of that generation, and whose thorough honesty and sincerity on this great vital point are as indisputable as the fact that the blessed sun over our heads gives light and heat. To question this truth, to revive the madness and the party squabbles and the cavils of the time, to seek the origin of the holiest of motives in a base self-seeking, is not only to do injustice to an immortal name, but to inflict a hideous wound on the only political philosophy proper to guide us and save us. But the keen insight into the French character which Burke possessed was not common to all his party, or even to all his close personal as well as political friends; and the rapid progress and self-evident tendency of events which had convinced him had carried no conviction to the hearts of various kinds of enthusiasts, who continued to hope that, after the first ebullition, the French people would return to their senses. Some there were so extravagant in their own discontents and animosity to despotisms, or to all established governments, as to declare that little or nothing had been done amiss. But a notion that was entertained by more persons was, that the excesses committed were indeed very lamentable, but wholly attributable to the old tyranny, which had brutalised the people, and were not at all likely to last. A very considerable part of the dissenters, who had to complain of sundry restrictions and invidious distinctions not yet removed by the legislature, and a body considerable in numbers and in the fame and abilities of their leaders, who were calling for a parliamentary reform, for the correction of sundry abuses and anomalies, who were over-impatient, and disposed to extend the democratic principle somewhat further than seemed compatible, in the eyes of the vast majority of Englishmen, with the character of the constitution, were the most active applauders of the French movement, considering from the very beginning that it would bring about more speedily than might otherwise be expected the changes at home which seemed to them so essential. We must in charity suppose that a great deal of ignorance as to the real state of France existed with a great deal of excitement. On the

4th of November an ultra-Whig association in the metropolis, known by the name of the "Revolution Society," met to celebrate the memory of William III. and the Revolution of 1688. It was strange that they should couple together two events so totally different: but, at their meeting, they praised in the same breath the great English change which had taken place a hundred years before, and the changes that were only a few months old, and not yet completed, in France. Nay, they seem to have soon lost sight of the English revolution, to fix their eyes solely on the French one. In the morning Dr. Price, the reputed father of Pitt's sinking-fund system, delivered a sermon, or discourse, in a dissenting chapel in the Old Jewry, on "The Love of our Country." The doctor was very old, but age had not cooled his enthusiasm, although it may have dimmed his sight in more ways than one. He had been one of the warmest admirers of the American revolution, and he could not regard this French revolution otherwise than as a continuation and extension of that great work. At the dinner which followed the sermon Dr. Price moved that the society should offer in a formal address "their congratulations to the National Assembly on the event of the late glorious revolution in France." The motion was adopted by acclamation; and Lord Stanhope, the chairman—in whom the hereditary talents of the Stanhopes had taken a twist, in whom the thin partitions which divide wit from madness had been in some of their joints broken down—undertook to transmit the address to the National Assembly. The Assembly could not do less than declare Dr. Price to be the apostle of liberty, and Lord Stanhope a finished philanthropist. A great parade was made in receiving and reading the said address; the title of *Mi Lord* was pronounced with due emphasis; and care was taken to impress the belief that there were great people in England that not only admired the revolution, but that were anxious to imitate it. *Ça ira*; the thing will go, we are getting on! Other societies met in London and in some of the provincial towns; and some permanent clubs were formed that were supposed

to bear a too close resemblance to the Breton, now the Jacobin Club. It was well known that French propagandists were pursuing their missions with rare zeal in half the countries of Europe; and that no inconsiderable number of them were and had been for some time in England. Mr. Pitt and his government honoured these revolutionary missionaries with more attention than they deserved: we believe it would be difficult to find that one proselyte was ever made in England by all these secret agents; that many must have been disgusted with their principles on hearing them from their own lips, and with their own natural vehemence; and that perhaps one of the readiest ways to disenchant the credulous would have been to encourage a large importation of these Frenchmen. Additional alarm was excited at the tone assumed by a part of the newspaper press, which had become all at once Gallican and republican. Some of these papers, indeed, might have been written in Paris, or dictated by Sièyes, Brissot, or some of those coteries: they overflowed with abuse of the old constitution, abuse of the church, abuse of the aristocracy—abuse of almost everything and everybody except the French revolution and the wonderful men who had made it. Before the parliament met, Burke, in private, bitterly reprehended that popular feeling, or fraction of popular feeling, which could approve, or fancy it could applaud, the National Assembly and its proceedings: he called it "a gross infatuation," "a tolerance of crime," "an absurd partiality to abstract follies and practical wickedness."*

A.D. 1790.—The British parliament assembled on the 21st of January. The king, who now appeared perfectly recovered from his malady, and from the indisposition which had followed it, attended in person. The speech from the throne concluded by affirming the increase of the public revenue, the extension of the commerce and manufactures of the country, and the general prosperity of the people. The estimates for the military establishments were neither greater nor less than those Pitt had

* Prior. Life of Burke.

proposed the preceding year; but Fox, Sir Grey Cooper, and other members of opposition, thought or said that there ought to be a considerable reduction. Pitt and his relation Grenville urged that, though there was no reason at present to apprehend a war, yet the unsettled state of Europe, and the *internal situation of several parts of it*, made it necessary for us to keep ourselves in such a state as to be able to act with vigour if occasion should require; that it was a preposterous economy to tempt attack by a display of weakness, and for a miserable present saving to hazard a great future expense. In the course of this debate Fox with great exultation announced that the conduct of the French soldiers had tended greatly to remove one of his strong objections against standing armies; and that the French army, by refusing to obey the court or act against the people, had set *a glorious example to all the military of Europe*, showing that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens. It was an injudicious and unlucky selection; but, in a subsequent debate on the subject of the military estimates, Fox returned to his laudation of the French military. On the 9th of February, when the estimates were reported from the committee, he repeated his eulogium. But now he extended his praise to the entire revolution. For some time it had been suspected by watchful observers that there was something approaching to a coolness between Fox and Burke; and this was attributed by different speculators to a variety of causes —apparently to almost every cause except the true one. Hitherto Burke had been silent in the House on the great subject, hesitating ere he would do or say anything that might proclaim an open and most serious disagreement between himself and Fox and the Whig party; it is said that he even went down to the House this evening with the intention of remaining silent: but Burke's feelings were too impetuous to be controlled, and his eloquence was always a full vessel, running over with fermenting contents. He rose greatly agitated. He tried to be calm, and he was passably so until he came to speak directly to the point. Then he lost all temper,

and called the revolution "an irrational, unprincipled, proscribing, confiscating, plundering, ferocious, bloody, tyrannical democracy." He had spoken before of France as in former times the champion of despotism and Popish intolerance; but now that people, whose character knew no medium, were seeking to lead mankind into anarchy. "On the side of religion," said he, "the danger of their example is no longer from intolerance, but from atheism; a foul, unnatural vice, foe to all the dignity and consolation of mankind, which seems in France to have been for a long time embodied into a faction, accredited, and almost avowed." After paying some compliments to the admirable genius of his honourable friend, which made the sanction of his name to such doctrines the more dangerous, he entered into an examination of the principles, proceedings, and tendencies of this French revolution. In conclusion, Burke said that he was near the end of his natural, and probably still nearer to the end of his political, career; that he was weak and weary, and wished for rest; that at his time of life, if he could not do something by some sort of weight of opinion, it was useless and indecorous to attempt anything by mere struggle: that, with respect to the constitution itself, he wished but few alterations in it—happy, if he left it not the worse for any share he had taken in its service. As soon as he had concluded, Fox got up, declaring that it was with a concern of mind almost impossible to describe that he found himself driven to the hard necessity of making a short answer to parts of a speech which, some observations and arguments excepted, he admired as one of the wisest and most brilliant flights of oratory ever delivered in that House. He added, however, that things had been said which ought to have been omitted or deferred. He must, however, declare that such was his sense of the judgment of his right honourable friend, such his knowledge of his principles, such the value which he set upon them, and such the estimation in which he held his friendship, that, if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science and which

any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from his right honourable friend's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference. He had learned more from his right honourable friend than from all the men with whom he had ever conversed! Fox then entered into explanations as to his true meaning. His declaration, he said, did not warrant the idea that he was a friend to democracy. He was equally the enemy of all absolute forms of government, whether an absolute monarchy, an absolute aristocracy, or an absolute democracy. He was adverse to all extremes, and a friend only to a mixed government, like our own, in which, if the aristocracy, or indeed any one of the three branches of the constitution, were destroyed, the good effect of the whole, and the happiness derived under it, would, in his mind, be at an end. The scenes of bloodshed and cruelty which had been acted in France no man could have heard of without lamenting; but still, when the severe tyranny under which the people had so long groaned was considered, the excesses which they committed in their endeavour to shake off the yoke of despotism might, he thought, be spoken of with some degree of compassion; and he was persuaded that, unsettled as their present state appeared, it was preferable to their former condition, and that ultimately it would be for the advantage of this country that France had regained her freedom.

Never would he lend himself to support any cabal or scheme to introduce any dangerous innovation into our excellent constitution. He would not, however, run the length of declaring that he was an enemy to every species of innovation. That constitution which we all revered owed its perfection to innovation. His right honourable friend might rest assured that they could never differ in principles, however they might differ in their application of principles. What had given him the greatest uneasiness was, lest, from its being well known that he had considered it the boast and happiness

of his life to have lived on terms of the most perfect confidence and intimacy with his right honourable friend, an impression might be left on the mind of that House, or on the minds of the public, that there had existed some grounds of suspicion that he could so far forget himself, upon the score either of principles or of duty, as at any moment to countenance, or rather not vehemently to reprobate, all doctrines and all measures inimical to the constitution. Burke rejoined: he said he could, without the least flattery or exaggeration, assure his right honourable friend that separation of a limb from his body could scarcely give him more pain than the circumstance of differing from him violently and publicly in opinion. He had no idea that his friend would lend his aid to any plan for the support of dangerous and unconstitutional procedures. He knew the contrary. He only wished to warn those who did not possess the brilliant talents and illuminated penetration of his right honourable friend from entertaining sentiments which he conceived to be adverse to good government. Here the discussion might have ended for the present if it had not been for the *facile* levity, or light facility, of Sheridan, who was anxious to make a speech on a grand subject, of which he knew very little, and upon which he had never bestowed one serious thought. Sheridan said he felt it a duty to declare that he differed decidedly from Burke in almost every word he had uttered respecting the French revolution. After paying some compliments about general principles, &c., he said he could not conceive how it was possible for a person of such principles, or for any man who valued our own constitution, and revered the revolution that obtained it for us, to unite with such feelings an unqualified abhorrence of all the proceedings of the patriotic party in France. He conceived theirs to be as just a revolution as ours, proceeding upon as sound a principle and a greater provocation. He eulogised Lafayette, Bailly, and other patriots of that class. He vehemently defended the general views and conduct of the National Assembly; and he concluded a flippant harangue—a congeries of common-

places, made ornamental and emphatic by sheer oratory—by charging Burke with being an advocate for despotism, and with having spoken of the National Assembly with an unwarrantable freedom of speech. Burke instantly rose to reply. There could never have been any great friendship or sympathy between the two, and he could assuredly throw off Sheridan without any of that deep and tender regret he felt in merely differing with Fox. He said he lamented the necessity, but must declare that henceforth 'his honourable friend (Sheridan) and he were separated in politics. He added that he had expected, even in the moment of separation, that his honourable friend—for so he had been in the habit of calling him—would have treated him with some degree of kindness, and would, at least, have done him the justice of representing his arguments fairly. But this was not a fair and candid treatment. Was it not evident that the honourable gentleman had made a sacrifice of his friendship for the sake of catching some momentary popularity? If the fact were such, even greatly as he should continue to admire the honourable gentleman's talents, he must tell him that his argument was chiefly an argument *ad invidiam*, and that all the applause he could hope for from clubs was scarcely worth the sacrifice which he had chosen to make. The Whig party were alarmed at this schism; attempts were immediately made, and again repeated within two days, to bring about a reconciliation by means of mutual explanations. On the night of the 11th, at about ten o'clock, there was a meeting at Burlington House, the Duke of Portland, the nominal head of the Whig party, and several other party chiefs, besides Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, being present at it. The discussion lasted till three hours after midnight, and appears to have terminated very little to the satisfaction of Sheridan; for, during the remainder of the session, he seldom came to the House, and very rarely spoke.

The king, who had never learned to look with a different eye on the American revolution, considered that that great event had been chiefly brought about by a

system of yielding and conceding: he saw a confirmation to this belief in the conduct of Louis XVI. and the march of this new revolution, which, in his apprehension, was nothing but the legitimate, or illegitimate, offspring of the American. He had fully made up his mind to make no more concessions anywhere, hoping to shut the doors against great changes by keeping them locked and barred against all changes. Pitt was an authoritative minister, but on these points he would have found the king imperative. But Pitt had come nearly to the same conclusion as his royal master. On the other hand, the Dissenters thought that this season of change was excellent for pressing their old claims to be removed from the oppressions and distinctions of the Test and Corporation Acts, being also encouraged by the very small majority which had rejected a motion to that effect, in 1789. They took the field with great activity and confidence, they canvassed individual members of the present parliament, and they intimated that they would only vote at the next general election, which could not be now far off, for such candidates as were friends to religious liberty and well affected to their cause. They even forgot their old intolerance so far as to court a union with the Roman Catholics, who were to be allowed the same freedom from the obnoxious acts that they claimed for themselves. On the 2nd of March the subject was brought by Fox before the House of Commons, which was one of the fullest that had been assembled for some time. In the long and argumentative speech with which he introduced his motion, Fox strove to ward off the objection which was known to be uppermost, not merely in the mind of the king, but also in the minds of a very large portion of the nation, by reminding the House that the former application of his clients had been made three years ago, when the most sagacious among them could not have formed anything like a conjecture of what had since happened in France. The motion was warmly opposed by Pitt, and afterwards Burke spoke on the same side. Whatever he might have thought of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts

in other circumstances, he regarded it at the present moment as altogether inexpedient. There was, he said, a wild spirit of innovation abroad, which required not indulgence, but restraint; for, the avowed leaders of the Dissenters had in their speeches, resolutions, writings, and even catechisms and sermons, given countenance to the worst portion of the political spirit of the day. Upon a division taking place, the motion was negatived by a majority of nearly three to one. Two days after this debate, a motion, still more hopeless under the circumstances, was made by Mr. Flood; it was for leave to bring in a bill, to amend the representation of the people in parliament. The plan was recommended in a very eloquent speech. It was opposed by Mr. Windham, who said, among many other things, that if he had approved ever so much of this proposition of reform, he should object to it on account of the time at which it was introduced. He asked where was the man that would advise them to repair their house in the hurricane season? He thought that speculatists and visionaries enough were at work in a neighbouring country: *there*, there was project against project, and theory against theory, *frontibus adversis pugnantia*. He entreated the House to wait a little for the event, and in the mean time, to guard with all possible care against catching the French infection. Fox argued in favour of the motion, candidly confessing, however, that he believed the opinion he supported was not only not that of the majority of the House, but was not the opinion of the majority of the nation. Burke then rose to combat the whole scheme, and all the arguments that had been used to support it. He contended that the people did not call for, or wish for any parliamentary reform, and that these attempts were not so much as countenanced by them. Wilberforce, Grenville, and Powys spoke on the same side; and at length Mr. Flood agreed to withdraw his motion.

On May 5th the public was surprised by a message from his majesty to parliament containing information of the violence committed on two vessels belonging to his

subjects, on the north-western coast of America, by a Spanish naval officer; also of his applications to the court of Spain for satisfaction; of the exclusive claims of that court to the navigation of those seas, and its hostile preparations. This dispute was a consequence of the establishment, by an English trader, of a small settlement for the purposes of commerce, at Nootka Sound, on the coast of California, the liberty for which he had purchased from the Indian chief of the district. In May and June, 1789, two English vessels were seized in that bay by the commander of a Spanish frigate, who made the crews prisoners, took possession of the lands on which the building for a settlement was erected; pulling down the British flag, and hoisting the Spanish in its stead, with a declaration that all the lands comprised between Cape Horn and the 60th degree of north latitude belonged to His Catholic Majesty. Negotiations respecting this act had been carried on between the two courts, which had not produced an accommodation, and the king's message on the occasion expressed a determination to support the honour of his crown and the rights of his people. The House of Commons unanimously voted an address to the king corresponding to this resolution, and passed a vote of credit for a million. Vigorous preparations for war were made on both sides; but the Spaniards not choosing to proceed to extremities, the dispute was adjusted by a convention, in which Spain agreed to the restoration of the settlement at Nootka, with reparation for the injury sustained; and also to a free navigation and fishery in the Pacific Ocean or South Seas by British subjects, with a proviso, in order to prevent smuggling, that they should not come within ten leagues of any part of the coasts already occupied by Spain.

There were wanting neither then nor at a later date men who sneered at the nation of going to war about an inconsiderable settlement in the Pacific Ocean; but though Nootka Sound was itself of no very great value, it was becoming essentially important to our trade and navigation that we should have free access to some ports in those latitudes; and, besides, a most flagrant insult

had been offered by the Spaniards to the national honour, and this was deeply resented by every right-minded Englishman. Mr. Grey—the late venerable Earl Grey of our own day—had said, with proper spirit: "this national honour is not, as some have represented it, a visionary thing: a nation without honour is a nation without power. In losing this one inestimable attribute, it inevitably loses the genuine spring of its spirit, energy, and action. Every nation, therefore, ought to be vigilantly careful of its honour; to be careful lest, by one mean submission, it encourages an attack upon the dignity of its character, that best security for the preservation of its peace." After the conclusion of the convention with Spain, flattering eulogiums of the minister, in the shape of congratulatory addresses to the king, were sent up by the cities of London, Bristol, and Glasgow. In foreign courts the reputation both of Pitt and of his country was indisputably raised by the promptness with which he had prepared for war, and by the negotiations through which he had secured peace.

Mr. Wilberforce continued to devote time, life, fortune, and no common share of ability and eloquence, to the great subject of the slave-trade. Once a week the "Slave Committee" dined with him. Clarkson, Dickson, and others, who had taken up the pen in the cause, and who were jocosely named by Pitt "Wilberforce's white negroes," were his constant inmates; and were employed in classing, revising, and abridging evidence under his own eye. His house was like an hotel, ever open to those who could in any way assist in the great work; and his influence out of doors, throughout the society he frequented, was very great, and was principally turned to the same purpose.* On the 25th of January he had opened the campaign in the House of Commons, by moving that the House would, on Wednesday the 27th, resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take the question of the slave-trade into further consideration; and, this motion having been agreed to after some debate, he had on the 27th carried the appointment

* Life of Wilberforce, by his Sons.

of a special committee for the examination of witnesses. He became himself by far the most active member of this special committee, he and his friend the late William Smith conducting personally nearly all the examinations. After many witnesses had been examined, some in favour of the slave-trade and some against it, a strong party in the House evinced a disposition to resist the admission of any more evidence. Upon this Wilberforce bestirred himself more actively than ever; not only imploring his friend Pitt to prevent the adoption of a course which would leave his case incomplete, but also making visits among Pitt's opponents, and calling upon Fox and Burke, and others of the opposition, for the same object. On the 23rd of April, Lord Penrhyn moved in the Commons that no further evidence should be allowed; but through Wilberforce's zeal and activity there was found a majority against his lordship. Through the same untiring agency, many additional witnesses in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade were found out, brought forward, and examined by the special committee. But here the business ended for the present, and the further consideration of the subject was adjourned till next session.

On the 7th of February the Emperor Joseph was gently informed by his physicians that the disease under which he had been so long labouring was incurable. "I have weighty affairs on my mind that I wish to settle," said the emperor. "Do you think I may hold out a few weeks longer?" He was told that it was possible, but that the nature of his complaint rendered it not improbable that he might be carried off suddenly at any moment. Joseph, who had some practical philosophy, and many qualities that make one love and pity him, was silent for a few minutes, but did not appear dejected. He then signed a despatch which his ministers had prepared for him, and the object of which was to apprise his brother Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was at Florence, of his approaching dissolution, and to press him to come to Vienna as soon as possible. The last sand in the hour-glass was made to run the

faster by a domestic shock. Early on the morning of the 18th his favourite niece, the Arch-duchess Elizabeth, died in childbed.* In the course of the 19th, the last day of his life, being no longer able to make use of his own hand, he dictated a letter to the excellent old Marshal Lacy, to express his gratitude for all the services and all the instruction he had received from him. On the same day, or, more probably, a day or two before, he said to the Prince de Ligne, a native of the Austrian Netherlands, "Your country has killed me! Ghent taken by the insurgents has been my agony; Brussels abandoned by my troops, my death!" He repeated several times to the prince—to the witty, light-hearted man, now crying like a child—"It is this that kills me!" After thanking the prince for his faithful services, Joseph said, "Go to the Netherlands; make them return to their duty to their sovereign; but if you cannot do that, remain there. Do not sacrifice your own interests; you have children!" On the 28th, between night and morning, the emperor breathed his last, being then in the forty-ninth year of his age. When his successor, Leopold, arrived at Vienna, his first care was to free himself from the Turkish war. Negotiations for peace were opened at Reichenbach, in Silesia, on the 4th of June, under the mediation of England, Prussia, and Holland; and an armistice was immediately concluded between the Emperor Leopold and the Sultan. This was soon followed by a treaty of peace, settled on the *status quo* principle, or that each party should retain what it had before the war began, restoring all that it had won. Russia was invited to be a party to the treaty, and Austria engaged to remain neutral in case Russia should refuse to accede. The congress at Reichenbach also interfered in the affairs of the Netherlands; and England, Prussia, and Holland guaranteed to the Emperor Leopold all the possessions of the House of Austria in Flanders, Brabant, &c., provided only he acknow-

* This princess of the House of Wurtemberg, was only his niece by marriage. She was the first wife of his nephew Francis, who so soon became emperor.

ledged and re-established the ancient privileges and constitution of those provinces. In the meanwhile the Flemings and Brabanters, with the rest of the Belgians, now styling themselves the United Belgic States, had called a congress of their own, and had issued the plan of a constitution, differing in some essential particulars from the ancient constitutions of the provinces, and being constructed with a view of complete independence of the House of Austria and of every other power. The Belgians had struck a medal to commemorate their independence and the throwing off of the Austrian yoke; and they had taken into their service a considerable number of English, Prussians, and Dutch, in order to form rapidly a regular army. They had, as a matter of course, called out their old militia and organized their corps of volunteers. The peasantry, urged on by the priests and monks, came in and enrolled themselves in great numbers, and the whole country was put in an attitude of defiance before the Emperor Joseph breathed his last. Most of the surrounding nations seemed to wish success to these efforts; but enlightened men found a great deal to condemn in the intolerant spirit in religion which was linked with the spirit of independence. The quarrel with the Emperor Joseph had, in a manner, begun about the Catholic clergy; the revolution had been driven on by Catholic priests and monks; and now the constitution-makers, who had complained of the emperor's tolerating other religions as an insufferable grievance, seemed resolved to carry intolerance to its utmost lengths. The constitution, or plan of constitution, they put forth excited great disgust among the liberal party even in England, who thought that they had thrown off the yoke of the House of Austria to little purpose, since they willingly submitted to the double yoke of a proud aristocracy and a persecuting superstition. The superstition, the bigotry, the black intolerance were dear to the hearts of the great body of the people; there was no touching the new constitution on that side; the very propagandists of France had found themselves compelled to feign to be

bigoted Catholics in Belgium; but in merely worldly matters they found the Belgians very ready converts, and they successfully preached an extreme democracy—a democracy like their own—though they could not make philosophes of the burghers and boors of those fat low countries. In old times, too, the Flemings and Brabanters had been the foremost democracy in Europe—the people that had waged one of the fiercest of the wars against the insolent and oppressive feudal aristocracy. On this side they were predisposed to sympathise with the French revolutionists. The Jacobin club in Paris had their agents in Brussels, in Ghent, in all the great towns; swarms of Frenchmen, inoculated with the revolutionary virus, and in search of employment and bread, which they could not find at home, kept constantly crossing the frontier, enlisting in the army of the Belgic states, or undertaking other services which brought them in contact with the people. A society, calling themselves "The Patriotic Assembly," met at Brussels, held regular and public meetings, and put forth their opinions almost in the shape of decrees; they were, at the least, calculated to overawe the congress and assembly of states, and to dictate the course they ought to pursue in constructing a separate and independent government. They complained—and so far there was some reasonableness in their complaint—that all the powers of government, all the legislative and executive functions, had been usurped, on the overthrow of the emperor's authority, by a few individuals, who formed a complete oligarchy, more odious and difficult to bear than the imperial despotism. These disputes began as soon as ever General Dalton and the emperor's troops were expelled; and they continued till great armies were ready to take the field against them. The revolution had been made by the concurrence and union of all the orders; but now these orders were divided among themselves, and a war, without truce, was declared by the people, by the clergy and monastic orders, against the high aristocracy; and then, in a very brief space of time, the necessity of a new revolution was

preached and proclaimed. The highest of the clergy took part, of course, with the aristocracy; but the great working body, the country curés, the parish priests in the towns, and most of the orders of monks, who had all been shaken and terrified by the Emperor Joseph, were on the democratic side, and disposed to go to very great lengths for popular liberty, reserving their antiquated intolerance in matters of religion. The magical words Tiers Etat were pronounced; Sièyes's definitions were accepted; and the grand and exclusive right of the democracy was proclaimed as a truth and an axiom. The aristocracy had pretended to too much; and the democrats would now allow them nothing. As in France, neither party would trust or tolerate the other. A jealousy arose between the congress and the army; and before this independence was two months old a portion of the army began to wish the power of the emperor re-established. On the accession of Leopold, before the meeting at Reichenbach, or before any kind of measure was attempted, either diplomatically or otherwise, a manifesto was despatched from Vienna to the Netherlands. This paper condemned, as improper, unjust, and despotic, much that had been done by the late Emperor Joseph; made strong professions, on the part of the new emperor, of lenity, kindness, and affection for the people; gave them the strongest assurances of his wish and intention to redress all their real grievances; but at the same time it asserted, in high terms, the emperor's undoubted right to the sovereignty of the country, and intimated that he would maintain that right with all his might. If this manifesto hurt their pride, it conciliated the interest of many of the Belgians, for it solemnly assured them that their old institutions should be restored; and a very large portion of the people had already discovered that those old institutions were much better things for working and for every-day use than their new constitution or the theories of the men who had made an anarchy in France. The character of the new emperor also seemed to have a claim on confidence, respect, and affection. As Grand

Duke of Tuscany he had gained universal applause by the gentleness of his disposition, by the mild and equitable spirit of his government. It was well known that he had left Tuscany in the condition of one of the happiest and best governed states in all Europe. Even men who had been most active in this Belgian revolution conceived that now their enemy, Joseph, was gone to his account, they might make terms with his brother and successor. Though the rising had been so general, there was always in the Netherlands a strong loyal imperial party, composed of individuals of various classes who owed obligations to, or hoped benefits from, the house of Austria. This party now began to declare themselves pretty openly, to wear the old cockade instead of the new patriotic ribands; and they soon formed the nucleus of a numerous and imposing force. The inhabitants of several villages assembled under Austrian flags, beating and plundering, in the name of the emperor, those who, a few months before, had beaten and plundered them in the name of Liberty. For the present these bands were dispersed by the troops of congress; but the wounds and blows they received only made them the more eager to re-assemble again when circumstances should be more favourable, and when the pleasure of revenge might be added to their other enjoyments. Men of a superior condition, though averse to the extreme democratic principles, detested the oligarchy, and seriously doubted whether it were possible to establish a republican form of government that would act quietly and well, and preserve the country from feuds, factions, and perpetual disorder. The people, no doubt, had sundry good qualities, but in point of enlightenment they were about the most backward of all in Europe. The idea that these populous and fertile provinces should all be united into a separate kingdom, and have a king of their own choice, had been entertained by not a few of the Flemings and Brabanters from the first beginning of the quarrel with the Emperor Joseph. A certain party now revived a plan for calling the Duke of Orleans to fill this new throne; agents

were despatched to Paris, and, notwithstanding the disgrace the Duke of Orleans was in at court, and the dark imputations against him, a portion at least of the French cabinet had not been unwilling to favour his highness's promotion. But the intriguing Dumouriez, who was sent to Brussels, returned to Paris with the conviction that France, at the present moment, could derive no advantage from such a chaos, and that the people of the Low Countries were on the high road to anarchy and ruin. He told Montmorin and Lafayette that the scheme of supporting those revolted provinces ought to be abandoned. The minister fully agreed with him; but Lafayette, who thought that, because the Americans had succeeded in their revolt, every other revolt must necessarily be successful, treated him and his opinion very coldly. Dumouriez was convinced that the fate of Belgium must depend upon the congress assembled at Reichenbach; and, as that body of diplomatists had started with the leading principle that the ancient constitutions of the provinces, with the conditions of the "Joyous Entry," and all other rights whatsoever, should be restored to them, and guaranteed by England, Prussia, and Holland, there seemed little ground for lamenting that the decision of the case should be left to that congress. Almost any state of things was better than the existing anarchy.

The Empress Catherine, though deprived of her Austrian ally, refused to take part in the pacific negotiations at Reichenbach, and carried on the war with the Turks on one side, and the Swedes on the other. Gustavus Adolphus, almost ruined by the great expenses of the war, and hoping nothing from the Swedish noblesse, whose enmities now seemed irreconcilable, threw himself more and more into the hands of the people. He became as great an advocate for the Tiers Etat, and almost as averse to the titled and privileged classes, as were any of the Frenchmen in the National Assembly. The noble officers of his army had mutinied against him even in the field, and with the armies of the enemy in his front; the noble officers of his navy had refused to serve

even under his own gallant brother, the Duke of Sudermania; and, in the civil service, the noble heads of departments and bureaux had resigned almost universally. Under these circumstances Gustavus issued a declaration that all orders of the state, without distinction of birth or rank, had an equal right to serve the country in all situations; it being contrary to common sense that any particular order should be allowed to monopolise all those appointments. The road to honour and promotion was thrown open to every Swede that had character and abilities. This measure charmed the mass of the citizens and people quite as much as it enraged the aristocrats: the states, from which the nobles were now almost entirely excluded, voted subsidies and imposed heavy taxes to enable the king to maintain the war against Russia. The nobles murmured at these heavy impositions, and declared, wherever it was safe to do so, that the acts of the Swedish States were illegal, as wanting their consent. They appear to have felt the more deeply as the taxes were levied upon all classes alike, in just proportion to their property. Calling his men of iron into the field, at a very early season, in the midst of snow and ice, Gustavus sent the Prince of Anhalt in the direction of Petersburg. With a body which did not exceed 3000, Anhalt penetrated to within twelve leagues, or two days' march, of the proud Russian capital, and possessed himself of an exceedingly strong post, with a fort, redoubts, &c., at Karnomkoski, on the Saima lake. Here the Swedes were attacked, in the month of April, by 10,000 Russians, under the command of General Ingelstrom. After a tremendous conflict, the Russians were driven back by the Swedes; they renewed the attack, to be again repulsed; and, after a third attack, they retreated in good order, but leaving 2000 of their dead upon the field. The Swedes, however, lost their brave commander; and were not in force sufficient either to advance upon Petersburg, which was again in a panic, or to maintain their positions on Lake Saima. The Duke of Sudermania then made some descents on the coast to favour the operations of the land army; and,

towards the end of June, his brother, the king, commanded in person the rest of the Swedish fleet in an attack upon a Russian division of ships and gun-boats, anchored in the Bay of Vivorg. Before Gustavus could succeed in his object Admiral Chitschakoff with the grand Russian fleet, and the Prince of Nassau with his galleys, were upon him. The Duke of Sudermania came to his brother's rescue; but still the Swedish force was very inferior. In the battle which took place two Swedish ships blew up, four fell upon the rocks and were taken, and a considerable number of small vessels or galleys were captured by the Russians, whose own losses were very serious, and whose high hopes were sadly disappointed—for they had laid their account with nothing less than the capture both of the King of Sweden and his brave brother. This desperate combat took place on the 3rd of July. Six days after, with a force still inferior, but with more sea-room, Gustavus attacked Chitschakoff and Nassau near Svenkasund with incredible fury. The battle, waged by ships and galleys, crammed on both sides with men, soldiers as well as sailors, lasted for two days. Several English officers were now serving with the Swedes, and foremost in the number was the late Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, then a young man, romantic, brave, and daring to excess. On the second day, after a frightful carnage, victory declared for the Swedes, who took or destroyed forty-five of the Russian galleys, ruined several of their large ships, and made above 4000 prisoners. The Empress Catherine immediately sued for peace, in a manner that must have been grievous to her pride. Gustavus was still bound by his Turkish alliance, and the sultan was more in need of his assistance now than when the Swedes had first taken the field. But the Swedish exchequer was empty, and Gustavus, who had counted upon the assistance and co-operation of England and Prussia, found that nothing was to be hoped from those quarters. No very enormous vote of English money might have enabled him to prosecute the war, and keep up the important diversion in favour of the Ottoman empire; and the war might have

been ended by such a treaty as should considerably have checked and put back the encroaching, grasping spirit of Russia, by putting Sweden in the position which she ought to occupy—that of a great power in the North. Gustavus complained that he was badly used; and we cannot but think he had sufficient reason for his complaint, for, though they had kept themselves out of any treaty or direct engagement with him, England and Prussia, and Spain and Holland, had certainly encouraged him to begin this war, for preserving the crazy Turkish empire from dismemberment. It was too selfish, it was monstrous, to pretend that this last great object should be worked out by Sweden alone, and at the sole expense of so poor a country. One million of English money disbursed now might have produced more effect than twenty millions spent at a later period. Moreover, if Sweden had been properly supported, and if this war had been vigorously sustained for another campaign or two, not only might the bloody triumphs of Suvaroff on the Euxine and the Danube have been checked, but the third, last, and worst partition of Poland—a project which Catherine was now entertaining—might also have been prevented or delayed. After a very short correspondence, in which care was taken by the crafty Catherine to flatter the vanity of his Swedish majesty, plenipotentiaries met at Warela, near the river Kymen, between the advanced posts of the two armies; and, with the interposition of Spain, a treaty of peace was concluded there on the 14th of August, upon the *status quo ante bellum* principle. The old treaties of Abo and Nystad were confirmed; each power was to retain what it possessed before the war, and Sweden renounced all claim to the possessions which had once belonged to it, and which it had overrun during the present war. Russia granted permission to export grain from Livonia; but the empress, who had pledged herself to the disaffected Swedish nobles to support their rights and privileges, who had put Gustavus's infringements of the old aristocratic form of government in a prominent part of her manifestos, said not a syllable about this old constitution in the treaty.

She left the Swedish noblesse, who had plotted for her, entirely at the mercy of their king.

For some time the Russian army on the Danube remained very inactive: the empress was uncertain as to the intentions of the king of Prussia, who was collecting troops on the Polish frontiers; and she was apprehensive lest some strong representations made to her by the court of London and Vienna might be the forerunners of a declaration of war. She was, moreover, in a bad state of health; and whenever that was the case all kinds of business languished. It was late in the autumn ere Suvaroff received reinforcements, supplies, and positive orders from Prince Potemkin to invest the fortress of Ismael, a place of some strength, esteemed the key of the lower Danube, and which would open to the Russians the road to Schumla and the Balkan mountains.* It was the only fortress of any value that remained to the Turks in those parts; and there was nothing between it and Constantinople except an entrenched camp at Schumla, and the rather difficult mountain-pass of the Balkan. Being assisted by a fleet of galleys under Admiral Ribas, Suvaroff invested Ismael by land and by water, and summoned the Turks to surrender, as the place must be considered untenable. The Turks never surrender upon summons, and seldom know whether a place is tenable or not until they are driven out of it: the garrison returned a haughty defiance. It was now the month of December—no time for making regular sieges in that inclement, uncomfortable climate:—if Suvaroff had attempted a regular siege he would have had to undergo the same difficulties and hardships which had been encountered in 1788-9 at Oczakoff, where Potemkin's army had been almost ruined. Nor were such slow and regular processes at all suitable to the genius of this rude, rough, and ignorant soldier of fortune. On the 25th of December—Christmas-day in our calendar, but not in that of the Russians—he ordered an

* Potemkin's order to Suvaroff was as brief and peremptory as could well be. The whole letter consisted of the words—"You will take Ismael, cost what it may."

assault, which was executed by an army of 23,000 men, and by the galleys, which mounted 567 pieces of artillery. The Turkish troops, who had from 200 to 300 heavy cannon in battery, and who were joined and assisted by every man, and nearly by every woman and child in the place, held their fire until the Russians were within a few toises, when they fired from every cannon and every musket, making old Ismael look like a volcano in its most active eruption. In vain Suvaroff stormed and cursed, and beat his Russians over the head, as his fashion was; there was no stopping this retrograde movement, and for some time there was no possibility of getting them back to the assault. He made another attack in different columns, but he was beaten again and again. It is said that the Russians were repulsed six or seven times from every quarter, and that Suvaroff was obliged to make nearly all his cavalry dismount, and take an equal share with the infantry in the desperate assult. At last, one ill-constructed earthen battery was carried, and Suvaroff, the first to apply the scaling-ladder, planted the standard of the empress within the Turkish works. His bravery was not of the merciful and generous kind: Suvaroff was a brute in manners, a savage in body and soul. It is reported of him that, as he was leading or driving his people to the assault, he said, "Brothers, no quarter to-day, for bread is very scarce!" The losses they had sustained and were still suffering made the survivors mad with fury and revenge; and, as all kinds of barbarous hordes were mixed with the Russ and Muscovites, there was small chance of Suvaroff's being over-burdened with prisoners to eat his filthy bread. If the Turkish works had been only tolerably constructed, he must have been repulsed even now; but the traverses were all wrong, or were every where except where they ought to have been; the palisades were set right in the middle of the parapet, which enabled the assailants to form behind them; and, through all these blunders of construction, the storming parties were enabled to carry the first parapet. Though assailed all round, and fired upon from the battery which Suvaroff had taken, and from other parts of their own

works, the Turks fought on with shouts of "Allah! Allah! Hu!" At last, at about an hour after sunset, the third line was carried; and then Russians, Cossacks, Zaporavians, and all the savage bands who followed that congenial leader, Suvaroff, burst into the very heart of the town, and began a carnage as horrible as any recorded in authentic history. Every horror was committed; and in the midst of that hell upon earth, with mosques, serais, and houses burning around him, and with his ears filled with the shrieks of women and children, Suvaroff sat down, and wrote in Russian rhyme, "Glory to God and to the empress, Ismael is ours."* Scarcely a Turkish officer was left alive; the old Seraskier Pasha, who had the chief command in Ismael, was found pierced with sixteen bayonets; including the inhabitants, the women and children, above 30,000 perished. The loss of the Russians themselves was estimated as high as 9000 or 10,000, including an amazing number of officers, and some of them of the highest rank. The Prince de Ligne, who, now that Joseph was dead, preferred serving the tzarina to going among his own mad countrymen in the Netherlands, witnessed this scene of horror, and was wounded in the assault. The Duke de Richelieu, then a young volunteer, and afterwards the founder and benefactor of Odessa, had a narrow escape; and practised a generous humanity where few would follow his example. Catherine triumphed in Petersburg; but Sultan Selim did not yet despair in Constantinople; and, when the Turks had seen the head of the grand vizier taken off and laid in the niche by the

* Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie. This account, written by a French officer in the Russian service, is the one which Lord Byron has followed very closely, as far as the incidents are concerned, in Cantos vi., vii., and viii. of 'Don Juan.' —Comte de Ségur.—Ann. Regist. Some years after the event, when Suvaroff was asked by an English traveller whether, after the massacre at Ismael, he had felt perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day, he replied that he went home and wept in his tent!—*Remains of the late John Tweddell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

Serraglio gate, they hoped for a better campaign next year. The first time the tzarina saw Sir Charles Whitworth, the British Ambassador, after receiving the news and the trophies from Ismael, she said, with an ironical smile, "Since the king your master is determined to drive me out of Petersburg, I hope he will permit me to retire to Constantinople."

At every step it took the French revolution got deeper and deeper in blood. The king was a prisoner, exposed to daily insults and menaces. There was no longer any government, although Necker continued at his unenviable post; there was no restrictive power anywhere; the great reformers themselves were overruled by the noisy mobs that crowded the galleries of their house, by the political clubs, by the demagogues of the Palais Royal and by the lowest rabble of the Faubourgs. Lafayette commanded the National Guards; but his authority was of the most precarious kind, for the Jacobins had already conceived suspicions against him, as also against his great ally, Mayor Bailly. Provisions became dearer than ever; and the ignorant mob continued to believe that the dreadful scarcity, which had proceeded from the elements, was wholly attributable to the king, the queen, and the aristocrats. Early in the year the National Assembly transferred themselves from the archbishop's palace to the Grande Salle de Manège, or Riding School, which had been prepared and fitted up for them, and which stood conveniently near to the Tuileries Palace, wherein the royal family continued to be watched and guarded in the most vigilant and jealous manner. As opposition was impossible, and as the king would neither attempt to escape nor adopt any other bold measure, some of his friends thought fit to advise him to do something, as if spontaneously, that should captivate the good-will of the Assembly and people, and place himself, as it was called, "at the head of the revolution." The advice was condemned by others of the king's private counsellors as inept or perfidious. Gouverneur Morris addressed a note to the queen, to oppose the idea; to submit that the king had already gathered fruits but too bitter from his inter-

course with the Assembly; and that all that he had now to do was to remain quiet, and let things take their course; that disasters were thickening; that confusion would follow; and that ere long the people, disgusted with the novelties that were working so much to their injury, might be disposed to return to the king, to offer him the spoils which they had wrested from him; that then it would depend on the king alone to ensure the happiness of France; and then a constitution, securing the liberties of the nation, and adapted to its condition, might be framed. The great point with Morris was, that nothing should be done by the court at present. But the plan was adopted at court, nor can we think what was done of much consequence, or that it made matters worse, except as tending to lower the character of the king afterwards, and to give the people the opportunity of accusing him of insincerity, perfidy, and perjury. On the 4th of February, while the deputies were debating, the doorkeepers cried of a sudden, "Here is the king, the king!" and immediately afterwards Louis entered the hall, the deputies rising and receiving him with some applause. There was a respectful silence when the king, followed by Necker, and by no one else, stood up near the president's chair to speak. He spoke standing, the deputies being now all seated. Louis began with representing the terrible disorders to which France was a prey, and the efforts he had made to calm those troubles and provide for the subsistence of the people. He then recapitulated the works and acts of the Assembly, declaring that he had attempted to do the same good things by means of the provincial assemblies, before they met; that he had always been desirous of reforms, &c. He added, that he felt it to be especially his duty to unite himself to the National Assembly, to the representatives of the people, at a moment like this, when they were finishing a constitution, and submitting to his approbation decrees destined to give a new organization to the kingdom. He then declared that he approved of the principles of this new organization; and that he would favour the new constitution, when it should be finished, to the utmost of

his power, and consider every attempt made against it as an offence to be pursued with all the rigour of law. He ventured, however, to express his anxiety about the respect due to the ministers of religion and the rights of property; and even to recommend to the Assembly not to undertake too many things at once, but to reserve some of the plans or changes—"a part of the good things their intelligence suggested"—for a future and quieter season. He also represented how necessary it was to establish the authority of the executive power, without which there could be no lasting order within the kingdom, no respect abroad, and no effective government. He hoped that this day, on which he, as king, came down to unite himself with the Assembly and people in the frankest and most intimate manner, would be a memorable epoch in the history of that empire! And he concluded, "It will be so if my ardent wishes, if my earnest prayers may serve as a signal of peace and reconciliation among you. Let those who would still avoid this spirit of concord sacrifice to me all the remembrances which afflict them; I will pay them for it with my gratitude and affection. From this day let us profess, let us *all* profess—and *I* will set you the example—but one opinion, one sole interest, one only will, attachment to the new constitution, the ardent desire of the peace, happiness, and prosperity of France."* The applause was tremendous; and as soon as the king had taken his departure, to be reconducted to the Tuileries by a shouting multitude, all vowing and swearing that now, indeed, he merited his title of "Restorer of French liberty," a vote of thanks, not only to his majesty, but also to the queen, was proposed in the Assembly and carried by acclamation. Before the enthusiasm grew cool, somebody from the tribune, or among the deputies on the benches, suggested that, as the king had so solemnly promised on his part to be true to the constitution, they, the members of the National Assembly, ought, on their parts, to swear to be so. This proposition was adopted by acclamation; and there immediately began a wholesale swearing to a

* Hist. Parlementaire.

constitution which was not yet finished—a strange oath indeed! The president swore first—"To be true to the nation, the law, and the king, and to maintain with all his power the constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by the king." Every deputy was to take this oath separately and distinctly; and there followed a loud, quick, running fire of *Je le jure!*—I swear it. Before the deputies had done swearing, the people in the galleries began to swear; and the crowd in the body of the house, and the mob out of doors, began to swear, so that nothing was heard for a long time but the sonorous *Je le jure! Je le jure!* In the evening Mayor Bailly and the committees and all the municipals took the oath in the Hôtel de Ville, and another mob took it in the Place de Grève, but in a more regular and formal manner than the crowd in and about the Grande Salle de Manège; for, on the suggestion of Danton, "that the public would like to partake," Bailly, with an escort of twelve municipals, stepped out to the front of the building, stretched out his hand, pronounced the words, and took the *jures* of the people, with a thunder of rolling drums and with shouts that rent the air. Then in the streets of Paris the people "spontaneously formed groups and swore one another." Every square, street, and alley was illuminated. The revolution was surely safe now! The illumination was continued through a series of nights; for, not contented with the spontaneous irregular swearing which took place on the day and the night of the 4th in all parts and corners of Paris, the districts would swear separately and in a more formal manner, and each district, after it had done swearing, had a particular illumination of its own. The professors of the universities, schools of medicine, &c., paraded the streets with their students, who were so exuberantly riotous that they could not be quiet even in taking oaths, but broke people's windows and heads, all out of love to the constitution which was to be made, and which was to make every man happy and free, except such monsters as dared to differ in opinion with the patriots! In imitation of Paris, every city, every commune or munici-

pality, every mob in the kingdom took the oath; from the British Channel to the shores of the Mediterranean—from the sand-hills of Dunkirk to the Pyrenees and the mightier Alps, was one prolonged, continuous echo of *Je le jure! Je le jure!*

Surely the constitution must be safe now. Alas, no! In a week or two the old doubts and suspicions were revived, and, while the court alleged, in private, that no sign of confidence would satisfy the Assembly—that no friendship and affection could restrain the Assembly and the people from carrying the revolution farther,—the Assembly and people openly proclaimed that the queen and the aristocrats were plotting against the revolution and constitution; that no faith whatever could be put in the court, who were corresponding with the Count d'Artois and other royal or noble emigrants, and urging them to make haste with their levies of mercenaries and their foreign armies. A royalist and religious reaction began to manifest itself in several parts of the South, where the new philosophy had been somewhat slow in taking root, and where, in a good many districts, the common people and bourgeoisie were determined Royalists and bigoted Catholics, prompt to take offence at the least injury or insult offered to their priests or to their faith.

To oppose this league the revolutionists of the South began to make federations. When these associations, entered into by armed men, and by numerous towns in rapid succession—for the train, when once laid, ignited and ran along the land like gunpowder—the National Assembly, instead of taking into consideration the inevitable result, were transported with joy at these spiritedly patriotic demonstrations, and they encouraged the federates to go on with their work. Lafayette gave the federations the sanction of his great name, and recommended the associations to the people of Auvergne and Bretagne. They spread more rapidly than ever after the universal oath taken to the unfinished constitution recommended by the example of the National Assembly on the famous 4th of February; towns federated with

towns, districts with districts, whole provinces or departments with departments—for provinces were no more, new-modelled France being mathematically divided into *départemens*,—and all taking the same oath to stand by one another, by the Assembly, and by all the laws it had made, or *might hereafter make!*

The constitution, which was to be nothing short of absolute perfection, was still for a long time a-making; but the Assembly had passed a declaration of the "Rights of Man," which was considered by the common people as comprising within itself all the valuable principles of a constitution. Many of the more moderate members of the Assembly had urged that it would be better to finish the constitution first; but as the Americans had begun their revolution in that way, and as Lafayette was anxious above all things for the declaration, all other business had been made to give place to it. They rubbed up their logic and their metaphysics, and sat disputing whole days and nights about words or the vaguest of ideas. "I remember that long discussion which lasted for weeks," says an ear-witness, "as a season of mortal ennui: there were empty disputations about terms; there was an accumulation of metaphysical rubbish and an overpowering loquacity; the Assembly seemed converted into a disputatious school of Sorbonne, and all the apprentices in legislation made their essays on these puerilities. After many models had been rejected, a committee of five was appointed to draw up a new one. Mirabeau, one of the five, had the generosity, which was ordinary to him, to take the whole task upon himself, and then give it to his private friends to perform it for him. Here then we were, Duroverai, Clavière, Mirabeau, and myself, composing, disputing, writing a word, and scratching out four words, exhausting ourselves over this ridiculous task, and producing at last a piece of patchwork, a miserable mosaic of the pretended natural rights of man, which had never existed. During the course of this triste compilation I made reflections which I had never made until then. I felt the falseness and the absurdity of the work, which was nothing but a puerile fiction.

The declaration of rights, said I, may be made after the constitution, but not before it; for rights exist by laws, and cannot precede them. Such maxims, besides, are dangerous. We ought not to bind legislators by general propositions which we may afterwards be obliged to modify and limit: above all things we ought not to bind them by false maxims. It is not true that 'ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL.' They are not born free; on the contrary, they are born in a state of helplessness and necessary dependence. And where are they born equal? Where can they be so born? Do we mean equality of fortune, of talent, of virtue, of industry, of condition? The falsehood is manifest. Volumes would be required to give an appearance of sense to this equality which you proclaim without any exception." But Rousseau had proclaimed in prose, and Voltaire before him in verse, that all men were equal; and Sièyes, with all the philosophes and the great majority of the Assembly, had made up their minds that this dogma, this untrue truism, should stand at the head of their Declaration of the Rights of Man. After much cobbling and alteration, a Declaration was adopted and published to the world, though without the royal assent, at the beginning of September, 1789. It did as little honour to the logic as to the common sense of those who concocted it: it was full of contradictions and inconsequences; it proclaimed that all men were free and equal—were not only *born* free and equal, but *remained* so—but at the same time it imposed restraints which were necessary indeed, but which overset the whole theory of perfect liberty and equality. What had been seen and predicted happened immediately: the people regarded only the crude dogma, and utterly disregarded the comment and the limitations; their pride was flattered, and all their evil passions were encouraged to dissolve the ties of social order, and work out the doctrine by seizing the property and destroying the persons of all who were richer or more elevated than themselves.

But besides passing this declaration of the "Rights of Man," the Assembly, driven on from without, and

invaded within their own chamber by the rabble whenever they showed any hesitation, had certainly done a great deal of work of various kinds. They had abolished all feudal rights and privileges whatsoever; they had seized upon all church and monastic property, declaring it to be confiscated to the state; they had created four hundred millions of livres in paper money or assignats; and they had, by their decrees and promulgation of the "Rights of Man," kindled the flames of a horrible war in St. Domingo, where the negroes butchered the French colonists in quoting to them the doctrines of liberty and equality. But in France itself the great majority of the common people were becoming quite as ferocious as the blacks of St. Domingo.

The 5th and 6th of October of the preceding year—the days on which the mob marched to Versailles and brought the king to Paris—began in a manner the reign of the Jacobins: it was no longer liberty, but equality, that became the aim and object of the revolution; and the inferior classes of society began from that time to gain, by rapid strides, ascendancy and dominion over all. As a necessary and indispensable sacrifice to this Moloch Equality, followed the annihilation of all titles of nobility, of all names derived from estates, of all aristocratic prefixes or affixes, of the particle *de*, which was considered to establish a damnable distinction between man and man; and, in short, the abolition and destruction of hereditary honour, now and for evermore.

Yet all this while the National Assembly pretended that they were erecting not a democratic republic but a constitutional monarchy. At first Mounier, Lally-Tolendal, Rochefoucauld, Liancourt, and a few others—we believe their entire number never exceeded a dozen—had constantly recommended as a model the constitution of Great Britain, which was also honoured by the approbation of Necker and two or three of his brother ministers. But the old national prejudices rose up in arms, and the majority not only felt, but declared in language more or less plain, that it would be dishonourable and disgraceful for free and enlightened Frenchmen of the

eighteenth century to adopt a constitution which had grown up in the ages of barbarism, and which still smelt of feudalism; and as for the philosophes and writers out of doors, who were ever dictating to these legislators, they asked how Frenchmen could possibly follow the example of a dull people, that were slavish enough to respect a king, and superstitious enough to believe in a God?

But, without copying the whole of the English constitution, they might have seen that no constitution could march without two chambers; and here they had even republican precedents, for the Americans had, at an early stage, felt the necessity of having a senate, and no republic had ever flourished without a senate, or some sort of body to check and control the direct representatives of the people. Even Jefferson had hinted to them that twelve hundred men were too many, and that for good legislation two houses or chambers were necessary: nay, at one time, this thorough-paced democrat had even thought that it would not be amiss to place the privileged classes in one house, like our peers and bishops, in the House of Lords, and the unprivileged in another, like our members in the House of Commons. But his disciple, Lafayette, thought any such scheme improper or impracticable; the general feeling was decidedly hostile to any separation of the legislative authority; Sièyes chopped logic and split straws in order to demonstrate the monstrous absurdity of any such scheme; and, except Mounier and Lally-Tolendal, scarcely a man in the National Assembly would so much as listen with patience to the name of an *upper* house. A CHAMBRE-HAUTE would indeed have been a preposterous anomaly after their Declaration of the Rights of Man, with its perfect-equality dogma. Besides, was not the entire people let loose, like a hundred thousand packs of famishing hounds, to destroy all privileges and distinctions? Was not the name of noble, aristocrat, bishop, or priest, a cry to arms and cutting of throats? And was there any wisdom, or moderation, or political experience in the upper classes who might have been made to compose this

upper house? And, if these qualities had existed in the high aristocracy, could the Tiers Etat, who had denounced the whole body of the noblesse as blood-suckers and traitors to the people, believe in their existence, or rely on the exercise of them when collisions, which were inevitable, should take place between the two chambers? Men most hate and fear those whom they have most injured and insulted: the last thing we forgive in an enemy is the wrong we have done to him. Dumont in a few words tells the whole story, and shows the impossibility of any accord or co-operation—"*The Tiers had placed themselves under the necessity either of fearing the noblesse, or of making the noblesse fear them.*" Nor was there any agreement among the noblesse themselves, or any clear conception of what an upper house was or ought to be. A very large portion of the aristocracy now assuredly looked to nothing less than a counter-revolution, to be effected not parliamentarily, or by debates and words spoken in chambers, but by steel and gunpowder and the assistance of foreign armies; and of those who still attended the discussions in the hall, and looked to some more pacific settlement of the revolution, all that belonged to the inferior nobility (*la petite noblesse*) detested the idea of an upper house, in which they could not hope to find a place. Cooler and wiser men, even in rejecting the hereditary claims of the *Pairs de France*, and of an aristocacy (as such) altogether, might yet have hit upon some plan for forming, if not an *upper* at least a *separate* house or chamber, and might have profitably followed the example of the Americans. But they were all convinced that they knew how to manage "these things better in France;" and they were captivated by the syllogisms and logical definitions of Abbé Sièyes, who laid it down as matter more indisputable, unchangeable, and true than all the gospels ever written—that society was one great whole—that the mass, without distinction of classes, ought *to will*—that the king, as sole magistrate, ought *to execute* what the mass *willed*. As a corollary to this absolute maxim, Sièyes affirmed that a monarchy or a republic would be

the same thing, with no other difference than the less or greater number of magistrates charged with the execution of the national will. The vast majority of the Assembly indeed wished and willed a thoroughly democratic republic, with a nominal king at its head—a *roi de fève*, or twelfth-night king, with no more power over the Assembly, with no more faculty to control its proceedings, than the king of sugar and flour has power to eat the cake it is stuck upon. The intention of establishing the nullity of the sovereign power was fully developed in all the discussions or harangues on the royal prerogative. In the course of these discussions, while determining that to the king should be intrusted the prerogative of announcing to the Assembly the necessity of war or peace, Petion proposed a resolution "that the French nation renounced for ever all idea of conquest, and confined itself entirely to defensive war." This was carried with universal acclamation. The great principle was often repeated; and it passed into an axiom or text, that the French people were too free, virtuous, and enlightened ever to think of engaging in an offensive war. It is strange, yet nevertheless true, that, among enthusiasts of the revolution in various parts of Europe (not excepting England) credit was given to this terse declaration, even while the French were committing the most atrocious crimes and massacres within their own territories, and were endeavouring, by means of proclamations, and secret Jacobin agents, to rouse civil war and anarchy in all the neighbouring countries.

On the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, the grand Fête of the Federation was held in the Champs de Mars. By the advice of Lafayette, Bailly, and others, who had encouraged the provincial federations, a certain number of deputies from each of those armed bodies had been invited to Paris. These men, and all the world besides, were to swear to the constitution. The royal family were obliged to attend. A sort of throne was erected for his majesty, but otherwise he was treated with very little respect. The chief

performance devolved upon Lafayette, who, dismounting from his white charger, ascended the steps of the gallery in front of the throne, and received from the hand of the king the written form of oath which the Assembly had decreed. Lafayette then repaired to the altar, and, having laid down his sword upon it, he read the paper, swore himself, and raised his hand to Heaven as a signal to the rest, performing oath-fugleman to nearly half a million of people. The banners were waved triumphantly; the president, the deputies of the Assembly in the gallery, the federates in the arena, and the spectators on the terraces, all raised their right hands and pronounced the *je le jure*. This was followed by bands playing and cannons firing, and by shouts that seemed to frighten away the last retiring clouds. Then in bright sunny air Louis stood up in the gallery, and, stretching his right hand towards a trebly-profaned altar, he pronounced in an audible voice the oath which the Assembly had prescribed for him: "I King of the French, swear," &c. At this moment the queen held out the little dauphin in her arms to show him to the people, who thereupon strained their throats once more. When the king had done swearing, the deputies sat hugging and kissing one another; and the cannons roared, and the flags waved, and eighteen hundred musical instruments played again. The municipality of Paris had ordered a grand dinner in the royal château of la Muette, at the distance of a short mile from the Champ de Mars, for the Federates, and thither about twenty-five thousand of them repaired immediately after the swearing. Tables were arranged in the avenues of the park, and Lafayette, as head of the Federation, as commander-in-chief of all the national guards of France, was to take the chair. There were so many unprecedented things on this great 14th of July! and Lafayette, on his way to the château de la Muette, was near meeting an unprecedented death—was well nigh being killed by accolades and men-embraces. One of the aides-de-camp saw his danger, called up some soldiers, and re-

lieved him by force from a crowd that would have smothered the hero of two worlds.

That night all the streets of Paris were illuminated, and there were feasting, dancing, reviews, and spectacles for four or five days. On Sunday, the 18th, Lafayette reviewed the federates in the Champ de Mars, and in the evening, besides numerous balls and amusements out of doors in other places, there was a grand dance on the spot where the Bastille had stood. On Monday morning the king, with Lafayette capering on his white charger at his side, passed in review all the federated troops, the deputations of the troops of the line and of the marine, &c., as well as the national guards. The uppermost passion of the French in all these celebrations was vanity. Every man thought that the eyes of the universe were upon him. Romilly, who had made a trip to Paris in the preceding year in order to take a nearer view of the revolution, relates an anecdote which in itself tells a great deal of the story of this revolution:—"What struck me as the most remarkable in the dispositions of the people that I saw was the great desire that everybody had to act a great part, and the jealousy which, in consequence of this, was entertained of those who were really eminent. It seemed as if all persons, from the highest to the lowest, whether deputies themselves, declaimers in the Palais-Royal, orators in the coffee-houses, spectators in the gallery, or the populace about the door, looked upon themselves individually as of great consequence in the revolution. The man who kept the hotel at which I lodged at Paris, a certain M. Villars, was a private in the national guard. Upon my returning home on the day of the benediction of their colours at Notre Dame and telling him that I had been present at the ceremony, he said, 'You saw me, sir?' I was obliged to say that I really had not. He said, 'Is that possible, sir? You did not see me! Why I was in one of the first ranks—all Paris saw me!' I have often since thought of my host's childish vanity. What he spoke was felt by thousands. The

most important transactions were as nothing, but as they had relation to the figure which each little self-conceited hero acted in them. To attract the attention of all Paris, or of all France, was often the motive of conduct in matters which were attended with most momentous consequences."*

Although the levellers found much to condemn, as aristocratic, in this federation-festival, the Royalists, the constitutional Royalists, all sensible foreseeing men who wished the revolution should go no farther, regarded it at the time as having most essentially served the cause, and enlarged the views and hopes, of the anarchists. Lafayette and his respectabilities should have thought of this beforehand. It was, in fact, a sort of solemn league and covenant between the national guards and the troops of the line. Every regiment of the latter had sent a detachment as a deputation; and these detachments, particularly those that came from the army commanded by the Marquis de Bouillé, were soldiers firm and steady to their officers before they came up to Paris; but there they were initiated in all the mysteries of the clubs, were feasted and affiliated, were flattered and fully proselytized. They, of course, carried the virus with them back to their quarters in the provinces, and inoculated their comrades. De Bouillé, who gives all the honour of the invention to his kinsman, Lafayette, says, "This confederation poisoned the minds of the troops. On their return from the capital they brought with them the seeds of corruption; these they instilled into their comrades, and in a fortnight, or, at most, a month, the whole army was in a state of the most terrible insurrection."

Yet, of the provincial deputies who had attended the federation not a few were sensibly touched and affected by a near view of the real situation of the court, and by the graces of the queen, who neglected no opportunity of deepening the impression by kindness and flattering

* Narrative of his Early Life, written by himself; in Memoirs, Correspondence, &c., edited by his sons.

attentions. Many people thought that the king might have availed himself of these favourable sentiments to effect a counter-revolution at Paris; but Louis was incapable of any such bold attempt, the final success of which must have been very doubtful. It is said by some who had the best means of knowing the truth that he never, in his heart, entertained the idea, but shrank from it even when everything proved that, with or without his concurrence, there would be a civil war in France. He could scarcely make an effort even to captivate the good-will of those provincials who had never approached royalty before. In the month of August de Bouillé received an order from the king to take under his command the troops of Lorraine, Alsace, Franche Comté, and all Champagne. These, united to the garrison of Metz, formed a force of 110 battalions and 104 squadrons of horse, which, altogether, covered the whole frontier, from Switzerland to the Sambre. But this force, instead of being effective to preserve order in the interior of the kingdom, was only proper to consolidate disorder and carry out the revolution to the utmost extremes of democracy; instead of obeying either the king and the commander he had appointed or the National Assembly, it obeyed the Jacobin club. The cavalry were a few points better, for they were composed of a better description of men than the infantry, and the mass of them, instead of occupying barracks in the great towns, had been distributed, for facilities of forage, &c., in the smaller rural towns and in the villages, and had thus been much less exposed to seduction; but, as for the foot-soldiers, de Bouillé himself said, in the middle of August, that out of the 110 battalions there were not more than 20 which he was certain would obey his orders, and these 20 battalions were either German or Swiss. The garrison of Nancy, being joined by 5000 or 6000 men, either common people of the neighbourhood or deserters from other regiments, all eager for pillage, had broken open the arsenal, taking from it 5000 muskets, had seized upon the powder-magazines, and had placed eighteen pieces of cannon in battery, loaded to their

muzzles with grape-shot. The soldiers had plundered the military-chest, had assaulted and ill treated their officers, and had thrown many of them, including the general who commanded them, into prison. In concert with the mob they had exacted money from the constituted authorities of the place, and had threatened to *lanterne* the municipal officers and the commissioners of departments in case they did not comply with their demands. They had avowed a sovereign contempt for the National Assembly, and had burnt its decrees; and they were intimating their intention of plundering and sacking the city, and had marked out the principal victims for the *lanterne*. De Bouillé resolved to put a stop to these proceedings, and to drive the mutineers out of the town. He succeeded; but not until the streets of Nancy had been deluged with blood. The council of war condemned twenty soldiers to death, and between fifty and sixty to the galleys. The sentences were put into execution. De Bouillé had no right to interfere in the matter; but the executions were all laid to his account by the Jacobins, who described the whole affair as "the horrible massacre of Nancy," brought about by detestable treachery on the part of de Bouillé and the Royalist officers with him. About two hundred of the king's regiment and about three hundred of the people, who had likewise been taken with arms in their hands, he let go, and not one of them ever met with any punishment. On the 3rd of September the king, from St. Cloud, wrote an autograph letter to the noble general, assuring him that his conduct at Nancy had given him the most signal satisfaction; that on the 31st of August he had saved France, and that his behaviour on that day of crisis ought to be an object of imitation for all well-wishers to their country. But the Jacobins, not only in their club, but also in the Assembly, endeavoured to exonerate the revolted troops and the people of Nancy from the least share of blame, and to represent de Bouillé as a traitor to the nation, and an unprovoked murderer of brave and innocent Frenchmen. Robespierre took a very active part on this side, and insisted that a deputation sent from Nancy should be

heard at the bar of the House. "In the king's regiment," said these deputies, "there are a great number of young men of decent families serving as common soldiers; better educated and informed than their comrades, they have taught them what our constitution is, and have preached its principles to them." Here was the *mot de l'énigme:* in nearly every regiment a knot of young men had formed a political club, and were in the habit of lecturing their unlettered comrades into the mysteries of liberty and equality, and of reading to them the Jacobin journals. What were called the honours of *Séance* were accorded by the Assembly to these Nancy deputies. Nevertheless the respectabilities and the non-Jacobins ventured to question the veracity of these honourable men, to declare that insurrection was contagious, and that if not properly chastised at Nancy it would spread to the heart of the kingdom, and would presently be at the gates of Paris. Lafayette, who, on a previous occasion, when the revolution was younger and more timid, had declared insurrection to be the holiest of duties—*le plus saint des devoirs*—now thought himself obliged to express his strong disapprobation of the mutiny and insurrection at Nancy, to declare that he thought the situation of the country very critical, and to propose that the Assembly should instantly pass a vote of thanks to de Bouillé. The Assembly also sent a commission to Nancy to take measures for restoring tranquillity, and for bringing the most guilty to condign punishment. Robespierre attempted to remonstrate; but he was silenced by some of Mirabeau's loudest thunder.* The Parisians showed their lively sensibility and tender grief for the loss of their brothers in arms by a grand national funeral service, celebrated in the Champ de Mars. The triumphal arch, the amphitheatrical galleries on which the court had been seated at the Federation festival, were covered all over with black mort-cloth; the wooden altar of the country was converted into an ancient tomb, surrounded by cypresses, and covered with corresponding inscriptions in golden

* Hist. Parlement.

letters. There were music and incense, and Jacobinized priests, wearing tricoloured sashes over their calico albs. In short, it was another ravishing spectacle which all Paris and the neighbourhood went to see; and Lafayette was there on his white horse, and Mayor Bailly in his gilded coach, and nearly all the deputies of the Assembly were there, except the Jacobins, who had protested.

On the 4th of September, the very day after the vote of thanks to de Bouillé, the president announced to the Assembly that he had received a letter from the minister Necker, who wished to quit office and the kingdom. The letter, which ought to have been written to the king and not to the Assembly at all, was ordered to be read. It was very characteristic of the Genevese banker, and full of an inflated vanity, even in that abyss of failure and disgrace. It stated that his health was ruined by continual labour, trouble, and anxiety; that his physicians had imperatively advised him to go and drink the mineral waters; that "the mortal inquietudes" of a wife, who was "as virtuous as she was dear to his heart," had determined him to delay his retreat no longer. He had given the account which the Assembly had demanded of the receipt and expenditure of the public treasury; he hoped it would prove satisfactory; and he had nothing more to offer on that head. He made a merit of leaving behind him property which he could not sell, and money which, if he could have got at it, which is very doubtful, he would certainly not have been permitted to carry away with him; and this, he said, was a guarantee for the purity of his administration of the finances, and this he would confide to the safeguard and honour of the nation. The letter concluded with a complaint of the acts of enmity and injustice to which he had been exposed, and with a hope that the guarantee which this injustice had induced him to offer would prove satisfactory. He might well complain of injustice, and writhe under the continuous scourging which had been inflicted on him by the Jacobins in the Assembly and out of doors. Danton, that terrible Cordelier, had for a long time been accusing him of corruption and the

grossest official peculation. He had even been in the habit of naming the very sums that Necker was pillaging, and his ciphers seldom fell short of millions. Marat was not less pitiless in his newspaper: the other journals imitated these classical examples, and, from being considered the people's minister, the guardian-angel of France, the poor banquier-philosophe had by these means obtained the reputation of being the greatest scoundrel, rogue, and thief that had ever entered the kingdom. For some time past he had been serenaded by the mob with most unwelcome and alarming music; and, whatever was his own opinion, his wife evidently thought that, if he did not get him gone, he would be hanged some fine night under the lanterne. With bold filial piety his rhetorical daughter* suppresses these important facts, and attributes his resignation and departure to his dislike of assignats or paper money, and to the want of wisdom and decision in the king and his advisers; but the simple truth appears to be that Necker went because he could not stay. In the midst of an émeute, which had apparently been excited by Marat and the other journalists, Necker, with his wife and four friends, stole out of Paris, and took the road for Switzerland. He travelled, with a heavy heart, along the same road on which the people, not many months before, had drawn him in triumph, hailing him as a deliverer and saviour. He had provided himself with one passport from the king, and with another, of somewhat more efficacy, from Mayor Bailly. Nevertheless, on arriving at Arcis-sur-Aube, near the Swiss frontier, he was arrested with all his party by the national guards of the place. This was hard treatment for the people's minister, who had so essentially contributed to the opening of the first act of the revolution—without seeing what would be the after-acts. On the 11th of September the Assembly received a plaintive letter from the captive, and a letter, with procès-verbal of the arrestation, from the municipal officers of Arcis-sur-Aube. Malouet, who had been for

* Madame de Staël.

some time past the only friend and defender of the finance-minister in the Assembly, observed that they could hardly hesitate as to the course they ought to take. One or two other deputies said slightingly that they thought Necker an honest man, who had done some good to the country, and consequently ought not to be kept a prisoner. Another deputy thought that the national guards had shown a laudable zeal for liberty and the public service in arresting him, and that thanks ought to be voted to the municipality of Arcis-sur-Aube. Camus, the Jansenist and rigorist, wished to know whether the Assembly meant, in liberating Necker, and in replying to his letter, to felicitate him on his administration; and he hinted that some of Necker's accounts were irregular, and ought now to be examined, although the Assembly had not objected to them when presented. Another deputy on the same side of the House was of opinion that Necker ought not to be permitted to quit France, as there were suspicions against him. The majority, however, decided that the president should write to the municipality to order them to allow Necker and his companions to continue their journey; and also that he should write a letter to that ex-minister, reading it to the Assembly before he despatched it. In a few days Necker crossed the mountains to the beautiful lake of Geneva, and arrived safely at his pleasant château of Coppet, where he too took to writing books to show how the promising revolution had gone astray and failed, and how almost everybody concerned in it, except himself, had committed enormous blunders.

Fierce contests with the clergy chiefly occupied the National Assembly for the remainder of the year. An oath had been imposed upon them in July, by which each beneficed clergyman was, among other articles, to swear to maintain, to the utmost of his power, the new constitution of France, and particularly the decrees relative to the civil constitution of the clergy. This injunction had been little regarded till November 27th, when a decree passed, declaring that all who should neglect to take an oath, would be considered as ejected from

their benefices, and be condemned to severe pains and penalties if refractory. As the pope had strongly declared his disapprobation of this oath, it was declined by a great number of the clergy, including almost the whole of the episcopal order. Numerous emigrations were the consequence, and a schism in the church took place.

The course of the Netherland or Belgic revolution and its final overthrow by the arms of Austria had notably increased the furor of the French democrats, and roused the suspicions and fears even of the non-Jacobin party in the Assembly, who had not been bold enough to strike in, or generous enough to rush into a war for the defence of men whose insurrection had been originally promoted and encouraged by French propagandists, but who had lamentably proved their incapacity of helping themselves. The Patriotic Assembly of Brussels, and the other political clubs in the great towns, had become as Jacobinical as the great mother-society, the genetrix maxima at Paris. They, too, raised and kept up the cry of "Down with the aristocracy!" and, because the nobles and the superior classes had framed a constitution upon aristocratic principles, they proclaimed pretty openly that they were entitled to no better treatment than that which was proposed by Camille Desmoulins in France for Austrian invaders; and instead of thinking how to unite their forces in order to oppose the emperor, they employed their thoughts about the best means of destroying their own native nobility. This left the noblesse nothing to do but to rally round the standard of Leopold, renouncing the fond hope of establishing a national independence, and of obtaining for their native land a name and a place among European nations. To destroy the last gleam of hope, the violent democratic leaders quarrelled with the whole body of the clergy, country curés and all, and thus armed against themselves, and almost to a man, one of the most priest-ridden and superstitious of rural populations. The Patriotic Assembly at Brussels, who wanted something very like the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, which had flown over the world on the wings of the

wind, read insolent lectures and put in the most arrogant demands to the states and provisional governments. These things were but transcripts of the French revolutionary papers. These Belgian patriots represented that, though their country might not as yet be quite ripe and prepared for a civil constitution like that which was being reared in France, still an approach to its principles ought to be made upon the basis of liberty and justice. They claimed a share in the government, which would have left next nothing to the aristocracy and the church, and they required the immediate summoning of a National Assembly. The United Belgic States, strong in the support of the priests and the peasantry, boldly refused any concessions of this nature. The army of independence had been partially democratized and Jacobinized, but the mass of it was still imbued with the old feelings of reverence for priests; and, being of a less lively temperament and duller imagination than their neighbours the French, it would evidently be a work of time to convert these boors into unbelieving or misbelieving philosophes. Among their other antiquated notions, the Belgian soldiers retained a respect for their commanding officers, and were apparently much attached to General Vandermersch, who had deserted the Emperor Joseph at the beginning of the struggle, and had so incensed that potentate that he caused him to be hanged in effigy and threatened to hang him in reality. This Vandermersch had acted in the field with great energy and ability, and to him the patriots had been indebted for nearly all the successes they had obtained against the Imperialists. Warned by what was taking place in France, and by the mode in which a wild democracy let loose was treating all the superior officers of the army, and not having originally any predilection for that form of government, Vandermersch expressed in a pointed manner his disapprobation of the political clubs and of the extravagant pretensions of the temporary democratic congress, which assumed legislative and executive powers that belonged only to the states. Towards the end of March the said congress sent commissaries or deputies to

Namur, where Vandermersch was lying with the greater part of the army. The object of these commissaries was to remove him from the command, and make him a prisoner; but, almost as soon as they arrived at Namur, Vandermersch, taking the initiative, arrested them and threw them into prison. He was backed by all his officers, who, the very next day, unanimously passed and published a variety of resolutions which did not merely amount to the denial of any power or authority in the congress, but seemed also to usurp, for the army alone, the powers which had been vested in the several states. The chief of these resolutions were, that the Duke of Ursel should instantly be placed at the head of the war department; that General Vandermersch was, and should continue to be, generalissimo of the whole Belgic army; that the Prince d'Aremberg, Count of Lamarck, should be appointed second in command; and that addresses should be sent to all the provinces, inviting them to co-operate with the army for the reformation of abuses and the re-establishment of order. The congress hereupon issued orders for the troops in Brussels and in other towns to march towards Namur, to concentrate and unite near that town, and then to advance in martial order against Vandermersch and the troops under him. Everything seemed to threaten a civil war; but, by means which are not explained, but which may easily be imagined, the greater part of Vandermersch's troops were induced to rise upon their officers and to put their general into the hands of the troops despatched by the congress, who presently committed him a close prisoner to the fortress of Antwerp. It is even said that he was loaded with chains and thrown into a noisome dungeon. The Prince d'Aremberg was absent at Paris, where he was employing himself heart and soul in the cause of Marie Antoinette, and labouring to arrest the progress of the revolution there; but the Duke of Ursel was in the country, and upon him the congress fell with fury. This nobleman, hereditary chief of the order of noblesse in Brabant, had spent his large income for the defence of the country's liberties, and had been one of the first to oppose the

Emperor Joseph. But he was now denounced as a traitor, arrested by Vaneupen, thrown into prison, and for five weeks subjected to examinations and inquisitions in order to find grounds for charging him capitally. This was in the province of Flanders, into which he had fled from Brabant, his own province, for protection. The judges declared that he was innocent; but the states of Flanders attempted to prolong his confinement and to suppress the decision of the judges. As some companies of volunteers, to whom they applied for assistance, refused to co-operate, the states endeavoured to have the duke carried off by night, and consigned to the more powerful hands of his enemies in Brabant. A party of lawless ruffians they employed actually tore him from his family and forced him into a carriage; but the volunteers, who had before refused to co-operate, rushed to his rescue and delivered him. These measures increased the odium and unpopularity of those who had been concerned in them; and the two supreme leaders of the democratic party—Vaneupen, whom Dumouriez had described as a hypocrite, and Vandernoot, whom he had styled a Masaniello—got still harder names from the Belgian people. The common people of Flanders who had been proud of General Vandermersch, a native of their own province, were well nigh flying to arms to rescue him from his captivity, and take vengeance on Brabant for arresting him. Favoured by these distractions and fierce dissensions, the troops of the emperor, who had been almost entirely driven out of the provinces, recovered heart and confidence, and, retracing their steps, they occupied again several important positions, and defeated the disorganized, ill-commanded Belgians wherever they met them and whatever was their superiority in number. Vaneupen and Vandernoot made a terrible noise, but could do little else. They wanted money and men, but their credit had sunk so low that they and the congress could not raise a small loan either at home or abroad; and on account of the arrest of Vandermersch all the towns of Flanders peremptorily refused to send a single man to the army. It was better, they

said, to have the emperor back again than to live under two such emperors as Vaneupen and Vandernoot. At the same time the people in all the provinces were incensed by the discovery of enormous frauds and peculations which had been practised by many of the patriot drivers of this revolution, and of a palpable tendency in many of them to make advantageous terms for themselves with the court of Vienna. In this state of popular feeling the Emperor Leopold issued another memorial, in which he solemnly pledged himself to observe every article of the "Joyous Entry," and to restore to the states the constitutions they had enjoyed previously to the innovations of the Emperor Joseph. And very soon after, having wisely put an end to the causes of discontent in Hungary, Leopold was enabled to tranquillize that brave and important part of his subjects, and to obtain from them both money and men. By the month of August, the Imperialists, who had concentrated their forces on and near to the frontiers, under General Bender, were strengthened by the arrival of several regiments, and of all the material necessary for prosecuting the war with vigour. The Belgian congress had applied in vain for assistance to Prussia, to Holland, to England, to France. Prussia even intimated that she would rather take part with Austria than permit the present anarchy to continue in the Netherlands; and what the House of Orange most feared was, that the Belgians, if assisted by France, might press upon the frontiers of Holland, and call upon the democratic party there, who had so recently been put down by force of arms, to rise again. In fact, the only country from which the Belgian democrats ought to have expected assistance was France, where a democracy fiercer than their own seemed all-triumphant.

The same revolutionary principle united these two nations; and, as Vandernoot proclaimed the sovereignty of the people in Belgium, and upheld France as his model, it seemed but fair and natural that the French people should assist him. By some strange and unaccountable means the subject was kept out of the National

Assembly at Paris, or at least no decrees were passed or direct motions made about the Belgians until it was too late to render them any service. But the Jacobin club at Paris made up for the silence of the Assembly: they discussed the business night after night, and returned the admiration with which Vandernoot had honoured them. The French Jacobins declared that, if the rights of man, and liberty and equality, were allowed to be trampled upon in Belgium, the attempt would soon be made to bring the iron-shod hoofs of despotism upon them in France. But the king's ministers were allowed to persist in their inactivity and seeming indifference, which appears the more strange, as they were accused of considering the Belgian provinces as the bridge over which the Royalists' counter-revolution was to penetrate into France, and of being quite enchanted at beholding the fate which awaited insurrection in that near country.* In the month of October the Emperor Leopold, as had been agreed at the congress of Reichenbach between him and the courts of Berlin, the Hague, and London, engaged in the most solemn manner, and under the obligation of an oath to be taken under the guarantee of those three allied powers, to govern each of his Belgian provinces according to the constitutions, charters, and privileges which were in force during the reign of his beloved and popular mother the Empress Maria Theresa. In the same manifesto he invited, called upon, and summoned his Belgic subjects to acknowledge his lawful authority; declaring that he would bury in oblivion all the excesses and disorders committed during the late years by a general amnesty, to be published in favour of all who, before the 21st of November, should lay down their arms, and cease from all instigations and attempts against the peaceable exercise of his authority. He promised to visit all the states in order to ascertain the wishes of all classes, and concert, with persons properly chosen, the best means of promoting the general good; and he conjured and intreated them all, in the name of that oath which they had sworn to their country, and which was

* Dumouriez's Mémoires.

as dear to him as to them, not to reject the hand which he held out to them, and which was the hand of an affectionate father. The parties who had begun the insurrection, including noblesse, priests, monks, divinity professors, peasantry, and common people, would have been disposed to rest satisfied with these conditions, even though they had not been disgusted with the Vandernoots. Many men who had hitherto remained in the field went home without furloughs. Still, however, the congress persisted, and maintained a tone of defiance, even when the army under Bender was raised to 30,000 men, consisting of the best troops in the Emperor's service. Vandernoot's diminished army was commanded by General Schoenfeldt, who is described by Dumouriez as a Prussian officer, an impostor also, and as being in the pay, at the time, of the King of Prussia. It had been foiled and defeated with terrible loss in the month of September by only a small part of the Austrian forces: and now that Bender was coming on Schoenfeldt ran away to Prussia; and all that the disorganized, demoralized, distracted army of independence could do was to retreat skirmishing. In all these affairs a considerable number of French Jacobin volunteers got knocked on the head by the Austrians. The provisional governments in the different provinces began to disband as fast as the soldiers, flying for the most part to Paris. Vaneupen, who was a priest by profession, before he became a democratic revolutionist and co-dictator with Vandernoot, did what in him lay to keep up the spirit of his party, which seemed suffering everywhere a most rapid thaw and dissolution. He entered the assembly of congress, holding a crucifix in his hand, and, placing the sacred emblem in the chair of state, and falling on his knees before it, he protested in the most solemn manner that he would never pay allegiance to the emperor or the House of Austria. A proposal was made on the 20th of November, the very eve of the day appointed for their submission, that the emperor's third son, the Archduke Charles, should be acknowledged sovereign of the Netherlands;—the succession to remain in his family, but

not to revert to any branch of the House of Austria possessing the sovereignty of any other country. If made at an earlier period—if proposed before the alarm spread through all the courts of Europe by the headlong course of the French revolution, and before the deliberations, conclusions, and treaties entered into at Reichenbach,—there might have been a bare possibility of success to this scheme, and the Belgians might have obtained for their sovereign the ablest and most spirited prince that the House of Austria has produced for many ages; but now it was a deal too late for that or any other proposition, except absolute submission, to be entertained. General Bender was crossing the Meuse with his 30,000 men, and the army of independence was become an army of fuyards. Advancing right upon Brussels, Bender despatched an aide-de-camp to the congress sitting there, to name a short number of days within which they were to determine whether they would accede to the conditions offered them and trust to the honour and faith of the emperor and of the three mediating powers, assuring them at the same time that, if they obliged him, General Bender, to draw on his boots once more, he would not take them off again until he had chased them all out of the Netherlands. The congress was silent. The time expired. Old Bender drew on his boots and marched rapidly to beat up their quarters. But the congress-men did not await his arrival: with the members of the war department, and with all who had been most active in the revolution, they consulted their safety by flight, some flying into Holland, some into Germany, but the greater part of them betaking themselves to the more congenial atmosphere of Paris. The city of Brussels surrendered to the Austrians on the 2nd of December. The example was followed by the other cities of Flanders and Brabant; and before the end of the year all those provinces quietly returned under the dominion of the emperor, who religiously kept all his engagements with them.

A convention between the ministers of the emperor and those of the three allied powers, Great Britain,

Prussia, and Holland, was signed at the Hague on the 10th of December, by which the Belgic provinces were not only restored to their old rights and privileges, but also obtained several new advantages calculated to render more secure their ancient constitutions. These constitutions were not models of absolute perfection—they would have been regarded with sovereign contempt by that rule-and-line constitution-maker the Abbé Sièyes—but they had kept the Netherlanders a tolerably happy people, and they certainly secured some of the most important of the rights and blessings of freedom. With regard to the great question at issue in France, the easy overthrow of the half-fledged democracy and Jacobinism of the Netherlands certainly exercised some evil influences, which contributed essentially to enormous miscalculations and blunders, and to disgraceful and fatal reverses: it induced the French emigrants, the princes, and the aristocracies of Europe to believe that the overthrow of the gigantic democracy of France would be a work of almost equal ease; and hence arose delays, insufficiency of preparation, and a blind and presumptuous confidence.

In this busy year attempts were begun to revolutionise Poland, and the first impulse was evidently received from France; but we may wait till the year 1792 to give an account of the ill-judged or ill-timed proceedings, which ended in the total destruction of the Polish republic. The truce which the Emperor Leopold had concluded with the Turks soon after his accession, and which had so soon been followed by a treaty of peace, had not induced the Empress Catherine to lay down her victorious arms. During the summer and autumn of 1790 a desultory savage war was carried on between Russians and Turks on the shores of the Black Sea, and by the banks of the Danube. In several petty encounters the Turks had the advantage; but, when they made a grand effort to penetrate into the Russian conquests between the Black Sea and the Caspian, they were defeated on the river Kuban with terrible loss. The Russians, however, began to feel the effects of their long efforts in a languor and exhaustion; and the tzarina was warned by

the congress at Reichenbach, that England, Prussia, Holland, and even her old ally, Austria, were determined not to permit any further dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. Moreover, she knew that the Poles had opened secret negotiations with Sultan Selim, and were disposed to rise and take her Turkish armies in flank and rear as soon as ever a favourable opportunity should offer. The great termagant of the North had already lowered the insolent tone of her diplomacy: it was therefore pretty clear that this war would soon cease.

Another war, which more directly concerned England, had broken out in the East. Tippoo Sahib, or Tippoo Sultaun, who could never forget or forgive the humiliations he had met with at the end of the last war, hated the English almost to the pitch of madness; and he had superadded a religious fanaticism as mad as this hatred. He imagined himself the chosen servant of the prophet Mahomet, predestined, in the eternal book of fate, to root out the Nazarenes from India, and cast them into the bottomless pits of Gehenna. His cruelties to the poor Nairs and Hindu people of the Malabar coast, who had favoured the English, had been terrible. Nearly at the same time that Tippoo sent a numerous embassy to die of the plague at Constantinople, or on the road, he despatched a secret messenger to Paris to invite the French government to send six thousand of their best troops to the Carnatic, with which assistance he engaged to drive the English out of every part of Hindustan. The Indian diplomatist, apparently a born Frenchman, arrived safely in France, and there met with a very favourable reception from all who wished the ruin of England—a wide category, which may be said to have included nearly every man, woman, and child in that kingdom or republic. Even some of the king's ministers were enchanted with the project, for Tippoo Sultaun offered to pay for transport, clothing, and maintenance of the troops, and to secure the French in the enjoyment of greater advantages than the English had ever possessed in India. Moreover, the terrible insurrection of the blacks in St. Domingo, who had been too suddenly

indoctrinated in the "Rights of Man" and the gospel of liberty and equality, rendered necessary the sending a considerable force thither; and, under cover of this armament, it was calculated that an expedition might be sent to the Malabar or Coromandel coast, without exciting the suspicions of the English government. But these ministers and their encouraging representations could not overcome the scruples and the repugnance of Louis XVI. "*This resembles,*" said he, "*the affair of America, which I never think of without regret. My youth was taken advantage of at that time, and we are suffering for it now. The lesson is too severe to be forgotten!*"*

Without waiting the result of this embassy, Tippoo made an attack upon the Rajah of Travancore, the close ally of the English ever since Colonel Fullarton's brilliant expedition, and before the end of the year 1789 he had overrun and occupied the greater part of that rajah's dominions. A detachment of the company's army, under Lieutenant-Colonel Floyd, found itself suddenly engaged with the main body of the Mysore army under Tippoo; many of our sepoys were cut down. Floyd, riding along the line, expressed his regret to the native officers, and cheered them with the hope of a speedy retaliation: these brave and faithful fellows replied, "We have eaten the Company's salt; our lives are at their disposal; and God forbid that we should mind a few casualties." The sepoys closed up their thinned ranks, and retreated in good order before an immensely superior force, and through an exceedingly difficult country.† But Tippoo's progress was soon stopped. Having formed a close alliance with the Mahrattas, the Nizam of the Deccan, and other native powers, the Bengal government raised two armies, one in the Carnatic of 15,000 men, which was placed under the command of General Medows, who had distinguished himself in the American war, and

* Bertrand de Molleville, minister of state at that time, Mémoires.

† Colonel Wilkes, Historical Sketches of the South of India.

another of about 7500 men in the presidency of Bombay, under the command of the excellent General Abercrombie. Tippoo, after some insidious attempts at negotiation, evacuated the Travancore country, and, before a shot could reach him, retreated to Seringapatam, his strong capital. In the month of June (1790) Medows, with the Carnatic army, marched from Trichinopoly, and, following nearly the same line of march which had first been opened by Colonel Fullarton, he took several important fortresses. But he was soon obliged to retrace his steps by intelligence that Tippoo, with a mighty army, was again bursting into the Carnatic, had passed the defiles of the ghauts, and was attempting once more to carry fire and sword to the walls of Madras. Medows's countermarch soon drove the Mysorean back again beyond the mountains. In the meantime General Abercrombie, with the Bombay army, landed at Tellicherry, and reduced nearly all the places which the enemy held on the Malabar coast, restoring the Nairs and the other petty Hindu rajahs, who all co-operated with the English in expelling their tyrants and oppressors. Our ally, the Rajah of Travancore, was completely re-established in his dominions, but no further progress was made against Tippoo Sultaun this year, and the war seemed likely to drag on.*

A newly-elected British parliament met on the 26th of November. The speech from the throne expressed great satisfaction at the amicable termination of the late differences with Spain about Nootka Sound. A cautious silence was observed on the affairs of France; but the pacification between Austria and the Porte, the separate peace between Russia and Sweden, and the endeavours then carrying on in order to put an end to the dissensions in the Netherlands, were briefly mentioned. Fox, disclaiming any intention to oppose the address, criticised various observations made by Carew in seconding it. After a few words about the Spanish convention, he adverted to what had been said on the subject of the

* Colonel Wilkes, Historical Sketches of the South of India.

Austrian Netherlands. It had been stated by Carew that it was good policy to promote the return of the Netherlands to the dominion of the House of Austria, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of another power, likely to prove dangerous or inimical to this country. Fox conceived the power alluded to must be France; but, as if blind to the proselytizing going on, and to the inevitable tendency of a war-loving democracy —as if putting confidence in the vapid declarations of the philosophes of the National Assembly, that a state of war was unworthy of a free, a just, and an enlightened people, who only wished other nations to be as free and happy as themselves—he asked how France had so suddenly become a greater object of terror to us now than at any other period? In his opinion the interference of France in the affairs of other nations was, at the present conjuncture, very little to be dreaded. With regard to the affairs of Europe in general, the interests of different powers had taken so new and singular a turn, that it was the undoubted duty of ministers not to overlook the change, but to turn it to the good of England. Not long ago it had been difficult for England to find any allies in Europe; but now she had only to pick and choose; she had nothing to do but to ascertain what number of allies it was necessary she should have. The address was carried without opposition.

On the 15th of December Pitt gave in, in a separate account, the expenses of the late armament, intimating that some of those expenses, which arose out of the engaging an additional number of seamen, must be continued through the following year, inasmuch as it was impossible to disarm all at once. He added, however, that he did not mean to say that the proposed maintenance of the existing number of seamen was solely owing to that cause; he would make no scruple to declare that there were circumstances in the present situation of Europe which made his majesty's ministers think it highly necessary to keep up a naval armament for a time to more than the ordinary extent; but he trusted that a few months would bring that necessity to a period.

All the expenses incurred by the late armament, and the funds necessary to keep up the additional number of seamen, amounted to 3,133,000*l.*; and Pitt thought that he might defray the whole of this without entailing any permanent charge upon the revenue. The method he adopted was to impose some temporary taxes, and to obtain from the Bank of England the loan of 500,000*l.*, without interest.

A.D. 1791.—Shortly after the Christmas recess Mr. Philip Francis took the field to make war upon the war in India, and to eulogise that excellent and ill-used prince, Tippoo Sultaun.

In the course of a protracted and very warm debate on our foreign policy, Sheridan, in a long speech, ran over the political map of all Europe, and came, in conclusion, to France and her glorious revolution, the grand centre of all political counsels and measures. He declared that nothing which had since happened had at all tended to alter the sentiments which he had expressed in the House the year before on this great subject. He thought, indeed, that there was more cause for congratulating France and mankind now than then. In a strain which might have become Abbé Fauchet and his Social Circle at Paris, he harangued on the wondrous improvements of recent times, and the progress of modern philosophy, which had wiped away the antiquated prejudices that had been obstacles to the happiness of mankind. Taking too much upon himself, he affirmed that the great majority of Englishmen admired this revolution as much as the immense majority of Frenchmen admired it; that this revolution, so dear to the best heads and best hearts in both countries, would assuredly put an end to all jealousies, discords, and contentions; and that, instead of waging bloody war, Frenchmen and Englishmen would henceforward live together like friends and brothers, as in the golden age!

The solicitor-general moved in February for a committee of the whole House to enable him to bring in a bill to relieve from the penalties to which they were legally liable, those English Catholics who were termed

protesting Catholic dissenters, on account of their protestation against certain dangerous opinions attributed to the Papists. The motion being agreed to, he brought in a bill to that effect, which passed the House without opposition, the only objection made being, that it did not carry the principle of toleration far enough. In its passage through the House of Lords, it was observed by Bishop Horsley that the terms of the oath of allegiance enjoined by the bill might offend the feelings of some of those whom the bill was intended to relieve; and it was in consequence expunged, and another substituted. The bill was cordially supported by the episcopal bench, and passed unanimously.

The fate of a petition, presented by Sir Gilbert Elliot, from the General Assembly of the church of Scotland, for a repeal of the Test Acts, as far as concerned Scotland, was very different; the motion for taking the petition into consideration being negatived by 149 to 62.

On March 4, Mr. Pitt produced a bill for the better regulation of Canada. By its tenor, Canada was divided into two distinct governments—those of the Lower and of the Upper Province,—and for each of these a legislative council and assembly were established, after the model of the British constitution. Particularly, the council was formed on an imitation of the House of Lords, by lodging a power in the governor to summon members to it; and in his majesty, that of annexing to hereditary titles of honour a right to a seat in the council. In the ecclesiastical establishment, to the former provision for the Protestant clergy, was added an allotment for their support out of the crown lands, and the appropriation of one-seventh in all future grants of land to that purpose. Future grants of land in Upper Canada were to be held in common soccage as in England, and also in Lower Canada, when desired. The debates on this bill were made memorable by the final rupture between Burke and Fox.

There had been several preludes to this irreconcilable quarrel.

In a debate on the affairs of Russia and Turkey, Fox,

even as Sheridan had done, struck away from the river Bog to get into that worse bog, the French revolution. He was more explicit than Sheridan as to the particular points of it that formed the objects of his approbation and enthusiastic admiration. He praised the new government of France, both as it respected the politics of Europe and the happiness of the French people: in its internal relations he thought it superlatively good, because it aimed to make those who were subject to it happy. He knew that different opinions upon what had taken place in that country were entertained by different men; but he, for one, admired the new constitution of France, considering it, altogether, "*as the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time or country.*"* As soon as Fox sat down, Burke, who in the preceding month of November had published his celebrated 'Reflections on the Revolution of France,' excessively agitated, rose to give vent to feelings which almost seemed to suffocate him. But it was already three hours after midnight, the House was anxious to adjourn, and the cry of 'Question, question,' becoming general, Burke unwillingly gave way to the division which took place immediately afterwards. Fox afterwards regretted that Burke had not been suffered to answer him then and there. The contention, he said, might have been fiercer and hotter, but the remembrance of it would not have settled so deep, nor rankled so long in the heart. Burke, who had never forgiven Sheridan for his flippancy on this awful subject during the last parliament, who had already plainly declared that he would separate from the dearest friends he possessed, if they

* Burke's Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.—In the Public Advertiser of the 18th of April, Fox's concluding words are given thus: "With regard to the change of system that had taken place in the French constitution, Mr. Fox said, there were different opinions entertained by different men; he, for one, admired the new constitution, considered altogether, as the most glorious fabric ever raised by human integrity since the creation of man."

gave countenance to French revolutionary doctrines, and who said that this must be a contest fought and decided hand to hand, and foot to foot, was not likely to be reconciled to men who, after all, were only a part of the party to which he belonged; and the part, on the whole, inferior in number, rank, wealth, and consideration to the other portion of the Whigs, who thought no better of the new French democracy than he himself did. On the very next morning, the 16th of April, a very general alarm, or rather a certainty, of discord and final disseverance was spread through the Whig ranks; several conciliatory explanations were offered to Burke, together with some apologies, while many of the opposition who agreed with Fox condemned him for hastily and imprudently expressing opinions which were not called for, and had not been provoked by Burke, who had agreed with the party to avoid the topic in the House of Commons, unless it were absolutely forced upon him. It is said, however, that these gentlemen had urged Fox into the imprudence of which they now accused him, and that two or three of the number had taunted him with being deficient in firmness—for not doing earlier what he had done on the night of the 15th. But even the leaders of the Whig division who shared Burke's sentiments as to the revolution, and who regarded the enthusiastic and eloquent book he had written as a text-book of political wisdom, were most anxious to avoid a quarrel that must break up and keep the Whig party for many a year in the background, and without a hope of coming into power.* The Duke of Portland,

* It has been stated, however, that at this moment there had some prospect opened of a Whig restoration.—"Only a few days before Fox himself had told Burke that there was a hope of the Whigs coming into office, for that the king had said at the levee that if the government could not be properly conducted by Mr. W. Pitt it might be done by others, as *he* was not wedded to Mr. W. Pitt."—*Prior, Life of Burke.* This seems to us very slight ground for believing that George III. really intended changing his ministers; and we think it scarcely necessary to Burke's honour and

the nominal head of all the Whigs, and most of Burke's personal friends and connexions, advised him to pass over the challenges of Sheridan and Fox, and to continue to be silent in the House as to their offensive declarations of opinion. If Burke had taken this advice, and attempted to follow this silent course, he would assuredly have failed, and have been accused of a breach of agreement by many of his party; for the impetuosity of his feelings, which age had not cooled, nor experience or long trials put under control, would have carried him away, and thunder and lightning, wind and rain, must inevitably have followed any pertness of Sheridan, any imprudence of Fox, or any notes of exultation about the revolution from the mocking-birds of those two orators. But Burke would not engage to give any such promise or to pursue any such course. He declared that these were times that admitted of no such blinking of principles; that the opinions of a man like Fox might have great weight in the country, and that therefore they ought not to be permitted to go abroad unrefuted and uncontradicted. He said that he stood pledged to the House and to the country upon this subject more than any other member in it; that it would look like political cowardice to shrink from the contest; that he had risen to speak, and had been interrupted, more by the friends of Mr. Fox than by any other part of the House; but that he would speak yet, and discharge what he considered his solemn duty to the public. He had been already told that the adherents of Mr. Fox were determined to interrupt him whenever he should attempt to offer any remarks on French affairs; but this vulgar and unjustifiable resolution of theirs only made Burke the more resolute. He continued to speak kindly and honouringly of Fox, but the asperities of his temper showed themselves whenever he had occasion to mention his inferior adherents. Those inferior spirits too became very rash and noisy. The very next night one of them,

fame to insist upon a doubtful fact; though we thoroughly believe that Burke would have acted just as he did, if he had been sure of being himself Whig prime minister on the morrow.

and the most busy and talkative of them all, Michael Angelo Taylor, in the course of a speech in the House in a debate on the Quebec government bill, complained that gentlemen were now constantly introducing extraneous matter into debate; wandering from the subjects under discussion to introduce general principles of government, and to talk about the constitutions of other countries which we had nothing to do with; and he declared therefore, if he found the minister, or any other right honourable gentleman, wandering hereafter from the strict discussion of the matter before the House, he would call him to order and take the sense of the House upon it. Burke, and all present, knew that little Michael Angelo, by the "any other right honourable gentleman," meant himself, but he took no notice of his bluster. The thing, however, was irritating; and, when Fox rose to speak, his tone and manner were little calculated to allay Burke's irritability, or to soothe the apprehensions and fears which had been gathering for months round his heart's core—apprehensions that England might be driven into an imitation of the French revolution. Fox said that he had himself, perhaps, been guilty of digressions from the matters before the House, and of recurring too often to the general principles of all governments; that, perhaps, during the present session he had alluded too often to the French revolution; that he had also spoken much about the republican government of the United States of America, because these states were in the vicinity of Canada, for which the House was now legislating. He acknowledged that he had uttered one silly levity, not worth recollecting—he meant an allusion to the happy extinction of nobility in France, and its forced revival by us in Canada. [This silly levity, as he called it, was contained in the expression he had used in a previous debate on the Quebec bill, "that nobility stunk in the nostrils of the people of America."] But he would avow that he was not in the habit of concealing his opinions; that he retracted nothing which he had hitherto advanced; and that, though, from the high respect he entertained for some of his friends, he should be sorry to differ with them, he would nevertheless continue to deliver his opi-

nions fearlessly. Old Mr. Powys hinted that Fox would do a great deal better if he followed the example of Mr. Burke, and wrote a book about the French revolution, instead of being eternally speaking about it in that House. This hint could scarcely have been palatable to the gentleman to whom it was addressed; for the accomplished Charles James, though so fluent and quick with his tongue, was slow at his pen, and, notwithstanding his high merits, his genius, as an orator, he never wrote anything beyond a few state papers, that ascends much higher than mediocrity. Burke then rose, and, in a very affecting manner, assured the House that nothing depressed him more—nothing had ever more affected him in body and mind—than the thought of meeting his friend as an adversary and antagonist. After a cool and sneering allusion to Michael Angelo Taylor and his threat, he observed that, in framing a new constitution for Quebec, it was not unnecessary to refer to general principles of government and examples of other constitutions, made or making, inasmuch as a material part of every political question was to see to what extent certain principles had been adopted, and how they had succeeded in other countries. He presumed that his opinions on government were not unknown, as gentlemen had lately become fond of quoting him in that House. He would, however, now say that, the more he considered the French constitution, the more sorry he was to see it viewed with any degree of favour. Once in the preceding session he had thought himself under the necessity of speaking out; but since that time he had never mentioned it in the House either directly or indirectly: no man, therefore, could charge him with having provoked the conversation that had passed. He acquitted his right honourable friend (Fox) of any personal offence to himself in the interruption he had lately received in attempting to answer his panegyric on France. Should he and his friend differ, he desired it to be remembered that, however dear he considered his friendship, there was something still dearer in his mind—the love of his country. This was surely far more moderation than might have been expected, if we consider Burke's natural impetuosity of temper, the life-

and-soul earnestness with which he pressed every important measure that he touched, and the repeated provocations he had received from a set of men who had at last come to the desperate resolution of attempting to drown his voice whenever he should express opinions contrary to their own on the French revolution. This last resolution, by the way, was quite worthy of that great object of these gentlemen's idolatry, the National Assembly itself. There the same kind of thing had been a most constant and successful practice; but in England there was no hope for it. The Foxite journals, however, continued to recommend the practice, continued to heap abuse upon Burke and upon his book. It was impossible that the quarrel should remain where it was—that the schism should not be completed. If Burke could have been capable of despising the bitter attacks on himself and his writings, he could never have tolerated the continued plaudits bestowed upon the revolution. There was an adjournment for the Easter holidays. When the House re-assembled, on the 6th of May, Burke immediately rose, resolute to declare his opinions concerning the revolution in France and the doctrines maintained by the advocates of that revolution here. He stigmatised those doctrines, and held up as a warning the horrible consequences which had resulted, and which would yet result from them in France. As the House was about to appoint a legislature for a distant people, it ought to establish its competency to the assumption of such a right. A body of rights, he said, commonly called the 'Rights of Man,' had been lately imported, and held up by certain persons in this kingdom as paramount to all other rights. A principal article in this new code was, "that all men are born free, equal in respect of rights, and continue so in society." If such a doctrine were to be admitted, the power of the House could extend no farther than to call together the inhabitants of Canada, and recommend to them the free choice of a government for themselves. But he rather chose to argue from another code, on which mankind had hitherto acted—the law of nations. As for the Americans, he really believed that they had formed a constitution for themselves well

adapted to their peculiar circumstances. They had, in some degree, received a republican education, as their old state governments partly partook of republicanism. The formation of their present constitution was preceded by a long war, in the course of which they had learned order, submission to command, and a regard for great men. They trained themselves to government by war, not by plots, murders, and assassinations. There was another circumstance of considerable weight: the Americans had never among them even the materials of monarchy and old aristocracy. Yet were they too wise to set up so absurd an idea as that the nation should govern the nation. On the contrary, they formed a constitution as monarchical and aristocratical as their situation would permit—they formed one upon the admirable model of the British constitution. But were the French Canadians to receive from us a copy of this new constitution of France?—a constitution founded upon principles diametrically opposite to our own, as different from it as folly from wisdom, as vice from virtue; a constitution founded on what were called the Rights of Man! The authors of it told us, and their partizans, the political societies in England, had told us, that it was a great monument erected for the instruction of mankind. This was certainly done with a view to our imitating it. But before we gave it to our colonies we should do well to consider what would be the practical consequences of such a step; to consider what had already been the effects of Parisian politics on the French West India colonies. The mode of reasoning from effects to causes was the old-fashioned way. Continuing his speech, Burke described the deplorable condition of France itself. The National Assembly had made loud boasts, and their boasts had been echoed in this country by the Unitarians and by the clubs, by the Revolution Society, the Constitutional Society, and a newer club called the Club of the 14th of July. Yet what had the National Assembly really done? They had been nearly two years in possession of the absolute authority which they usurped; yet they did not appear to have advanced a single step in settling anything like a

government, contenting themselves with enjoying the democratic satisfaction of heaping every disgrace on fallen royalty. They had a king such as they wished, a king who was no king, over whom the Marquis de Lafayette, chief gaoler of Paris, mounted guard. Lately the royal prisoner, having wished to taste the freshness of the country air, had obtained a day-rule to take a journey of about five miles from Paris. But scarcely had he left the city before his suspicious governors, recollecting that a temporary release from confinement might afford him the means of escape, sent a tumultuous rabble after him, who, surrounding his carriage, commanded him to stop, while one of the grenadiers of his faithful and loyal body-guard presented a bayonet to the breast of the fore-horse, and . . . Here Burke was called to order by that very determined Foxite, Mr. Baker. Great confusion ensued, and not a little time was wasted in violent and fruitless altercation. Fox himself rose and said that he conceived his right honourable friend (Burke) could hardly be said to be out of order. It seemed to him that this was a day of privilege, upon which any gentleman might abuse any government he chose, whether it had any reference or not to the question under debate. Nobody had said a word about the French revolution; and yet his right honourable friend had risen up and abused that event. He might have treated the government of the Great Mogul, or that of China or Turkey, or the laws of Confucius, precisely in the same manner, and with equal appositeness to the question before the House. Every gentleman had that day a right to abuse the government of every country as much as he pleased, and in as gross terms as he thought proper—to abuse any government, either ancient or modern, with his right honourable friend. Burke attempted to explain why he thought that he was in order, and that Baker had been guilty of indecorum and parliamentary disorder in interrupting him as he had done; but there was so loud a roar of voices from the opposition side of the House that he could not make himself heard, and, after several attempts, he sat down. Then Lord Sheffield, the friend

of Gibbon, but who did not yet share the historian's horror of democracy and Jacobinism, rose and moved, "That dissertations on the French Constitution, and to read a narrative of transactions in France, are not regular or orderly on the question before the House." Fox himself instantly seconded this motion. Pitt then rose and said that he should be glad of anything that would reduce the debate to something like order; that the question of order and the question of discretion were two different things; and that, not conceiving that the right honourable gentleman (Burke) had been disorderly, he should certainly give his negative to the motion. Fox then rose again, saying that he was sincerely sorry to feel that he must support the motion, as his right honourable friend, in his opinion, had been most irregular and disorderly. Instead of debating the principle of the Quebec Bill, his friend had only come down to strengthen misrepresentations of what he (Fox) had said in a previous debate. The course which his right honourable friend had chosen to take was that which seemed to confirm the insinuation urged in a former debate, that he (Fox) maintained republican principles as applicable to the British constitution. No such argument had ever been urged by him, nor any from which such an inference was fairly deducible. On the French revolution he did, indeed, differ from his right honourable friend. Their opinions, he had no scruple to say, were wide as the poles asunder! But what had a difference of opinion on that, which to the House was only matter of theoretical contemplation, to do with the discussion of a practical point on which no such difference existed? On the French revolution he adhered to his opinion, and never would retract one syllable of what he had said. He repeated that he thought it, on the whole, one of the most glorious events in the history of mankind; but he meant to praise the revolution only, and not the present French constitution, which required to be improved by experience and accommodated to circumstances. At all events, the arbitrary system of government was done away, and the new system had the good of the people for

its object, and this was the point on which he rested. He had no concealment in any of his opinions, but he did not choose to be catechised respecting his political creed, and respecting opinions on which the House was neither going to act, nor was called upon to act at all. He then drew an odious and stinging comparison or parallel between Dundas and Burke, as if he believed that Burke had made a regular bargain with Pitt, and was about joining him as Dundas had done in 1783. He had once, he said, been thus catechised by a right honourable gentleman (Dundas); yet the catechiser on that occasion had soon after joined another ministry to support the very measures he then deprecated. Nothing could be more bitter than this, and there was no misunderstanding the allusion or the inference. Returning to the great cause of difference, he said, were he to differ from his right honourable friend on points of history, on the constitution of Athens or of Rome, was it necessary that the difference should be discussed in that House? Were he to praise the conduct of the elder Brutus, and to say that the expulsion of the Tarquins was a noble and patriotic act, would it thence be fair to argue that he meditated the establishment of a consular government in this country? Were he to repeat the eulogium of Cicero on the taking off of Cæsar, would it thence be deducible that he went with a knife about him for the purpose of killing some great man or orator? Let those who said that to admire was to imitate show that there was some similarity of circumstances. It lay on his right honourable friend to show that this country was in the precise situation of France at the time when the revolution began, before he had a right to meet his argument; and then, with all the obloquy that might be heaped on such a declaration, he would be ready to say that the French revolution was an object of imitation for this country. He then spoke contemptuously of Burke's book on the subject, which, though so recently published, was already circulated to an unprecedented extent, and producing daily more conversions than Burke could have expected, or than the enthusiastic admirers of the revolution could brook. He

said, as plainly as words could say it, that Burke, who had taken infinite pains to inform himself of every particular, had written in haste and in ignorance of the great subject. He had hinted something of the same sort in the House before now; and his newspaper champions, his pamphleteers and essayists—with one or two exceptions, a most ignorant, ill-informed, incompetent crew—had been repeating this piece of criticism, and accusing the admirably-informed Burke of gross ignorance. The words Fox now used were: "He had been warned by high and most respectable authority, that minute discussion of great events, *without information*, did no honour to the pen that wrote or the tongue that spoke the words." And this was followed by an insolent sneer. If, he said, the committee should decide that his right honourable friend should be permitted to pursue his arguments on the French constitution he would quit the House; and, if some friend would send him word when the real clauses of the Quebec Bill were to be discussed, he would then return and debate them. After all these insults, there seemed a hollowness and insincerity when he returned, perhaps for the mere sake of consistency, to the tone of compliment and laudation. He said, when the proper period arrived for discussing French subjects, feeble as his powers were, compared with those of his right honourable friend, whom he must call his master, for he had taught him everything he knew in politics—as he had declared on a former occasion, and he meant no compliment when he said it—yet, feeble as his powers comparatively were, he should be ready to maintain the principles he had asserted, even against his right honourable friend's superior eloquence. He would be ready to maintain that the Rights of Man, which his right honourable friend had ridiculed as chimerical and visionary, were, in fact, the basis and foundation of every rational constitution. He next proceeded to compare the French revolution with the American, and to contrast Burke's conduct on this and on that occasion. Here, perhaps, the party that had most reason to complain was George Washington, for being put on a level with Lafayette,

and men like him. Fox said, during the American war he and his friend had rejoiced together at the successes of a Washington, and sympathised almost in tears for the fate of a Montgomery. From his right honourable friend he had learned that the revolt of a whole people must have been provoked. Such had at that time been the doctrine of his friend, who had said that he could not draw a bill of indictment against a whole people. But now he was sorry to find that his right honourable friend had learned to draw such a bill of indictment, and to crowd it with all the technical epithets which disgraced our statute-book; such as false, malicious, wicked, by the instigation of the devil, not having the fear of God before your eyes, and so forth. He concluded by saying that he had said more than he had intended, possibly much more than was either wise or proper; but if his sentiments could serve the ministerial side of the House, which had encouraged the discussion, apparently, in order to get at them, they had acted unnecessarily, for they might know him and his sentiments on every subject, without forcing on anything like a difference between him and his right honourable friend; and that now, having heard them, they might act upon them as they thought proper. Here Burke rose, and commenced his reply in a grave and governed tone, observing that, although he himself had been repeatedly called to order and interrupted, he had nevertheless heard his right honourable friend with perfect composure, and without attempting the least interruption. Yet that speech, to which he was to reply, was, perhaps, one of the most disorderly ever delivered in that House. His public conduct, words, and writings had not only been misrepresented and arraigned in the severest terms, but confidential conversations had been unfairly brought forward for the purpose of proving his political inconsistency. Such were the instances of kindness he had just received from one whom he always considered as his warmest friend, but who, after an intimacy of more than two and twenty years, had at last thought proper to commence a personal attack upon him.

He could not conceive that the manner in which he had been accused of having written and spoken without information, and without the support of facts, manifested any great degree of tenderness towards him. On the subject, however, of the French revolution, uninformed as he might be supposed to be, he had not the least objection to meet that right honourable gentleman hand to hand, and foot to foot, in a fair and temperate discussion. But this, it seemed, was not the principal ground of quarrel: he was accused of attempting to bring forward a discussion of French principles, in order to fix a stigma upon certain republican opinions, which the right honourable gentleman was said to have advanced in a former debate. This charge he denied in the most positive terms. He added the startling fact that Fox himself was no stranger to his intention of introducing the subject of the French revolution in this night's debate. He said he had, previously to the last conversation in the House on the Quebec Bill, opened to the right honourable gentleman very fully and particularly the plan of the speech in which he had that evening been interrupted; he had explained how far he had intended to go, what limits he meant to impose upon himself. This he had done at his own house, from whence they had walked down together to that House, conversing upon the subject the whole way. The right honourable gentleman had then indeed disagreed with him in opinion, but had entered into no quarrel with him; on the contrary, he had rather treated him with confidence, mentioning some private circumstances of a political complexion, to which, notwithstanding what had since happened, he felt no inclination to allude. After these private explanations Burke said he felt it to be an imperative duty to speak upon French affairs, and to point out the danger of extolling upon all occasions that preposterous edifice the French constitution. The right honourable gentleman had himself termed it "the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time or country." There was a secondary motive, of a more personal nature, which

had, indeed, some little influence over him. He had been accused both of writing and speaking of the late proceedings in France, rashly, unadvisedly, ignorantly, wantonly. He was certainly anxious to refute this charge; but at the very moment when he was about to produce facts in corroboration of his assertions, blended with private information and respectable authorities, he had been stopped in that House in the most unfair and disorderly manner. If they had permitted him to have continued his speech, he would have shown that the issue of all that had been done and was doing in France could never serve the cause of liberty, but would inevitably tend to promote tyranny, oppression, injustice, and anarchy. But what principally weighed with him, and determined him in his present conduct, was the danger that threatened our own government from practices already notorious to all the world. Were there not political clubs in every quarter, meeting and voting resolutions of an alarming tendency? Did they not correspond, not only with each other in every part of the kingdom, but with foreign countries? Were there not Socinian, Unitarian, and other dissenting preachers, preaching from their pulpits doctrines which were dangerous, and celebrating at their anniversary meetings proceedings incompatible with the spirit of the British constitution? Did they not everywhere circulate, at a great expense, the most infamous libels on that constitution? He apprehended no immediate danger; at present we had a king in full power, possessed of all his functions, ministers responsible for their conduct, a country blessed with an opposition of great strength, a common people that seemed to be united with the gentlemen; yet, nevertheless, there was cause for circumspection, for in France there were 300,000 men up in arms, who, at a favourable opportunity, might be happy to intermeddle: and besides, some season of scarcity and tumult might arrive, when the greatest danger was to be dreaded from a class of people who might now be termed low intriguers and contemptible clubbists. He again adverted to the unkindness with which he had been treated by an old associate, who had

ripped up the whole course and tenor of his public and private life. The right honourable gentleman, after fatiguing him with skirmishes of order, which were wonderfully managed by the light infantry of his party, then brought down upon him the whole strength and heavy artillery of his own judgment, eloquence, and abilities. In carrying on the attack against him, the right honourable gentleman had been supported by a corps of well-disciplined troops, expert in their manœuvres, and obedient to the word of their commander! Here Mr. Grey called him to order, saying that it was disorderly to mention gentlemen in that way, and to ascribe improper motives for what they chose to do in the House. It has been believed that a little incident which had occurred a few minutes before led to Burke's remarks on the docility of a part of the Whig camp, and thence to Mr. Grey's call to order. Fox, it will be remembered, had declared he would leave the House if Burke were permitted to continue his discourse on French affairs. While Burke was speaking, Fox quitted his seat and went towards the lobby. He was only going to get some refreshment to strengthen his inward man: but his party thought he was going to carry his threat into execution, and quit the House altogether; and from twenty to thirty of his more immediate friends rose, following their portly leader, and evanished with him. After Grey's interruption, Burke, much agitated, proceeded to remark, that this was not the first time that there had been a difference of opinion between Fox and himself: that he had, indeed, frequently differed with that gentleman, particularly on the subjects of parliamentary reform, of the Dissenters' Bill, and of the Royal Marriage Act; but that no one difference of opinion had ever before, for a single moment, interrupted their friendship. He alluded to his long services and his grey hairs, and said, it certainly was indiscreet at his time of life to provoke enemies, or give his friends occasion to desert him; yet, if his firm and steady adherence to the British constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all, and, as public duty required, with his last breath ex-

claim, "FLY FROM THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION!" Here Fox, who had returned from the coffee-room to his seat, whispered that there was, that there could be, no loss of friendship between them. But Burke replied, Yes, there was! He knew the price of his conduct; he had done his duty at the price of his friend—their friendship was at an end!

On the 8th of April a finance committee was appointed to consider and report the amount of the public income and expenditure, during the last five years, or since 1786, when a select committee had reported on the subject. The present committee gave in the annual income at 16,030,285*l.*, and the expenditure, including the 1,000,000*l.* for liquidating the national debt, at 15,969,178*l.*, which left an excess of the income over the expenditure of 61,107*l.* On the 18th of May the chancellor of the exchequer, in his account of the state of the finances, referred to this report. Sheridan triumphantly remarked that the report showed the fallacy of the estimate of future expenses which had been made by the committee of 1786. Pitt replied, that the increase of the expenditure had arisen chiefly from incidental charges and circumstances, which it was impossible the committee of 1786 should have foreseen. Nevertheless, Sheridan, on the 3rd of June, moved no fewer than *forty* resolutions, calculated to discredit the management of the finances, and to show how much better care he (Sheridan) could have taken of the public money. Of this tedious series the greater number were rejected altogether, and others were amended according to data laid down by the minister and his friends, and more particularly by Mr. George Rose, now one of Pitt's closest friends. Not satisfied with rejecting or amending all Sheridan's handy work, the ministerialists brought forward sixteen resolutions of their own, which all went to prove that the finances had never been so well managed before, and that there was every prospect of keeping the expenditure far within the limits of the income, and of reducing the national debt at the same time. A wild dream this, indeed, to be entertained on the very brink of the French

revolutionary war! In the House of Lords a committee for inquiring into the state of the finances had been moved for by Lord Rawdon, on the 30th of March: it had been opposed by Lord Grenville as altogether unnecessary, since a committee was to be appointed in the House of Commons; and the motion had been negatived by 55 against 23. On the 24th of May Dundas laid a very flattering account of the state of the finances in India before the Commons, making it appear that the revenues there, amounting in all to seven millions sterling, after defraying all expenses, left a clear surplus of nearly a million and a half per annum. On the 10th of June parliament was prorogued by the king in person. His majesty's speech contained nothing noticeable except the avowal that he was not as yet enabled to inform them of the result of the steps which had been taken with a view to the re-establishment of peace between Russia and the Porte.

With all his wisdom and rightness of attention, Burke, as we have already hinted, had put a good deal of his excessive enthusiasm and heat in his book upon the French revolution, and had carried out some of his conservative principles to a length which justified some cavil from the friends of liberty, and even from such of them as might think as ill of the phenomenon, and deprecate as much any imitation of it, as he did himself. His heat and violence might have excited violence and heat in his opponents, although it may be doubted whether any such provocation were required by a most excitable and excited class of politicians, who, from the beginning, had fallen down upon their knees to worship the revolution, and who seemed determined never to get up again so as to look it in the face or examine its real complexion. We have alluded to the fierce war carried on by the newspapers against the 'Reflections;' but, in addition to these light troops, heavier troops took the field under the form of volumes of all sizes and pamphlets of the most truculent description. Nearly every one of these combatants declared that Burke's book was a flimsy piece of rhetoric and fine writing, which the

simplest logician might tear to pieces; but the tumultuous numbers in which they took the field, and the fierceness with which they all gathered round this single isolated foe, seemed to tell a very different story. The most noted of the combatants were the late Sir James Mackintosh, Thomas Paine, and Dr. Priestley. Mackintosh was at that time a very young and inexperienced man—with a profession and fortune all to seek—with a strong turn for inquiries and political speculations, with a good deal of enthusiasm, such as most young men worth anything possess, for abstract notions of liberty and the perfectibility of man through improved governments and institutions. His 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' or defence of the French revolution, was published in the month of April, while parliament was sitting, and was distinguished amidst a rabble-rout by the beauty of its language, the happiness of its illustrations, and its gentlemanly tone. It immediately made its amiable author famous: he was applauded and courted by all the Whigs that shared the sentiments of Fox; and his essay was quoted by them in parliament and at public meetings. Burke himself was struck with some beauties in the work, and probably discovered that a little time and a little more study and experience (for Mackintosh was deficient in both these) would correct what was wrong in principle, and soften what was extravagant in expression: he had no insult to complain of; for Mackintosh, instead of treating him as Thomas Paine, Priestley, and so many others did, as an apostate, a renegade, and scoundrel, spoke of his character and motives with respect, and of his genius and elegance with a most fervent admiration. What Burke seems to have foreseen and to have calculated upon, from the right-heartedness that was in this young writer, soon came to pass: the massacres of September, and the other atrocities that so crowded upon one another in Paris, soon disenchanted Mackintosh of the French and their bloody experiment. He began, in various essays (which chiefly appeared in the 'Monthly Review'), to retract some of the boldest assertions he had made in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ;'

and at the close of that great man's life, he entered into a correspondence with Burke, which would have ripened into a friendship, if Burke's heart had not been broken, and his hours numbered.* In a short time longer Mackintosh's recantation became much broader, increasing exactly in proportion with his experience and calm study; and he was ready to declare "democracy the most monstrous of all governments, because it is impossible at once to act and to control; and, consequently, the sovereign power in such a constitution must be left without any check whatsoever." If he had been cooler, or better informed of what was really passing, the progress of the French revolution, which was utterly hopeless in April, 1791, ought to have carried this conviction to his mind before he wrote the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ;' but, like so many other men of far maturer years, he had indulged the hope that the revolution would correct its own vices. At the short piece of Amiens, in 1803, when Mackintosh paid a visit to Paris, he found that his book was better known than he then wished it to be, and that his recantation was not known at all. To some Frenchmen who complimented him on his 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' as the best defence of their revolution, he replied, "Gentlemen, you have so completely refuted my arguments!—*Messieurs, vous m'avez si bien réfuté!*"

A very different assailant was that incurable democrat Thomas Paine, whose coarseness and violence had been materially increased by his residence in Paris, by his frequenting the galleries of the Assembly and the hall of the Jacobins, and by the French citizenship which had been conferred, or was about to be conferred, upon him. The man had become almost as rabid as Marat. He exhausted his knowledge of the English language in finding terms of opprobrium and reproach to heap upon Burke, although, in the course of his peripatetic, discontented, comfortless existence, he had tasted largely of the elegant hospitality of Beaconsfield, and had received many

* See Letter written in December, 1796, as given in the 'Life of Sir James Mackintosh' by his son.

favours which a better man would never have forgotten, even in the rage of controversy and the madness of liberty and equality. Starting with the proposition that the cause of the French people was that of all Europe, or rather that of the whole world, and that nothing was wanted to make a heaven upon earth but an immediate and universal imitation of the French revolution, Paine accused Burke of high treason against human nature for attempting to check its progress and repudiate its principles. The motives, he said, were as base as the design was atrocious; for Burke had received, or was to receive, a pension from the liberty-hating court of England for his book, and for his equally abominable speeches in parliament. Because Burke had taken the most liberal side on the question of the American revolution, which resembled the French one scarcely more than water resembles blood, Paine held that he was bound to support every revolution or insurrection against kings and priests and nobles that any people might choose to make, and that his not supporting the French revolution proved him to be the meanest of turncoats, the blackest of apostates. He also held that Burke, the man most filled with knowledge of any of his time, was labouring to stop the progress of knowledge, to restore the darkness and barbarity of the feudal ages, to reduce the people of England to the condition of serfs, to the state of beasts, "to eat straw, as in Hanover or in Brunswick." He compared Burke most disadvantageously with Lafayette. "How dry, barren, and obscure," said he, "is the source from which Mr. Burke labours! And how ineffectual, though gay with flowers, are all his declamation and his argument, compared with the clear, concise, and soul-animating sentiments of the Marquis de Lafayette!" Like the vast majority of the great man's assailants, this half-educated, vulgar-minded writer accused Burke of ignorance and incompetence, of a total want of the higher reasoning faculties, and, in short, of being capable of nothing but an inflated over-ornamented rhetoric. He was quite sure that Burke had no idea of principles in contemplating governments. In describing

with an undying eloquence, and in words that are engraven on every heart, the fate of the fair Marie Antoinette, Burke had deplored that the age of chivalry was gone. Paine taxed this as being very ridiculous, saying—"When we see a man dramatically lamenting, in a publication intended to be believed, that *the age of chivalry is gone!* that *the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever!* that *the unbought grace of life*, if any one knows what it is, *the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone!* and all this because the Quixote age of chivalry nonsense is gone,—what opinion can we form of his judgment, or what regard can we pay to his facts? In the rhapsody of his imagination, he has discovered a world of windmills; and his sorrows are, that there are no Quixotes to attack them. But if the age of aristocracy, like that of chivalry, should fall—and they had originally some connexion—Mr. Burke, the trumpeter of the order, may continue his parody to the end, and finish with exclaiming, 'Othello's occupation 's gone!'"

The republican party in England—if we can call by that, or by any other fixed name, a confusion of theorists, disaffected sectarians, disappointed Whigs, and discontented murmurers—considered this rude and crude piece of reasoning as a master-piece of human intelligence and genius, and as a complete refutation of the sophistry and all other parts of the Reflections; and such of them as could meet at public dinners were accustomed to drink the toast—"Thanks to Mr. Burke for the discussion he has produced!" Fox himself, it is said, was loud in his applause of Thomas Paine and his Rights of Man. Other individuals, who would have had still more to lose than Fox and the noble family to which he belonged by any practical illustrations of Paine's French theories, not only perused the book with ecstasies of delight; but contributed to get up cheap editions of it, and to scatter it over the country, as if to teach the people of England the way they ought to go—as if to invite them to cut the throats of their patriotic instructors, and make an equal division of the land and of all that was upon it. But the

book itself, without any such high patronage, and without the recommendation of societies and clubs that boasted of Lords for their presidents and members of parliament for their vice-presidents, seemed well fitted to make its own way among the uninformed and less fortunate classes of society. It appealed directly to their passions and their supposed interests; it was, in good part, written with very considerable power; its arguments seemed as clear and simple as the first rule in arithmetic, and its coarseness was but a recommendation the more to coarse and vulgar minds. The wonder is that it did not produce more impression than it did; and particularly as some of the correctives adopted by government were injudicious in the extreme, and calculated—as all petty persecutions are—to promote rather than check the evil. Mackintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ had not been half so well suited to the vulgar taste, and, though it ran through several editions, its circulation was far inferior to that of the Rights of Man. But the Reflections carried along with them the vast majority of the better educated classes, and they certainly contained a pabulum more suited to English natures in general, at that time, than the foreign nutriment. The real disciples of Paine, either among the poorer orders or the middle classes, were at no time very numerous.*

* Burke himself has given what we consider a true and correct character of Paine and his book:—"He is utterly incapable of comprehending his subject. He has not even a moderate portion of learning of any kind. He has learned the *instrumental* part of literature—a *style* and a method of disposing of his ideas—without having ever made a previous preparation of study, or thinking, for the use of it. *Junius*, and other sharply penned libels of our time, have furnished a stock to the adventurer in composition, which gives what they write an air (and but an air) of art and skill; but as to the rest, Paine possesses nothing more than what a man whose audacity makes him careless of logical consequences, and his total want of honour makes indifferent to political consequences, can very easily write."—*Letter to Sir William Smith.*

Joseph Priestley, who, like Dr. Price and some other preachers of that class, waged the controversy not merely through the press but also from the pulpit, was a Socinian or Unitarian minister settled in the manufacturing town of Birmingham. His best fame depended then, and will ever depend, on his devotedness to natural philosophy, and on the experiments and discoveries he made in it. When the world shall have forgotten the bold sectarian, who was far from being disposed to grant that toleration to others which he claimed for himself and for his infinitesimal sect, and the rash and somewhat unscrupulous politician, they will remember with respect and admiration the experimentalist—the chemist that unlocked some of the secrets of nature, and opened the way to great and important discoveries. In treating of a season that was fiery hot, and when all classes, or nearly all classes, of politicians and writers seemed to lose the best of our national attributes, calmness and moderation, we would, with all our heart, endeavour to preserve the balance of the strictest impartiality, and we trust it is alien to our nature to carp at, or lightly to disparage, a man of science and genius. But, after a perusal of some of his writings, polemical and political (few ever look into them now or know the spirit that is in them), we are forced to the conclusion that Priestley, even before this violent and exciting season, had proved himself a dogmatic controversialist, an intemperate disputant, and a man that would risk the peace of society for a dogma of his own, or for the insane purpose of enforcing the speculative opinions of his almost invisible minority upon the majority. Horace Walpole said of him that he wanted a papal power; and the wit is scarcely too severe. In his controversy with Gibbon, the historian, who, whatever he was besides, was a good-natured person and a gentleman, Priestley conducted himself in a manner to disprove his claim to be either one or the other. In his polemical discussions, even with his friend Dr. Price, he was neither gentle nor charitable; and no pope of Rome could have spoken more contemptuously of other churches or faiths than he wrote and habitually spoke of the

Church of England, and of all sects or modifications of sects that differed from his own, which was in good part a sect of his own making, and of which he was, in very truth, the Pontifex Maximus. His disciples describe him as "the grand restorer of the ancient Unitarian system, maintained at the era of the Reformation by Socinus and other learned men of the Polish or Cracovian school," and as the vindicator of "the genuine, unadulterated doctrine of primitive Christianity." He regarded all civil establishments of Christianity, and all connexions between church and state, as crying abuses and barriers to the propagation of truth—by which truth, to apply Horne Tooke's analysis of the word, he meant simply what he, Dr. Joseph Priestley, trowed. But at various periods of his life he had trowed or believed in very different manners; reversing the ordinary process, and believing less and less as he grew in years; and the great and rapid transitions in his own creed ought to have moderated his zeal in enforcing his present belief or conviction upon others. He had lately held a long and terrible controversy with Dr. Horsley, who had been provoked by one of his many publications, and had taken the field as a champion of the established church, and with far more heat than was decorous, although assuredly Priestley had no right to reproach him on that account. In the month of January of the present year, 1791, Priestley declared to his friend Dr. Price, who, he says reproachfully, had meddled but little with the established church, that he "had long since drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and was very easy about the consequences."* This surely was not language becoming the apostle of primitive Christianity: this sentiment was even adverse to toleration, and the first principle and foundation of the Gospel of Christ, teaching love unto all men, and even unto foes. It were magnanimous, it were wiser and better, for men to act otherwise; but in these matters, when a preacher and teacher of doctrines odious to the vast majority hoists the black flag and cries no

* Letter from Birmingham, dated January 27, 1791.

quarter, he must expect at the very least some hard knocks. Priestley must have foreseen the consequences, though perhaps not their full extent, when he boasted that he was so easy about them. He had contrived before this, by expressing doubts concerning the immateriality of the sentient principle in man, to obtain the reputation of an unbeliever in revelation.* Like Price, he took the earliest opportunity of exulting in the French revolution, and he did not abate a jot of his admiration with the progress of the phenomenon. At a moment when the excitement was at the highest he published his 'Familiar Letters to the Inhabitants of Birmingham, in Refutation of several Charges advanced against the Dissenters and Unitarians by the Rev. Mr. Madan,' in which his ironical style gave great offence even to the populace, who were very loyal and very orthodox.† The personal popularity of George III. had kept on the increase throughout the kingdom; and, taking the great body of the people, there probably never was a time when England was in so high a Royalist humour as at the beginning of the French revolution. Events and circumstances, not unassisted by exertions purposely made, gave somewhat of fanaticism to this feeling; but, after all, the feeling was as pure and quite as rational as the contemporary fanaticism of liberty and equality. Long before the excitement of politics was super-added to the excitement of religious controversy Priestley had become exceedingly obnoxious to

* This was by and through his 'Introductory Dissertation' to Hartley's 'Observations on Man,' published in 1775. Matters were not much mended by his later publications. In 1782 he had produced his 'History of the Corruptions of Christianity,' in which he had treated all churches as congeries of selfishness and iniquity. The Dutch took the book so much to heart, that, in the city of Dort, they caused it to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.

† In these 'Familiar Letters' Priestley, assuming the prophetic tone, announced the speedy triumph and establishment of Unitarianism, which the inhabitants of Birmingham considered as something almost synonymous with Atheism.

the Birmingham people. The French Academy of Sciences had paid a very proper compliment to the scientific merits of Priestley in electing him an honorary member of their body: and he maintained a correspondence with several of those men of science and literature who had put themselves foremost in the revolution, and who were labouring to bring about a republic without that titular king which as yet they retained. Other incentives, besides his own strong political sympathies, were not wanting to set the ready pen of Priestley a-going against the 'Reflections.' Besides some strong things said in parliament against Price, Kippis, Towers, and other dissenting ministers, including Priestley himself, who had made such use of "the pulpit, drum ecclesiastic," Burke had fallen upon old Price in his book, and had given him a terrible mauling—such a mauling, indeed, that Price, happening to die soon after the appearance of the 'Reflections,' was said to have been killed by it, although his fourscore years seemed to make death a very possible accident, without attributing it to mere pen and ink. Before the murderous book had been long in existence Priestley put forth his 'Letters to the Right Honourable Mr. Burke, on his Reflections on the Revolution in France.' Though professing a regard for the English constitution, Priestley applauded all that was doing in France as supereminently just and wise, and, with very little periphrasis, recommended an imitation of those performances. Mankind, he said, were everywhere opening their eyes to the nature and uses of government, and, consequently, the whole of the Gothic feudal system, embracing matters, both civil and ecclesiastical, was beginning to shake to its foundation, producing a tremor and a convulsion that must be felt in every state in Europe. He attempted to repay with interest the sarcasms of Burke, which were said to have killed old Dr. Price, of Hackney; but his periods had little of Burke's pungency. Many other things in the book would have inflamed the Birmingham mind, which was getting as hot as a furnace, against a man or writer not otherwise obnoxious; but, as coming

from Priestley, who had incurred so long a score of grudges and spites, it roused all the angriest passions. He was told in anonymous letters to look to himself, as such an enemy to church and state, as such a Deist or Atheist would not long be tolerated in a town into which he had introduced nothing but dissension and discord. In this state of the Birmingham mind a certain number of Priestley's friends resolved to celebrate with a dinner and toasts, speeches, and songs, the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. A few days before this appointed feast a printed hand-bill was circulated through the town, to act like a challenge and defiance to the hot church-and-king citizens and in-dwellers. It bore no signature, and was addressed to the people at large. It was as follows:—"My countrymen, the second year of Gallic liberty is nearly expired. At the commencement of the third, on the 14th of this month, it is devoutly to be wished that every enemy to civil and religious despotism would give his sanction to the majestic common cause by a public celebration of the anniversary. Remember that on the 14th of July, the Bastille, that 'High Altar and Castle of Despotism,' fell! Remember the enthusiasm peculiar to the cause of liberty with which it was attacked! Remember that generous humanity that taught the oppressed, groaning under the weight of insulted rights, to save the lives of oppressors! Extinguish the mean prejudices of nations, and let your numbers be collected and sent as a free-will offering to the National Assembly. But is it possible to forget that your own parliament is venal? Your ministers hypocritical? Your clergy legal oppressors? The reigning family extravagant? The crown of a certain great personage becoming every day too weighty for the head that wears it? Too weighty for the people who gave it? Your taxes partial and excessive? Your representation a cruel insult upon the sacred rights of property, religion, and freedom? But on the 14th of this month prove to the political sycophants of the day that you reverence the Olive Branch; that you will sacrifice to public tranquillity till the majority shall

exclaim, *The Peace of Slavery is worse than the War of Freedom!* Of that moment let tyrants beware." The people of Birmingham believed that this paper proceeded from the dissenters and republicans that had appointed to feast at the tavern on the 14th; but Priestley and these individuals affirmed that it had been written, printed, and distributed by some bigot or bigots of the church-and-state party in order to make mischief and interrupt their celebration. On the appointed day, about eighty persons assembled at Dadley's tavern to commemorate the French revolution; and the magistrates and a number of the church-and-state inhabitants at the Swan tavern to drink long life to the English constitution. Priestley did not attend. The landlord or the company had procured, to be set upon the table, three figures: one a medallion of the king encircled with glory, another an emblematical figure of British liberty, and the third an emblematical figure of Gallic slavery breaking its chains. Either through ignorance or design (or it might be through some defect of the Birmingham artist) a spy of the loyal mob, who got admittance into the room, reported out in the street that the revolutionists had cut off the king's head and placed it on the table! The toasts which are said to have been really drunk began with "The King and Constitution," and were by no means exceptionable, or even ridiculous, except the second on the list, "The National Assembly and Patriots of France, whose virtue and wisdom have raised twenty-six millions from the meanest condition of despotism to the dignity and happiness of freemen." But out of doors it was rumoured, and believed by the people, that their first toast was "Destruction to the Present Government, and the King's Head upon a Charger." And, in the language of a newspaper reporter, "no sooner had this treasonable toast been made known to the people, than loyalty, *swift as lightning, shot through their minds, and a kind of electrical patriotism animated them to instant vengeance.* They rushed into this conventicle of treason, and, before the second course was well laid upon the table, broke the windows and glasses,

pelted and insulted these modern reformers, and obliged them to seek for safety in immediate flight."* But according to less rhetorical and more reliable authority, the "electrical patriotism" was not quite so sudden in its action, the orthodoxy of Dadley, the keeper of the tavern, acting as a non-conductor. Some persons of better condition cried out to the dirty little boys that were piping "Church and King!" and beginning to throw stones, "Don't break Dadley's windows: he is a churchman." And it appears that it was not during the dinner, but some hours after, when most of the company had separated, that some of the mob broke into the tavern in search of Dr. Priestley, who had not dined there.† "They wanted," they said, "to knock the powder out of Dr. Priestley's wig!" A well-conditioned townsman, zealous for church and state, smiled his assent to the proposition; and it is said that the ultra-loyal magistrates, who had been dining at the "Swan" (it ought to have been at the Goose) close at hand, huzzaed "Church and King!" and waved their hats in the air, "which inspired fresh vigour into the mob, so that they verily thought, and often declared, they acted with the *approbation* at least of the higher powers, and that what they did was right." There appears to be little doubt but that the worshipful magistrates and their friends had over-heated their excessive loyalty by too much drink at the "Swan;" and that the recollection of old grudges urged them to pat the mob on the back, neither foreseeing nor wishing for the very serious consequences that followed to the good town of Birmingham. No doubt they wished to see the powder knocked out of Priestley's wig, and a meeting-house or two, in which, according to their conceptions, treason had been preached, knocked down or otherwise destroyed; but there, no doubt, they wished the rioting to cease. The result, however, was a long, destructive, and very disgraceful riot. But that night the New Meeting where Priestley preached on

* 'The Times' of Tuesday, July 19, 1791.

† Life of William Hutton, stationer of Birmingham, written by himself.

Sundays was demolished and burned, as was also the Old Meeting-house.

When the Old Meeting-house was burning fast to the ground, the mob marched away, about a mile and a half, to Priestley's dwelling-house, at Fair Hill. The doctor and his family had fled; but his house, the whole of his valuable library, and more valuable collection of apparatus for philosophical experiments, together with some manuscript works and notes on which he placed a high value, and all the furniture were plundered, burned, or destroyed. This finished the work of the night of the 14th of July. But on the following morning, the rabble of the town, being joined by the worst rabble of a very indifferent neighbourhood, by miners and founders, by workers in iron and in brass, by the Amazon nail-makers of Walsall and all that district, where the fair sex still work at the anvil, and by strong-armed women from other parts, renewed their destructions and depredations to the tune of Church and King! They were armed with bludgeons and carried terror wherever they appeared, for there was no military force in the town, and the stupid magistrates knew not what to do. About the hour of noon a body of men, women, and children mixed, and about a thousand strong, attacked the house of Mr. John Ryland at Easy Hill. "Every room," says Hutton, "was entered with eagerness; but the wine-cellar, in which were wines to the amount of three hundred pounds, with ferocity. Here they regaled till the roof fell in with the flames, and six or seven of them lost their lives." Mr. Ryland had not been at the anniversary dinner; but he was a dissenter and a friend of Priestley, and probably the odour of his well-filled wine-cellar contributed as much as anything else to bring upon him the visitation of these drunken Royalists. In fact, the love of drink and the maddening effects of liquor were at the bottom of nearly all this mischief, from first to last. But even in the madness of intoxication this rude rabblement, furnished by some of the worst districts in the country, gave proof that they were of English breed; for though they had for many hours the whole

town and neighbourhood at their mercy, and talked about knocking on the head the enemies to church and state, they shed not a drop of blood, nor ever appear to have really thought of shedding any. A French mob, in the like circumstances, would not have got so drunken, but they would have butchered at least some of the victims of their fury. The tumult, after raging four days, was suppressed without bloodshed by the arrival of five troops of light dragoons.

These Birmingham riots were sad and disgraceful enough, but it requires great ignorance or a stupendous impudence to assert, as is done by one of Priestley's disciples in politics and in religion, that they were "far worse, indeed, than any disorders which had as yet occurred in the progress of the French revolution."*

The liberality of the doctor's friends and admirers more than made up for his pecuniary losses: his brother-in-law gave him an annuity of 200*l.* a-year, and made over to him the sum of 10,000*l.*; but as the money was invested in the French funds, it may be doubted, notwithstanding the deep sympathy which Frenchmen professed for him, whether he ever got much of it. He also recovered by law compensation for damages to the amount of 3098*l.* Nor was Priestley without other consolations. He published pamphlet after pamphlet to exhibit his wrongs and to attribute them all to the infernal malice and preconcerted designs of a bigoted, intolerant clergy, and a set of selfish slaves, who were ready to barter for gold or distinctions, or the smiles of a court, the birthright of all Englishmen.† He occupied, at least in the eyes of his own party, the enviable and honourable position of a martyr; and, besides numerous other testimonials, condolences, and most flattering compliments, he received from his French brethren of the

* Belsham.

† In the second of his appeals to the public, which was published early in the following year (1792), he pretty directly accused Burke of being one of the promoters or originators of the persecution he had endured.

Academy of Sciences at Paris, who called him their "most illustrious associate," a letter brim-full of compliments and generous sympathy. This letter was written by no less a man than Condorcet, who was at this time secretary to the Academy, and who was soon after one of the leading republicans in the National Convention. In a very short time Priestley published the letter to the world, together with addresses from the committee of dissenters at Birmingham, from the members of the New Meeting-house, from the young people belonging to his congregation at Birmingham, from the congregation of Mill Hill, Leeds, where he had once officiated, and from the Protestant dissenters in Great Yarmouth, from the Philosophical Society at Derby, &c. &c. Condorcet, as might have been expected, laid it on pretty strongly. "You are not the first friend of liberty," wrote this scientific secretary, "against whom tyrants have armed the very people whom they have deprived of their rights. . . . At this present moment a league is formed throughout Europe against the general liberty of mankind; but for some time past another league has existed, occupied with propagating and with defending this liberty, without any other arms than those furnished by reason; and these will finally triumph! It is in the necessary order of things that error should be momentary, and truth eternal. Men of genius, supported by their virtuous disciples, when placed in the balance against the vulgar mob of corrupt intriguers—the instruments or the accomplices of tyrants—must at length prevail against them. The glorious day of universal liberty will shine upon our descendants, but we shall at least enjoy the aurora." [We shall presently see the sort of aurora it was that Condorcet enjoyed.] This letter from a zealot of the revolution, with the other matter which Priestley printed so rapidly, was not likely to allay the storm which had been raised. He seized every opportunity of contrasting the bigotry and misery of England, and the enlightened toleration and happiness of France. In the preface to the first of his appeals he said:—"How different are the spectacles that are now exhibited in France and in England! Here

bigotry has been fostered, and has acquired new strength. There it is almost extinct. Here the friends of the establishment are burning the meeting-houses of the dissenters, with all the rage of crusaders; while in Paris one of the churches has been procured by the Protestants." To keep up and increase the irritation of these blisters, fresh addresses and condolences poured in from France upon Priestley, who published a proud list of them all, while he or his friends published many of the peppery documents at full length. A few days after Condorcet's letter, the Jacobins of Lyons wrote him an address, and this was followed, in rapid succession, by other addresses from the Jacobins of Nantes, from the Jacobins of Marmande on the Garonne, from the Jacobins of Clermont, in Auvergne, from the Jacobins of Toulouse, and from the Société Mère—the great genetrix and nursing-mother of them all—in the Rue St. Honoré, at Paris. As a climax, the National Convention, almost as soon as it met, nominated Priestley a citizen of the French republic!

The public mind was in a most excited state when the trials of some of the Birmingham rioters who had been apprehended came on. As the circuit was at hand, the prisoners had not long to wait. Of five of them who were tried at the assizes for Worcestershire, on the 22nd of August, for offences committed *near* Birmingham, only one was convicted. But of those tried at the Warwick assises on the 25th, four received sentence of death. Those who had suffered in their property, and all those who sympathised so deeply with Priestley, maintained that there ought to have been a good many more convictions; that the trial was unfair, or, at least, that the jury was all chosen from among the high-church party. But if they had taken some of the sturdy partisans of the other side, we really believe—so inflamed were both parties—that they would have fought in the jury-box, and would never have agreed in any one verdict; and if they had taken them all from that opposite party, who, great philanthropists as they were, had no notion of secondary punishments, but, in their vengeance, a most

decided taste for gibbets and halters, there would have been such a black list of convictions as had not been seen in Warwick for many a day. But, besides the advantage of the one-sidedness of the jury, the rioters had in their favour nearly the whole strength of public opinion in these parts, and many witnesses who, believing that the original motive of their conduct was a good and loyal one, were probably not over-scrupulous as to what they swore, in order to screen them and get them off. It could also be proved, upon better evidence, that several of these rioters had previously been inoffensive, well-conducted men, and that they had only been excited by their own inward belief that Priestley and his friends were sworn enemies to the king and church. Besides all this, there was the favourable confusion of great numbers, the contradictory evidence of the illiterate witnesses for the prosecution, and the common flaws in indictments, when drawn up, as these had been, in a hurry, and upon loose testimony. And, after all, it is a difficult and odious and agonizing task to select out of so great a number a few men for examples. Previously to, and during, the trial, the sufferers from the riots and their witnesses were publicly abused and threatened in the streets of Birmingham and Warwick, where—as in many other places—the favourite toast of the church and king party was—"May every revolutionary dinner be followed by a hot supper!"

Although, including the man convicted at Worcester, five rioters were sentenced to death, only three were hanged, the other two receiving his majesty's free pardon.

We may now turn once more to the startling events in France—or to the aurora of French liberty.

It was soon seen that the courage of the majority of the clergy had not been overrated by Maury, and that the forcible exacting of the *serment civique* would lead to a civil war, at least in a part of France. Before matters had come to this extremity with the clergy, Louis XVI., as a really scrupulous Catholic, had written to Rome for the opinion and advice of Pius VI. The pope's opinion

was opposed to the plans and determinations of the Assembly, and therefore the liberal Archbishop of Vienne, minister for ecclesiastical affairs, and the equally liberal Archbishop of Bordeaux, keeper of the seals, into whose hands it fell, had kept it for a long time from the knowledge of the king. But neither the strong opinion of the pontiff of the Catholic world, nor the sentiments of the French hierarchy, among whom were many individuals that he revered, could be kept for good from the knowledge of Louis; and his own strong conviction gave him courage to withhold for some time the royal assent to the civil constitution of the clergy, and to the forced *serment civique*, which was a part of it. At one time he is even said to have declared that he would rather die than be a party to the destruction of the established church; and, as he studied very attentively the history of our Charles I., he may have thought of acting with the church of France, as that prince had done in his last days by the Anglican church. But Louis had none of the boldness of Charles I.; and even on this point, where his feelings and principles were perhaps stronger than upon any other, he was incapable of any steadiness of purpose. He was not born to be a voluntary martyr; and no people but the French could have made him a martyr. Day after day the majority of the Assembly were thrown into transports of rage by the reception of protests against the civil constitution of the clergy, and by the positive refusal of some prelates, curés, and other priests to take the *serment civique*. This hardihood of the shavelings was attributed to the obstinacy of the king. To extort compliance, through terror, the Paris patriots made an *émeute*, and a terrible *charivari* under the windows of the apartment of the poor weak prisoner of the Tuileries, who then gave his assent.

On the 24th of January, the Jacobins of Paris had bound themselves by an oath to defend with their fortunes and their blood every citizen who should have the courage to devote himself to the denunciation of traitors to the country, by which they understood all men that entertained different opinions from their own. The

decree to this effect—for the Jacobins made decrees like the Assembly—was unanimously adopted, as was also the resolution that copies of it should be sent to the affiliated societies in all parts of France, in order that they might bind themselves by the same oath—an oath which would have suited the original Assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain. The president, on the night when all this was decreed in the Rue St. Honoré, was Victor Broglie, ex-count, and father of the present Duke de Broglie; and one of the secretaries was Alexandre Beauharnais, ex-viscount; the first husband of Napoleon Buonaparte's first wife, by fate of revolutions and wars, Josephine Empress of the French.* The immediate effect produced by the infernal vow and covenant was a red-hot persecution against all unsworn priests. Mirabeau had proclaimed in the Assembly that those priests who would not take the oath, and that gave up their livings, places, and appointments, were not to be treated or considered as *coupable;* but the Jacobins and the unbelieving mobs, and the dastardly majority of the Assembly itself, determined to consider them as *suspect:* [This terrible word was already in use, and equivalent to a sentence of proscription; but the champions of the Rights of Man and the zealots of liberty and equality went on improving: until *soupçonné d'être suspect*—suspected of being suspected—had the same force, and was a common term.] At this time also another democratic club started into existence, in aid of the Jacobins, to which it was to serve as a sort of seminary or preparatory school. This club of the people, called "Société Fraternelle," held its meetings in the section of Enfans Rouges, or Red Boys, and had for its first president M. Tallien, a leading member of the Jacobins, lately a compositor in a printing-office, but now the editor of a journal, and destined to be, for a time, a sort of dictator in France, and one of the first patrons of young Napoleon Buonaparte. This Société Fraternelle especially undertook to explain, in an easy and familiar manner, to the populace of Paris,

* Hist. Parlement.

the decrees and other proceedings of the National Assembly; and they admitted to their discussions, free of expense, all citizens and citizenesses, with all their children that had attained the age of *twelve years*. "Such establishments," says an approving journalist, "which cannot be too much encouraged, are the best arms to oppose to the fanaticism of the priests and the insidious practices of pretended devotees."

The French historians most in vogue at the present day can see nothing to condemn in these methods of constitutionalising the church, and very little to regret in the atrocities that ensued in consequence. Thiers, indeed, can find nothing to blame, except "the violence" of Abbé Maury, and that too, "with the ordinary intolerance of these gentlemen," he hints, was all feigned, or a noisy pretence to excite the people against the Assembly and liberty. His account of the transaction is glaringly unfair—unfair in omission and unfair in commission:—either he has not read the reports of the debates, and the decrees themselves, or he has intentionally falsified their meaning and import. Thiers starts with the principle that he will not be excited in narrating what took place, and that he will be angry with no man or men, or parties; and he so far adheres to the latter part of his principle as not to lose his temper at any atrocity or rascality whatsoever, provided only it be committed by or for the revolution. He hands his Jacobin scoundrels across the stage one after the other with all the politesse of a courtier or master of the ceremonies of the *ancien régime*; and he dismisses nearly every one of them with the assurance that he has done his best according to the light of his own reason and conscience, and that, if he have in some respects done amiss, his evil doings have, in the end, and the great result, been productive of good. In these matters he is an optimist, a very Pangloss, for in revolutionism all is for the best. But when a priest is struggling for his church, a noble for his order, a king for his crown, Thiers's suavity is by no means so perfect; and here his affected moderation, his under-toned, half-whispered malice and spite, his

innendoes and cavils are, by several degrees, more revolting than the openly blurted, loud-thundering malice of others.* A good many country curés who had conformed and taken the oath soon repented and retracted, declaring they had been misled. These repentants were seized by the municipalities or other branches of the civil power, and thrown into prison. Their martyrdom or their sufferings have probably been exaggerated; but there is little reason to doubt that, wherever the Jacobins were in force, and religious feeling very low—and this was the case in the far greater part of France—these poor priests were treated with great barbarity. As Mirabeau had proclaimed that every priest that took the oath, and then abjured it, would be highly criminal, the Assembly presently issued its decree, against all such retractations, ordering that all such priests should be immediately deprived of their appointments, arrested, and punished as rebels to the law and traitors to the nation. This terrible decree gave fresh impulse to emigration; shoals of priests crossed the Alps, the Rhine, or the ocean, and there was soon not a country in Europe but had its quota of French bishops, abbés, and curés, all pennyless, and all desperate. England had her full share, or more than her share; and be it remembered to her honour, that in spite of the difference in faith, and the still lingering dread of Popery, she gave a kinder and a more generous reception to these expatriated priests than they met with in any other countries, including the most Catholic of all. But in La Vendée, which was now getting into a blaze from end to end, in some parts of the south, and in several remote cantons in other quarters of the kingdom, where the people still believed what their fathers and their priests had taught them, and retained a strong attachment to the pastors who had been born among them and had lived among them all the days of their lives, it was not so easy to carry the decrees of the Assembly into execution: here many of the ex-

* See almost any chapter or page of M. Thiers's History of the Revolution.

truded clergy remained undisturbed for a long time, and in preaching about the persecution of the church they revived or gave fresh strength to the people's old attachment to their kings. Nor did they fail to represent the new constitutional clergy, who never said mass without wearing the tri-colour sash over their albs, as heretical intruders, who would be damned in the next world for their brief triumph in this. On the other side, the *sermentés* treated the *insermentés* as rebels and traitors that ought to be hanged. Both parties, like every other faction or power, or would-be power, in France, appealed to the people, to the masses, who were indeed courted on every side, as the sovereigns of the day. The unsworn clergy tried to make fanatics of them, and the revolutionists to make Atheists of them, which the philosophes had in good part done before the revolution began. As the latter party monopolised all the powers of the state, and all the liberty of the press, as they had a wonderfully complete machinery in their clubs, as they had disciples and propagandists quite as fanatic for the Rights of Man as any priest could be for the dogmas of his church, as newspapers, novels, tales, obscene anecdotes, and smutty songs, which contained the cream—nay, the sum and substance—of the philosophy, moral and political, they wished to inculcate, were lighter reading, and pleasanter to the national taste, than sermons or pastoral letters, bishops' mandamuses and parish priests' appeals —which, moreover, could not be printed or circulated without great difficulty and danger—it could scarcely be doubtful which side would make the most progress. The papers which the extruded clergy addressed to the faithful were chiefly printed abroad, smuggled across the frontiers and distributed in secret by a few zealots and a few unsworn priests, who remained disguised and concealed near their old homes, to say mass and perform the other offices of religion to such portions of their flock as were too scrupulous to attend the intruding priests in the parish churches. In the capital the scrupulous and devout hired the church of the Theatin monks, who had been suppressed like all the other monastic orders, and

they engaged priests who had not taken the oath, to officiate for them in a manner satisfactory to their consciences. They claimed that liberty of conscience which had been promised even to Jews and Mahommedans, and, as their priests were free from any engagement, and exercised no public functions paid by the state, the laws or decrees of the Assembly had no hold on them. The Assembly assented to the reasonableness of these propositions, and granted the Theatin church a guard from the city militia to protect these within in their hours of worship; but the Assembly's master, the Paris mob, would not brook this monstrous toleration; they broke into the church in spite of the guard, or—which is just as probable—with the consent and encouragement of the guard; they insulted and threatened with the lanterne the devout old ladies and gentlemen that more regularly attended that place of worship, and they made it as dangerous to go to the Theatins as it had been to go to the Monarchic Club. That club, by the way, in consequence of Barnave's denunciation in the Assembly, was forcibly suppressed a month or two later by Mayor Bailly and his municipals, who said that it was a nuisance, and the cause of exciting the people to daily riots. Even so went this Gallic liberty, and thus far and much farther had it gone when Priestley and others were worshipping it in England.

One of the oracles of the French people was now the notorious Marat, a diseased wretch, who conducted a journal, in which insurrection and assassination were constantly recommended as the only sure means of establishing freedom and the Rights of Man. From the beginning of the revolution the people had been excessively prone to suspicion; and now Marat was maddening them into cruelty, by exciting their fears. He was every day telling them, in language more or less plain, that if they did not butcher the aristocrats and the priests, they, and their wives, and their children would be butchered by them. While in this temper the slightest incident was enough to drive the Parisian mob into a fury. Such authority as Lafayette, and Mayor

Bailly had ever possessed over them, was now completely lost. Marat had pointed out both the general and the mayor as fitting subjects for the *lanterne*.

On the 28th of February, a day or two after Marat had given some dark hints respecting repairs begun at Vincennes, a report was suddenly spread in the Faubourg St. Antoine that the court—the miserable court who were prisoners themselves—were going to shut up the Duke of Orleans and all his family, together with all the true patriots of the Assembly, in the donjon. Forthwith all that faubourg, whose glory it was to have been the demolishers of the Bastille, poured forth on the road to Vincennes to demolish the donjon likewise. They had been in insurrection a day or two before, for the purpose of burning the gates and barriers of Paris, where the octroi, or duty on provisions, was exacted, so that they had their pikes and clubs all ready for action. A part of the national guards of the district, under that burly small-beer brewer Santerre, marched after them, but it was to assist, not to hinder them in their work of demolition. The municipality of Vincennes and a few officers on the spot represented that the reason why the fortress was undergoing a slight repair was, that it might serve to relieve of some of their inmates the prisons of Paris, which were so crammed as to give serious apprehensions that pestilential disorders might break out among them and spread through the city. They also added that the repairs had been ordered by the National Assembly itself, in a decree sanctioned by the king. But all was of no use: the St. Antoine men drove away the masons and other workmen, seized their sledge-hammers, crow-bars, and other implements, broke into the fortress, and threw out of the windows, or broke to pieces, everything they found therein. They then proceeded to demolish the building itself, beginning with a parapet, for the walls of the tower, though old, were discouragingly strong. The terrible noise that these faubourg men had made in taking their departure from Paris had been heard all over that city, and had created an universal alarm, for very few knew the object they

had in view. Lafayette was summoned to the Hôtel de Ville, and instructed by the municipality to march after the insurgents as fast as he could, with the more respectable part of his national guard. The hero of two worlds was presently on his white charger, and before long in front of the donjon of Vincennes, with several thousands of his militia, both horse and foot, and not without some light artillery, capable of grape-shot, at his back. Close by the old tower he found Santerre, with his faubourg militiamen, looking complacently on the havoc the mob were making. He rode up to him and ordered him to fire upon those rascals. "Mr. General," said the broad-faced brewer, "those are the men that took the Bastille!" Lafayette then applied to the magistrates of Vincennes to issue some necessary orders, and to assist him in arresting some of the rioters; but these worshipful personages refused to co-operate in any way whatsoever. The general, therefore, took the whole duty upon himself; and, after some hard blows given and received, but, miraculously, without any recourse to fire-arms, the respectabilities of the national guard succeeded in clearing the donjon, and in taking about sixty of the demolishers prisoners. Retracing his steps to Paris with these captives in his train, he found the gates of the Faubourg St. Antoine shut and barred in his face. He threatened to blow them open with cannon-ball and gunpowder; and thus obtained an entrance. Several shots were fired at him and the officers of his staff; and as he rode through the faubourg a very deadly attempt was made upon the legs of his white charger, in the view of bringing horse and rider to the ground together. In the morning, as Lafayette was starting eastward for Vincennes, a good many devoted Royalists went westward to the Tuileries to offer their very useless services to the king, believing, as they said, and as appears really to have been the case, that the insurrection was to become general, and that the life of the sovereign was to be attempted. These Royalists, gentlemen all, and apparently all crazed, began to arrive at the palace about noon, or shortly after; but, if we guess rightly in a con-

fusion and jabber of contradictory accounts, it was not till towards evening that their numbers excited any notice or suspicion. It is said that they had been admitted into the interior of the palace by different doors, having tickets of admission from the Duke de Villequier and other gentlemen of the household; but many of them must have had what were called in court language *les petites entrées*, which would render unnecessary any such tickets or smuggling in. The national guards doing duty that day at the Tuileries were the salaried centre grenadiers, the terrible ex-Gardes Françaises. It is said that reports reached these desperate fellows that Lafayette had not only been fired at but had been killed on his return from Vincennes, and that they were just going to rush into the palace to bring the king to account for this foul deed, when one of their corps seized a gentleman as he was going into the palace, and found that he had a long dagger in his coat pocket.* This quickened their suspicions and their movements; a rush was made up the great staircase; and in the antechambers, galleries, and saloons were found collected from four to five hundred very suspicious aristocrat-looking persons, with powdered heads and black coats. A search much ruder than that of the rudest douaniers or custom-house officers was immediately commenced by these ex-Gardes Françaises; and then it was found that many of these gentlemen carried small sword-canes, or had daggers in their pockets or under their waistcoats—nay, that two or three of them had pocket-pistols. As

* According to Lafayette's account, it was not a dagger but a pocket-pistol that led to the discovery. "The first alarm," he says, "was given by a hot-headed Royalist, the Chevalier de St. Elme, who, setting ajar the doors of the apartment, exhibited a pistol to the national guards. This discovery produced a great sensation. The king was frightened, and begged the chivalrous company to disband and lay down their arms."—*Narrative of Events from the Federation to the Departure and Arrest of the King, in Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts, published by his Family.*

these things were brought to light the guardsmen hurled or kicked them down the stone stairs, at first singly, then by twos and threes, and at last by dozens and by scores at a time, until the terrace and the upper part of the garden of the Tuileries were littered with powdered heads and black coats. Ex-dukes, ex-marquises, ex-counts, ex-chevaliers of the order of St. Louis, ex-parlementers, and among them the hottest of all parlementers, and once the chief of all patriots, d'Espréménil, were direfully constrained to make this sort of exit. Well had it been for these unlucky zealots if their punishment had ended here. When the Gardes Françaises had done with them, they fell into the hands of the mob that had collected in the garden and outside the iron railing, and they were hustled and tossed, beaten and bruised, and sent running home at last all tattered and torn. Marat, who took the earliest opportunity of describing this opprobrium of gentility and chivalry, was elated and rhapsodized into his grandest style in thinking of the kicks behind, the twitches by the nose, the spittle in the face, that the aristocrats received from the plebeians. Lafayette arrived safe and sound at the Tuileries soon after the Gardes Françaises had cleared the apartments of these Royalists. We have his own account for what followed: "He treated several of the courtiers very sharply, and read a particular lecture to the Duke de Villequier, first gentleman of the chamber, of whom he thought he had the most reason to complain. He saw the king, who expressed his regret at this piece of folly, which, it seemed, had been begun without his privity. The king told him that the false zeal and wild extravagance of the people who called themselves his friends would end in ruining him. On his return to the great hall the general-in-chief learned from public rumour that a whole pile of arms had been secreted in the closets of the apartments, a thing not to be endured by those who were charged with the protection and safety of the king: consequently the general requested that an order should be given for the surrender of these arms. They were brought out in a hand-basket, and it

was visible to everybody present *that there were daggers amongst them.* They were given up to the national guards, and were broken to pieces in the court of the Tuileries, with an exhibition of gaiety little respectful perhaps to the palace of the sovereign, but especially offensive to the chevaliers, who from this time bore the name of "the Chevaliers of the Poignard." Some were not less shocked the next day, by an order of the day, in which the general-in-chief spoke in severe terms of the chiefs of the domesticity, meaning the courtiers and the gentlemen of the household.* But the very strangest part of this unseemly, ridiculous business, and that which throws most light on the temper of the times and the state of the factions, is the variety of ways in which the plot was accounted for; though, as we verily believe, there had been no plot at all, but a rash, hot-headed impulse, such as all classes of Frenchmen were liable to, especially in these maddening times. Lafayette himself was quite sure that the whole thing was preconcerted by the fanatic Royalists and the courtiers; but he does not say for what object, nor attempt to explain how four or five hundred gentlemen, many of them far gone in years and in infirm health, with their sword-sticks, daggers, and pocket-pistols, were to effect a counter-revolution in the midst of a hundred thousand armed men, and in a great capital where the population were quite as frantic for their new liberty as these *preux chevaliers* were for their old royalty; nor does he, indeed, so much as hint that the object was to carry off the king, an object impossible to be executed in this open manner. He says—

* Narrative of Events from the Federation to the Departure and Arrest of the King, written by himself, in Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of Lafayette, published by his Family.—Lafayette, rather from a desire to make up a good case for his national guards, than from any anxiety about the humiliation of the order to which, by birth, he belonged, or from any regard to the feelings of gentlemen that were Royalists, says that there was not much beating or kicking—that "the chevaliers escaped with *a few* insults and blows as they went out."

and his authority is certainly worth no more than that of those who deny the facts—that many of the crowd of Royalists found in the Tuileries had been expressly invited from the provinces; and that from daybreak an attempt had been made to ply the national guards on duty at the palace with drink, under pretence of treating them with breakfast; that the aristocrats got up the insurrection in the faubourg in order to decoy him out of the capital to Vincennes, and to get him murdered there; and that but for the bayonet of one of his national guards he would have been murdered on his return. On the other hand Marat, in a terrible article headed "New Conspiracy discovered by M. Lafayette," swore that Lafayette himself, aided by Bailly, the police, and the more opulent of the citizens, had not only incited the Faubourg St. Antoine to march upon Vincennes, but was also in league with the Royalists who meant to carry off the king. He dwelt upon the subject many days, in order to show what a narrow escape the common people, the only patriots, had had on the day of the poignards. He pretended to describe with the utmost minuteness and accuracy the labours and machinations of "the hero of two worlds and his head valet Bailly," declaring, among numerous other particulars, that they had brought furtively into Paris gangs of brigands and assassins; that they had corrupted the staff of the citizen army of the capital, composed of scoundrels that were wallowing in luxury, and that ought never to have been trusted; that they had bought with money a part of the soldiers, and had enchained another part by cajoleries and promises, or by threats.

Some little circumstances contributed to give, with the multitude, additional weight and effect to this newspaper article. A few days before the day of poignards, Marat had announced to the people that five thousand poignards, to butcher patriots, were a-making in Paris; an extra-judicial search had been made by the people, who had found in a certain shop *thirty-six* poignards. It was true that this number was very small, and that the armourer gave proof that they were made to the order of some persons engaged in the African slave-trade, who found such

implements very useful; but to a popular credulity like the French, the circumstanee was quite enough to confirm their own suspicions, and Marat's reputation for vigilance and veracity. On the other hand, the Royalists maintained that the *émeute* in the faubourg and the march upon Vincennes had been planned by the ultra-revolutionists and the *Duke of Orleans*, and that the assembling of the gentlemen in the palace was wholly unpremeditated and arose out of the impression of the moment, that violence was intended to the royal family. Other parties again, who were less anxious to fix the *émeute* upon any particular persons, thought that the riot had arisen, like so many others, out of a determination to control the National Assembly, and terrify them into the passing of a most severe law against the emigrants, which was under discussion on this very day; and to these parties it appeared not very unlikely that a number of enthusiastic Royalists should gather in the Tuileries to offer up their lives a sacrifice to the royal family. If there was a previous plot, one surely might have expected some better preparation. There is not perhaps a more striking specimen of the pathos, than Lafayette's *pile of arms*, brought forth in a *hand-basket*, in which it was visibly beheld by all present that there were *some daggers*. As to the daggers, sword-canes, and pocket-pistols carried by the Royalists, there was nothing in them to establish a proof of any preconcerted plan or bloody design whatever; for, as one of them said, when examined by Mayor Bailly and his municipals, these were days when nearly every gentleman constantly carried arms about his person for his own protection from the rabble. It was long before this that Abbé Maury had taken to wearing pistols; and Mirabeau himself had adopted the practice long before Maury—never going down to the Assembly, or anywhere else, without putting his pistols in his pocket, and looking well to their priming. We admit, however, that there is no possibility of calculating the extent of French rashness and folly under such exciting circumstances, and that the fanaticism of some of these ultra-aristocrats and Royalists was capable of almost any madness, and of almost

any sanguinary excess, if they had succeeded in making, at any time, a successful counter-revolution.

For many months the queen and a part of the court had been relying with a desperate hope upon the promises and services of Mirabeau, the most eloquent orator, and, probably, the most unprincipled, profligate man in the National Assembly. This orator, who had lived some time (though in no very honourable manner) in England, had certainly some knowledge of our institutions: among his private friends he seems to have invariably expressed a preference for an hereditary constitutional monarchy; but when he saw how unpopular this notion was becoming, and what a complete ascendency the republican and democratic principle was obtaining, he timidly shrank from any public avowal of his preference. He was a loud magnificent talker; but his courage, whether moral or physical, was very doubtful. He was a vain-glorious, most excitable man; but though self-indulgent and dissolute, he had occasional visitations of high, generous, and noble thoughts. He had quitted the queen after a private interview on the heights of St. Cloud, in the month of May, 1790, by solemnly assuring her majesty that from that moment the French monarchy was saved![*]

By fits and starts Mirabeau was really of opinion that he could be the saviour of it; but he was most assuredly deficient in moral courage, deficient in principle, altogether wanting, from first to last, in character and fixity of purpose. If he had really proposed to himself to be this saviour, he ought to have begun the work of salvation with courage and steadiness long before this—he ought to have checked the glowing wheels of the revolutionary car before they were about reaching their maximum velocity on that steeply inclined plane that ended in a gulf too fearful for the eye to look at—he ought to have made a life-and-death struggle at the time of the confusion of the three orders of the state into one anomalous chamber or house—at the time when the Declaration of the Rights of Man was under discussion—at the time

[*] Madame Campan, Mémoires.

when the veto question was debated—at the time when the plots were forming to drag the court to Paris at the feet of the multitude;—but on all these times and occasions, as on others equally critical and equally potential upon future events, the heart of the loud-tongued man had failed him, and, instead of seeking the salvation of the state, he had sought his own personal safety by conforming with the tyrannous will of the majority of the Assembly and of the populace, by explaining away his own words and sentiments, and by sneaking out of the principles he had professed. His chiefest care had been to keep free of the black lists of proscription. We repeat it, he had not so much courage, nor nearly so much courage, as that despised priest, the Abbé Maury, whom historians and annalists still rejoice in depicting as a mere casuist and humbug. Rarely has self-seeking been made more unscrupulous than by Mirabeau, who, in the midst of all these convulsions and constantly increasing dangers, was unable to resist the propensity of indulging all his vicious habits and tastes for expenditure and prodigality.

When the royal coffers were almost empty—when every louis-d'or was wanted,—he took his money and spent it in luxury and profligacy. A tribune of the people thus leading the life of a Lucullus, could not escape suspicion; and suspicion was every day becoming equivalent to a sentence of proscription or of death. Although he continued to take the wages of the court, he did absolutely nothing for it, his fears preventing him from persevering in a plan to form a party in the Assembly. To those who hinted that the court was leading him into great danger, and might betray him, he replied, in words too gross to be literally translated, that, if they did, or attempted it, he would drive them into a republic. He declared in private that the Jacobins and the Parisian mob would destroy alike the whole monarchy and the new reformers—would swallow up the king and the Assembly—would plunge the country into a frightful and long-lasting anarchy; yet he continued to frequent the Jacobin club, and to pander to the worst passions of the people. But by this time he

had utterly ruined his robust constitution by his excesses, and a mortal disease had him in his grip. He made one more apparition in the hall of the Jacobins, to do away, by force of declamation, some evil reports which had been raised against him for his behaviour on the emigrant-law question, and to declare that he would remain among the Jacobins even to the time of ostracism; —and then he returned home to suffer agonies and die. He was at the Jacobins on the night of the 28th of March, and on the 29th he took to his bed, suffering excruciating agony. Some of his greatest admirers among the people instantly set up the cry that he had been poisoned by the court; and the respectables of the national guards had hard work to prevent another *émeute*. Those who better knew the man and his debauched habits could easily account for his malady in a simpler manner; and it was no secret to them that his health had long been declining. Three months before this, he said to Dumont, "If I believed in slow poisons, I should not doubt but that I have been poisoned: I feel myself wasting away; I feel as if I were consuming by a slow fire!" Dumont observed to him that the kind of life he led must have killed any man, less robust than he, long ago. He suffered and died in public, his chamber being continually crowded, and he making speeches, and saying smart things, to the last. Even the Jacobin club thought proper to send a deputation to wait upon the illustrious sufferer. It was headed by Barnave, but several of the most conspicuous of the Jacobins refused to attend. On learning this last circumstance, Mirabeau said, with a contemptuous smile, "I knew very well that they were scoundrels and cowards, but I did not think they were such fools!" He deplored the sad state in which he must leave the country, a prey to all kinds of factions and intrigues. "I carry with me," said he, "the mourning of the monarchy; the factions will divide among them its rags!" Talleyrand, who was very constantly with him during these last four days of his life, said of him afterwards, in one of the happiest of his many happy sayings, "*He dramatised his death*;"—and, from

all that is told of him, he must have died acting—like an actor on a stage, conscious that the eyes of the world were upon him, and that everything he did or said would be repeated. He died on the 2nd of April.

If Mirabeau dramatised his death, others have dramatised his life, exaggerating the good, and perhaps even the evil, so as to make a fine chiaro-scuro. Madame de Staël, partly out of magnanimity, as he had been the bitter enemy of her father, and partly from her habitual half-romantic and half-metaphysical manner of seeing things, began this picturesque process; and she has been followed by others of abilities equal, and, in one instance, superior to her own. She saw in Mirabeau's death the failure of the only hope of saving France from a frightful anarchy, and her fanciful vision has been continued, being precisely of that kind that may last for ever; for, as he died, there was no possibility of proof as to what he might have done if he had lived. We have ventured to express our own opinion that it would have been beyond his power or that of any other merely mortal man to have stopped the headlong course of this revolution, after the fusion of the three orders and the other monstrous errors committed in the beginning; but what is more than this, we doubt whether Mirabeau ever honestly or steadfastly set to work to make the attempt. Certainly, from the time he took the pay of the court, and particularly between the period when he saw the queen in the garden of St. Cloud and the period of his death, the revolution had been allowed to run its course without one important check or impediment, the Jacobins had been allowed to gain strength daily, he himself had considered it expedient or absolutely necessary to put himself at the head of some of their movements and advocate some of their extreme measures; and whenever, *en tatonnant*, he had tried their temper in the way of opposition, he had done it in a timid, undetermined, ambiguous manner, and had, in nearly every one instance, drawn in his hand as soon as they set up their porcupine quills. After his death the revolutionary wheel revolved neither faster nor slower than it had been doing since the month of May, 1789.

There was no exaggeration in Burke's description of the king's intended journey to St. Cloud.

The journalists and the clubs began to denounce the king for harbouring within the Tuileries and in other places unsworn, unconstitutional priests. This led to a terrible riot at the church of the Theatins, and to great disorders in other parts of Paris. On the same day, Sunday, the 17th of April, the Cordelier club, directed by Danton, the true Mirabeau of the lower classes, placarded the streets of Paris with a bolder decree than any that had yet appeared. "The Society of Cordeliers," said the paper, "upon denunciation made to them that the first public functionary of the nation suffers and permits refractory priests to retire into his house, and there openly exercise, to the scandal of Frenchmen and of the law, the functions from which the law has excluded them; that he has, even this very day, taken the sacrament and heard mass from one of these refractory priests; have determined that, the truth of the fact being proved and established, they will denounce to the representatives of the nation this first public functionary, this first subject of the law as being refractory to the constitutional laws which he has sworn to maintain; thus authorising disobedience and revolt, and preparing to set against the French nation those factions which the enemies of the Rights of Man are trying to excite against the constitution." All this might have been expected and clearly foreseen when Mirabeau was driving for the civil constitution of the clergy, and that *serment civique* which no conscientious or respectable Catholic clergyman could possibly take. The Cordeliers' denunciation, in order to produce more effect, was placarded on Sunday. The very next day the court was to go to St. Cloud, to pass the holy week and keep Easter. The return of spring made the country desirable, and the king was ill in health, and had avowedly scruples of conscience as to performing the religious duties of that solemn season with irregular priests, that were interdicted, or as good as excommunicated, by the supreme pontiff. People of another faith may despise these scruples, but they are precisely such as any devout Catholic must have felt;

and nobody, as yet, has attempted to doubt the sincerity of Louis XVI.'s devotion. He had previously consulted or asked permission of Mayor Bailly and his chief gaoler Lafayette, and these illustrious men had given their consent; and, in order that he might be well guarded, the commandant-general had given his orders for a whole host of the national guards to march and be ready to keep watch and ward at that pleasant summer palace, and in the country all round about, as they had done the year before. A detachment of these national guards had even marched to their destination at an early hour on Monday morning. The domestics of the royal household had gone, the palace of St. Cloud was prepared, the guard that were to escort were mounted, the horses were put to the carriages, their majesties came out of the Tuileries and entered their coach, and, with Lafayette capering by the side of it on his white charger, they were just going to start, when there arose shouts and shrieks of "Down with that carriage! Down with it! No St. Cloud! The king must stay where he is!"—and a dense mass of men, women, and children, chiefly from the fauxbourgs, threw themselves before the horses, threatening to murder the postilions if they moved. Mayor Bailly, who was at hand, came up and harangued the mob from his gilded coach, and Lafayette harangued them from his white horse, representing how proper it was that their king should enjoy personal liberty; but it was all of no use, for the mob kept crying that the king intended to escape, to bring the aristocrats, emigrants, and the armies of the emperor upon them. The general then turned to the national guards; but instead of showing any alacrity in reducing the people to order, or in forcing a way through them, they declared that they were for the people, and that the king should not quit Paris; and while they were disputing with Lafayette, who again ran some risk of being shot or bayoneted by his civic heroes, Danton—the Herculean, the terrible Danton—arrived on the spot at the head of the battalion of his district, pretending a laudable anxiety to check the riot, but really intending, as Lafayette well

knew, to join the rioters. According to Lafayette's own account, two battalions of the national guards, composed of men from more respectable districts, were steady to their duty or obedient to his command, and offered to secure the king's departure; and upon this he requested the king to remain in the carriage while he went himself to open a passage. But, as it was clear that this passage was not to be opened without bloodshed and without a combat in which two battalions would have to encounter all the rest of the national guards, and all the mob; as musket-balls must soon be flying about; as the king had his wife, sister, and children with him; and as he was far from being a hero, it is not surprising that he should have acted contrary to Lafayette's advice, and hastened back to the palace with his family, instead of remaining in a coach which had come to such a dead-lock. Yet, for this, the hero of two worlds bitterly condemns him, and says that all Louis and the court wanted was, to prove that they were forcibly detained in Paris. But other accounts say that Lafayette himself, seeing the hopelessness of the case, and fearing, from the horrible imprecations uttered by the mob against the queen, that murder might ensue, was the first to suggest that the king ought to abandon all thoughts of the journey, and get under cover in the Tuileries as quickly as possible. Though assailed by the most opprobrious epithets, Marie Antoinette walked nobly erect and with a firm and majestic step, so long as she was in sight of that ill-tongued, sanguinary rabble; but once in the privity of her own apartment, she shuddered and wept. Humiliated to the dust, Lafayette hastened to the Hôtal de Ville, and threw up his command of the national guards. The municipality and departmental authorities drew up an address to the king, not to condole with him upon what had happened, not to promise him a pleasanter journey for another day, but to tell him that they saw with grief that he was favouring the refractory priests, that he was making use of the services of none but enemies to the constitution, and that it was to be feared that such preferences only showed the true feelings of his heart. On

the morrow Louis went over to the Assembly to complain of the terrible insult he had sustained, and to declare that he considered it essential to his dignity and liberty to go to St. Cloud, and that he persisted in his intention of going. The president, on whose right hand the king was seated, told him that the Assembly was filled with sweet emotions on seeing him in the midst of them; that unquiet agitation was inseparable from the progress of liberty; that, in spite of the care of virtuous citizens, anxious to calm the people, other men still delighted in spreading rumours and alarms; that the circumstances of the times were menacing, and proper to excite some suspicions; that the cowardly enemies of the constitution and liberty were also the king's enemies; that a faction, but too well known, were endeavouring to place themselves between the king and the nation; and that this visit of his majesty to the Assembly ought to produce a very good effect, as it would show the friendship and confidence which existed between them. As for the king's journey, he said not a syllable about it; for, as the sovereign people had determined it should not be allowed, there was small chance of the Assembly being able to manage it, even if they had sincerely and earnestly wished the king to go. After Louis had quitted the hall, and it had been voted that his speech and the president's speech should be printed and sent to all the departments of the kingdom, M. Blacon, who had never spoken before in the House, ventured to express his astonishment that no notice should have been taken of his majesty's desire. "The king," said he, "has given you a mark of his confidence: he has told you that this journey to St. Cloud is necessary for the maintenance of law and the constitution —necessary to give him the appearance of being free—*l'air d'être libre.*" . . . . Here he was interrupted by a loud uproar from the côté gauche, who demanded that he should be sent to the Abbaye prison for the words he had spoken. The côté droit applauded the member that made so unfortunate a maiden speech; but the majority carried the order of the day, and no more was said about the unlucky St. Cloud journey.

In the meantime Lafayette was flattered by the public efforts made to induce him to assume once more the command of the national guards. For three days his house was constantly crowded by deputations. Some of the liberty and equality men even fell on their knees to implore him; but this unseemly sight was "ennobled by the beautiful idea of one of them, who said, 'General, fear nothing, we are still in the attitude of free men, for it is before the image of Liberty that we kneel!'" The whole municipality, with Mayor Bailly at the head of it, stayed one night arguing and praying till past midnight, and still the general played the inflexible. But after resisting temptation during three whole days, Lafayette yielded upon conditions. All the sixty battalions of the Paris national guard were to swear on their words and honours to be, in future, orderly and obedient to the laws; those who refused this oath were to be excluded, and some individuals that had behaved with most indecency towards the royal family were to be punished. It is worth while noting how these conditions were executed. In the battalions appertaining to the more popular or mobbish of the districts, many of the men stayed away at swearing time, and many of the rest laughed while they swore; the redoubtable Centre Grenadiers refused the oath, and were disbanded; but, with the exception of some fourteen, they were all instantly incorporated in other battalions; and as for punishment, there was none, and there could be none, because the mob were stronger than Lafayette and his respectabilities. A grenadier had distinguished himself by an atrocious discourse he delivered at the door of the king's carriage when the horses were stopped by the mob. That evening he gave a report of his speech in the Cordelier club, who crowned him with a civic crown. The company to which he belonged expelled him; the club took him under their protection; and who was there in France that durst defy Danton and his Cordeliers? Lafayette, however, continued in his pride of place, and the laws fared much as heretofore. Marat devoted three entire papers to what he called the "Curious, True, and Remarkable History of the Life of

Marie-Paul-Joseph-Roch-Yves-Gilbert-Mottié, Marquis de Lafayette; Deputy of the Noblesse, Founder of the Club of Monarchists, Institutor of Spies, President of the Austrian Committee, Generalissimo of the Counter-Revolutionists, Conspirator-in-Chief of the Kingdom of France, and General of the Parisian Army." He took for a motto, "All is not gold that glitters"—(*Tout ce qui reluit n'est pas d'or*)—and he spared not his malice and his lies, to which he had the art of giving the appearance of verisimilitude. "O, stupid Parisians," exclaimed Marat, in finishing, "and you can throw yourselves at the foot of a man like this, who will try to put you in chains again, after inundating France with blood!"

Nothing could be more reasonable, after all these proceedings, than that the printer Prudhomme should propose in his newspaper, early in the month of May, the immediate abolition of royalty. "To abolish royalty," said this friend of the Abbé Fauchet, "is to abolish the greatest curse and plague that ever desolated mankind. Yes! the illustrious citizen of Geneva was right when he said that monarchy was a government against nature! . . . . . The grand basis of every free constitution is that principle of eternal truth declared by the National Assembly itself, that men are born free and equal, and remain equal in their rights. Yes! all men are born free and equal, and remain so; and yet you decree a royal dynasty in which future generations of individuals are to come into the world with rights that other men have not and can never have! And you decree that they shall have these rights in hereditary succession, whatever be their ignorance, their ineptitude, their baseness, or their vices!" The municipality, receiving their impulse from the mob, who had changed the name of the Chaussée d'Antin into that of "Street of Mirabeau the patriot," took it upon themselves to change the names of all the streets and squares of Paris, being particularly careful to paint or plaster over every royal designation. The quay which had been called Des Théatins, after that order of monks, was rechristened

Quai Voltaire; and the Rue Plâtrière got the name of Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In the course of the month of May Danton and his Cordeliers, becoming bolder every day, denounced Lafayette and Mayor Bailly for having ordered the national guards to fire upon the people when they were opposing the king's departure for St. Cloud. They also changed the name of their club into that of "Society of the Rights of Man." As the building in which they held their meetings was national property, Bailly thought he might take his revenge by putting the seals of the municipality upon the doors, and by ordering it to be immediately sold. The Cordeliers thereupon repaired to a tennis court, for Paris had its Jeux-de-Paume as well as Versailles; and there, like the Tiers Etat, they swore that they would never separate. In a day or two they hired a hall that was private property; and at the same time *the Central Committee of all the clubs and fraternal societies of Paris* hired the great ball-room of the Sieur Cirier, citizen and dancing-master. They said they would some day bring Mayor Bailly to account; and they kept their word. The Jacobin club announced for the 1st of June a newspaper, which was to give a full account of their debates, and which was to be published every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The editors hoped that this newspaper would be at the very least as interesting and as valuable as any that reported the debates of the National Assembly. From the moment that this journal was set on foot Robespierre seems to have attended more frequently, and to have taken more pains about the discourses he delivered in the Mother Society. The Journal des Débats des Jacobins soon became exceedingly popular, as, besides publishing all the violent harangues that were delivered in the Hall, it published, in occasional supplementary numbers, other speeches which had been written, but which had not been delivered for want of time or opportunity.

There was now an incessant cry in all these clubs for proscription and blood, and the cry was directed not against the Royalists, but against the men who had begun the revolution, and who wanted it to stop where it

now was. Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, the idols of the mob, united their terrible powers against the Lafayetteists.

There no longer remained any hope for the royal family except in flight. The king had a warm love for his country, and a dislike or detestation of foreign interference. So long as there seemed a shadow of a chance that the revolution would settle down into a quiet and safe order of things, leaving a constitutional throne, an established religion, and a national church, he had certainly turned a deaf ear to those who advised him to flee from France, put himself at the head of the emigrants, and call for the co-operation of the other crowned heads of Europe. But when murder had paraded in his own palace; when he had been dragged a prisoner from Versailles to Paris; when every possible insult had been heaped upon him and his family in the Tuileries; when the church had been revolutionised and, in fact, destroyed; when he had seen that the clubs and the mob—the real masters of France—were driving for an anarchy under the name of a democratic republic; when he had felt, day after day, that his life and the lives of his wife and children were not safe in Paris, he had addressed himself to his brother kings.

As early as the 3rd of December, 1790, Louis had addressed himself to his brother-in-law the emperor, to the empress of Russia, and the kings of Spain, Prussia, and Sweden. Vague applications had been made to some of these courts before, but at this date Louis proposed the immediate assembling of a congress, to be supported by an armed coalition.* In short, the project appears to have been broadly put, and the throne of the Bourbon was to be re-established by foreign invasion, aided by civil war. It is doubtful whether any other form of government was thought of except the restoration of the old absolute monarchy: no other constitution could be approved of by the absolute sovereigns to whom application was made for help; nor could these hare-

* Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat, attributed to Hardenberg, the Prussian minister.

brained fanatics the emigrants bear to hear of any other. Except in a few cases, these ruined aristocrats had learned no useful lessons from their misfortunes, had acquired no moderation from watching the immoderate fury of their democratic enemies. They thought it less dishonourable to owe their restoration to foreign armies, and to devastation and carnage, than to enter into any compromise with their plebeian foes, who, on their part, were resolved to reject every compromise whatsoever, and refuse the slightest concessions. The noblesse were to be satisfied with nothing less than the restoration, not merely of their titles and property, but also of all their old rights, privileges, and exemptions, of many of which they ought to have been deprived centuries before this revolution began. The Tzarina Catherine had not yet arranged her peace with the Turks, and was much occupied in watching events in Poland; the King of Prussia was busy in watching her; and both these sovereigns appear to have already contemplated the final partition of Poland. The king of Spain, the imbecile Charles IV., was willing enough to assist the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, but knew not how to set about it, his finances being deranged and his army disorganised. The king of Sweden, the eccentric Gustavus Adolphus, though united by no ties of blood either to the king or queen of France, was by far the most enthusiastic of all the sovereigns; but he was also the poorest of them all, and it was most difficult for him to bring an army of brave Swedes into France without the assistance of the other powers. In the old forms of chivalry Gustavus Adolphus had sworn himself the knight of the fair and unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and, if a bravery as romantic as ever existed even in a Swedish king and a race of heroes—if an extatic devotion to the cause could have sufficed—he would have performed wonders, and saved that queen from the dungeon and the block. Even as it was he did something, nay a great deal, towards liberating her from captivity, and sending her on her present journey, for he had sent her the gallant and intelligent young Count Fersen; and, if all

parties engaged in that evasion had only done their duty as well as that noble Swede, Marie Antoinette and her husband and children had been saved. The Emperor Leopold, the queen's own brother, was certainly not insensible to her sufferings and danger, and he had a very royal and imperial antipathy to revolts and revolutions; but he was averse to war, much fonder of pacific congresses than of the most brilliant campaigns; he had a good deal of the Austrian slowness and indecision; and the very easy way in which he had put down revolution in his own Belgic states seem to have duped him into a belief that it would not be much more difficult, at any given time, to arrest and undo the French revolution. He had been told by the noble French emigrants that the revolution, after all, was but a temporary insurrection; that they and the court had still a most powerful party in the heart of the kingdom; and that the common people, and the national guards, without discipline, without officers of experience and name, would be routed at the first onset. At the same time the emperor was perplexed by differences of opinion and plan, and by intrigues and jealousies, that existed among these emigrants, and apparently among the royal princes themselves. At last, however, Leopold was convinced that it was time to do something. After some interviews at Mantua with the king's brother, the Count d'Artois, he despatched to Paris Count Alphonse de Durfort, to ascertain accurately the sentiments and intentions of the king and queen. De Durfort returned to Mantua in the month of April with all the information the emperor wanted from the Tuileries, and then Leopold engaged to send 35,000 men into Flanders, and 15,000 men into Alsace, to hang upon the French frontiers. The emperor further announced to the court of the Tuileries, by means of secret emissaries, that an army of Swiss would advance in the direction of Lyons, that an army of Piedmontese and Savoyards would invade Dauphiny, that the King of Spain would have 20,000 men ready to pour through the last defiles of the Pyrenees, that the King of Prussia had promised to co-operate, and that England had engaged to remain

strictly neutral. All the princes of the House of Bourbon, the King of Spain, the King of Naples, the Duke of Parma, and the expatriated princes of the French branch, were to sign a solemn protest and manifesto, and to co-operate in the great work according to their respective faculties.* Overtures of reconciliation and accommodation were even made to the Duke of Orleans, but they came to nothing, and his friend and negotiator, the Duke de Biron, declared to Bouillé that Orleans had been carried by artful and wicked men farther than he intended to go, but thought he could not, with honour, desert his party; that his royal highness was weak, but that, although his want of resolution had placed him at the disposal of dangerous men, who had sadly misled him, Bouillé might be certain of one thing—that it was the Duke of Orleans and his party who would save both the king and kingdom.†

Louis, who had kept up a pretty frequent correspondence with de Bouillé, wrote to that officer early in May, that he was fully resolved to fly from Paris, and retire to Montmedy, where de Bouillé had made a fortified camp, and whence, in case of necessity, it would be easy to retreat into the emperor's territory of Luxembourg, where Austrian troops were to be stationed to support him. His majesty further acquainted de Bouillé that he had reason to believe the Austrian troops would be in Luxembourg before the middle of June, and that he proposed leaving Paris on the 15th of June. It was not, however, until the 21st of June, that the royal family were enabled to effect their escape from the Tuileries. A paper was left behind, headed, "Proclamation of the King to all the French on his quitting Paris." It was a long list of the insupportable grievances Louis had undergone, and of the disorders and outrages which had been committed in every part of France. It declared that he had been a prisoner ever since the month of October, 1789, when they brought him from Versailles to Paris; and that,

* Bertrand de Molleville, Mémoires.
† Marquis de Bouillé, Mémoires.

though he could have borne his own misfortunes, he could no longer bear to see that the operations of the National Assembly had ended in the destruction of royalty itself, in the violation of property and personal security, in a complete anarchy in all parts of the empire. It complained, perhaps with too much emphasis, of the bad lodging and unsuitable accommodation he and his family had found in the Tuileries. It spoke of the bitter sacrifice he had been compelled to make in dismissing the gardes-du-corps, whose fidelity to him had been so long proved. It spoke of the massacre of two of them, and of the wounds and ill-treatment they had received under his own eyes. It spoke of the savage outcry which had been kept up all along against the queen, "a faithful wife, whose conduct had been so heroic;" and it declared that it was evident all the machinations were directed against the king himself. "It was to the soldiers of the ex-Gardes-Françaises and the Parisian national guard that the custody of the king was intrusted, under the orders of the municipality of Paris, from whom the commandant-general derived his appointment. The king therefore saw himself a prisoner in his own states—for what else can one be called who sees himself forcibly surrounded by persons he suspects?" It recapitulated the first acts of the reform, where the king had willingly and readily concurred with the Assembly, and the acts which immediately followed, and which had continued ever since, in which his assent had been extorted from him by violence and threats. "The Assembly has put the king out of the constitution, in refusing him the right of sanctioning the constitutional acts, and classing as constitutional acts whatever other acts they think proper, and in curtailing and limiting his veto. They have allowed him 25,000,000 livres, which are entirely absorbed by the expenses of his household. They have left him the usufruct of some domains, with embarrassing forms, and have deprived him of the patrimony of his ancestors. Let the different points of administration be examined, and it will be seen that the king is set aside in all of them. He has no share in the making of laws; he can

only beg the Assembly to occupy themselves about such or such a matter. As for the administration of justice and the appointment of judges, he has no share in it. There remained a last prerogative, the most beautiful of all, that of pardoning and commuting punishments: you have taken that too from the king!" It asserted, with a truth that no one will dispute, that the Society of Jacobins had made themselves the chief power in the state, and had reduced all other authorities to a state of nullity. It said the king had been declared supreme chief of the army, and yet the army had been directed, without his participation, by committees of the National Assembly: and he had never been able to exercise any authority or to appoint to any places, *because his choice displeased the clubs*, and his authority was envied him by the Assembly. The king had been declared supreme chief of the administration of the kingdom; but the Assembly had taken that administration into their own hands, and the agents of the king had been left without any power or influence. "Above all, the form of government is become vicious through two causes; the Assembly exceeds the limits of its powers, and it exercises by means of its committee of research the most barbarous of all despotisms. It has established associations, known under the name of Jacobins or Friends of the Constitution, who compose corporations infinitely more dangerous than the ancient ones: these associations or clubs deliberate on all the parts of government, and exercise a power so preponderating, that all public bodies, not even excepting the National Assembly itself, can do nothing but by their orders. The king does not think that it can be possible to preserve such a government as this; the nearer the Assembly draws to the conclusion of its labours, the more do sensible people despair of it. Their new regulations, instead of throwing balm upon wounds, embitter discontents; the thousand journals and calumnious pamphlets, which are but the echoes of the clubs, perpetuate the disorder, and never has the Assembly dared to apply any remedy. *What it tends to is a metaphysical government, impossible in its execution.*" The paper

then mentioned that a motion had been made in the Assembly, and loudly applauded, that the king should be carried off from Versailles, and the queen put in a convent. It described the massacre of an innocent man, almost under the king's own eyes, in the garden of the Tuileries; and it dwelt with a natural feeling on the affronts studiously put upon the king and the royal family at the Federation festival. It affirmed that all those men that had spoken against religion and the throne had received the honours of a triumph. It complained of the harsh insulting treatment which the king's aunts, who were leaving France on account of religion, had met with on their journey. It alluded to the Day of Poignards, saying, that, when the factious had excited the *émeute* at Vincennes, those gentlemen had gathered round him out of pure love to their sovereign, and yet they had been shamefully ill-treated; and men had carried their audacity to such a pitch as to break their arms before the king's face. After mentioning the interrupted journey to St. Cloud, and the forced attendance at mass in the parish church, and the circular letter to the foreign ambassadors, which, it said, had been forced from the king, the proclamation concluded with these words:—"After all these sufferings, and seeing the impossibility of hindering the evil, it is natural that the king should endeavour to put himself in safety. Frenchmen, and you whom he was wont to call inhabitants of the good city of Paris, place no confidence in the suggestions of the factious; return to your king; he will ever be your friend, when your holy religion shall be respected, when government shall be placed on a proper footing, and liberty established on a solid basis.—P.S. The king prohibits his ministers from signing any order in his name, and enjoins the keeper of the seals to send him the great seal as soon as he shall be required so to do." This paper was, possibly, not the very best or most political of compositions; but it was still farther from being the mean contemptible thing that Thiers represents it; nor can any man in his senses, that will honestly look at the mountain of evidence which exists, attempt to deny that it contained a

true picture of the state of France, and of the sufferings and humiliations which Louis had undergone.*

As soon as the flight was known there was a fearful storm in the National Assembly and fresh riots in the streets of Paris. General officers were sworn to serve the nation without any reference to the king; and votes were rapidly passed that all the national guards of the kingdom should be called out, that more arms should be distributed among the people, that the national guardsmen should name their own officers, and should receive regular pay like the troops of the line. But the proceedings in the clubs were in reality far more important than those in the assembly.

The Jacobins, who were for ever swearing, now swore to be true to the people; and then denounced nearly every member of the Assembly and nearly every officer and public functionary as a traitor in league with the fugitive king, the aristocratic emigrants and priests, and the crowned tyrants of Europe. As Robespierre was finishing a tremendous speech Lafayette and a few members of the Assembly appeared in the club, and caught the quick eye of Danton. That formidable man rose, and instantly said, "I solemnly engage to carry my head to the scaffold, or prove that the heads of those men ought to fall at the feet of the people they have betrayed. In the first place I call upon M. Lafayette!" And terrible was the call; for he accused the commandant-general of all the deadly crimes imputed to him

* All that this historian says about the paper, is—"The king complained of his losses of power, without sufficient dignity, and showed himself as much wounded at being reduced to 30,000,000 of civil list as at having lost all his prerogatives. The Assembly listened to the complaints of the monarch, pitied his weakness, and passed on to other matters." —*Hist. de la Rev. Française.* In absolutely nothing will this writer be correct. The civil list, as we have seen, was 25,000,000. This may be considered as a trifle, although five millions, even of livres, make rather an important sum; but Thiers is constantly working at this kind of arithmetic, adding here and subtracting there, just as it suits his purpose.

by Marat, and asked him how he dared present himself in that society of patriots. Lafayette made but a very timid reply, consisting of a compliment to the Jacobins, and a miserable common-place sentiment. As an orator, and in such an assembly, the hero of two worlds, as opposed to Danton, had no more force than a mouse in the claws of a cat. "I have been asked," said he, "why I come to re-unite myself to this society—because it is here that all good citizens ought to repair in times of crisis and alarm. It is more than ever necessary to fight for liberty, and I was the first to say that when a people desired to be free they became so; and I have never been so sure of liberty as I am now, after enjoying the spectacle which this capital has offered us on this day." And, having thus said, Lafayette, who had courage, but no orator courage, slunk out of the hall of the Jacobins, wherein, we believe, he never appeared again.

In the faubourgs and in the Palais Royal it was proclaimed that the king had vacated his throne, and that a republic which would realise all the Rights of Man, was going to begin. In the Place de Grève they broke to pieces the bust of Louis XVI., which was lighted up at nights by the celebrated *lanterne*, that dread of the enemies of the revolution. In every street the words King, Queen, Royal, Bourbon, Court, &c., were effaced from the signs of shops and warehouses; and while this was doing Marat called upon the people to cut off the heads of Lafayette, Bailly, and all the traitors of the Assembly, to summon to Paris all the armed people of the departments, and to name a dictator or a military tribune.

After many misadventures, and not a few signal follies on the part of the king, the royal family reached Varennes; but there they were stopped and put under arrest. On the 25th, at half-past seven in the evening, it was announced to the National Assembly that the king had arrived at Paris, and was surrounded by the mob, who were threatening to hang three gardes-du-corps that were fastened on the coach-box.*

* Thiers, with his usual exactness, says the journey from Varennes to Paris occupied *eight* days.—"*Le voyage était*

Suffocated with grief and shame, with dust and heat—for that June month was excessively hot—the royal family had arrived at the barriers a little before seven o'clock, escorted by Lafayette, who had gone out on his white horse beyond Pantin to meet them, and by at least ten thousand national guards, mixed with a multitude ten times more numerous. The Assembly and the municipality had carefully prepared the reception which they were to meet: a placard had been stuck up beforehand in all parts of Paris with these laconic words upon it—"WHOSOEVER APPLAUDS THE KING SHALL BE BEATEN; WHOSOEVER INSULTS HIM SHALL BE HANGED." One part of the order, though the infraction of it was only punishable with a beating, was much more strictly attended to than the other where the penalty was hanging. The Paris citizens stared at the captives *chapeau sur tête*, and one poor fellow, who, out of royalist sentiments, or pity and respect, ventured to take his hat off to the queen, was nearly torn to pieces; and the accursed berline was several times stopped by the blood-thirsty vociferous rabble, swearing that they must at least murder the gardes-du-corps; and, though these gentlemen were not massacred nor hanged, they were beaten while sitting on the coach-box. To avoid passing through the streets of Paris, where worse might have happened, the berline was dragged round the boulevards, through the Champs Elysées, and then into the garden of the Tuileries by the gate of the Pont-Tournant. But even there it was in an instant surrounded by a mob; and apprehensions were entertained for the personal safety of the royal family. The king and the Princess Elizabeth descended and walked precipitately towards the open door of the palace. The queen, who was the last to quit the berline, had scarcely touched the ground with her foot when the dukes of Noailles and Aiguillon came

lent, parce que la voiture suivait le pas des gardes nationales. Il dura huit jours de Varennes à Paris." The journey began on the morning of the 22nd, and ended, as we have seen, on the afternoon of the 25th.]

up to her, and almost carried her in their arms across the garden; for, though hot and inconsiderate patriots, and in very bad odour at the court, these two noblemen could feel for her perilous and deplorable situation. To some one in the crowd who ventured to whisper a few words of comfort and encouragement, the queen gently said, "Monsieur, I am prepared for everything!" Every gate, door, wicket, and outlet whatsoever of the palace was now guarded, both from within and from without; and the national guards had orders never to lose sight of any of the family, or at least never to permit the king or the queen to go from one room to the other without watching them. Louis lost no flesh, but the effect of these humiliations on Marie Antoinette, and of the agitations she had undergone during the journey, was terrible. "The first time," says Madame Campan, "that I saw the queen after the sad catastrophe of the journey of Varennes, I found her rising from her bed; her features were not extremely altered, but, after her first words of kind greeting, she took off her cap and bade me observe the effect which grief had produced on her head of hair. In a single night her hair had become as white as that of a woman of seventy years! I will not describe the feelings which rent my heart. . . . . Her majesty showed me a ring which she had prepared for the Princess of Lamballe: it contained a tress of her white hair, with the inscription, *Blanchis par le malheur* —(Made white by misfortune)."

The Royalist general, the Marquis de Bouillé, who, through a combination of accidents, had arrived at Varennes a few hours too late to rescue the king, was obliged to fly for his life across the frontiers. From Luxembourg the marquis wrote a terrible letter to the Assembly, telling them that the king had only endeavoured to break his chains; that there was no longer any law or morality in France; that it was he that had prevailed upon the king to go towards the frontiers; that now those frontiers would soon be crossed by the disciplined armies of the princes related or allied with Louis; that their disorganised armies and armed rabble could

never stand against those veteran troops; and that if they dared to touch a hair of the king's or of the queen's head not one stone would be left on another in all Paris. Most of the deputies present, and all the mob that crowded their galleries, laughed very heartily at the old Royalist's threats.

The Assembly, with affected magnanimity, passed to the order of the day; but nevertheless a price was set upon the head of the author of the letter soon after. Most of the great powers of Europe were, as we have said, occupied about other matters, foremost among which was the final partition of Poland; and de Bouillé himself says, that he saw no dispositions among them for any invasion of France, and that he knew at the time it was impossible to put his threats into execution. For once we agree with Thiers, that, but for the generous motive which dictated it, and which was to turn the torrent of popular fury from the king and queen upon himself, de Bouillé's letter was a mad one. Thiers is, however, wrong when he taxes the fugitive general with falsehood in representing the military forces of the country as being in a contemptible state: those forces were in that condition when de Bouillé wrote, and it was only through the long time allowed them, before the allied powers attempted to strike their blow, that the patriot armies were got into some order and consistence. If the armies of the allies had really been ready to march into France in the summer of 1791, it would have been no laughing matter for Frenchmen!

The National Assembly was now drawing near the end of its days, and it had been for a long time so much less powerful than the Jacobin club, that it is rather in the great hall of the Rue Saint Honoré, and in the Jacobin journals, than in the Salle de Manège and Assembly decrees, that we ought to look for the grand effects produced by the flight to Varennes. Girey-Dupré finished a tremendous speech to the Jacobins by demanding that Louis de Bourbon should be provisorily despoiled of all the royal functions until he could be tried before a grand jury, which should meet at the latest on

the 30th of August next, the terms of his motion hinting very plainly that the proper punishment for the king would be that which Charles I. met with in England. An unnamed Jacobin, who spoke next, approved of everything that had been said, except the mention of the block and the axe, and moved as an amendment that the phrase should be left out which referred to Charles I. of England. To this another unnamed facetiously responded that he would readily second this amendment, provided only, the club would also agree that all the histories, engravings, pamphlets, and accounts of the decollation of the English king which had been collected by the society should be publicly burned. There was a good deal of laughing at this jest—a jest which proves that the Jacobins had, at a very early period, contemplated and studied the bloody finale of Louis's history, without the faculty or the wish to discover any difference between the lives and characters of the two princes, Charles and Louis. Antoine, another potential Jacobin, thought there could be no doubt that Louis had merited death by his treacherous and ignominious flight; but conceived it might be magnanimous and wise to spare at least his life. "All his plots and projects," said he, "oblige you to make sure of his person, as you can have no security in his oaths or faith. He is a prisoner, and a prisoner he must ever be, for you know that if he were free for a moment he would fly again. Now, I ask you, can a state-prisoner be the chief of the executive power of a great nation?"

At these exciting moments one of the most constant attendants in the hall of the Jacobins was Thomas Paine, who did not content himself with playing the part of listener and applauder, but sometimes spoke, and more frequently wrote in journals and pamphlets. He passed for a great republican luminary; and his opinions, particularly when written, and put into decent French by native littérateurs, were always received with wonderful deference. "The famous Paine," says Dumont, who had just returned to Paris from Switzerland, "was very intimate in the house of Condorcet: he believed that he

alone had made the American revolution, and that he was called to make a new revolution in France." The author of the 'Rights of Man' was constantly recommending a republic, something like that of the United States, but a good deal more democratical; and he spoke the words of truth and common sense when he said that the French had made a republic already in everything but the name, and that the co-existence of a king and of such a constitution as they had framed was incompatible, anomalous, impossible. Even before the flight to Varennes Paine had been busily engaged in writing arguments and manifestos for a Gallician republic. His most zealous disciple was Achille Duchâtelet, who had served in America under Lafayette, and had there imbibed some crude republican sentiments, to which he added certain extravagant notions about the perfectibility of mankind by means of altering their governments, which he had since contracted through his close intimacy with Condorcet. . . . "When the king fled Duchâtelet was acting alone; it was Paine and he—an Anglo-American and a thoughtless young man belonging to the French noblesse—that were putting themselves forward to change the face of France! . . . . . The idea of a republic had scarcely presented itself, directly and nakedly, to any of them, and this first signal carried consternation to all the côté droit, and to the more modern portion even of the côté gauche." . . . . When Duchâtelet sounded some of the chiefs, he met, at first, with but little encouragement. Sièyes refused his concurrence with marks of contempt, and a good many of them told him it was not yet time. "If I was not deceived in my information," adds Dumont, "Lafayette, in particular, repulsed those who tried to speak to him about a republic, saying that it would take twenty years to ripen liberty and make republicans of the French people. But the seed thrown by the audacious hand of Paine began to germinate in a good many heads. Condorcet, at the moment of the king's flight, had become a decided republican. Clavière, Pétion, Buzot, met together to discuss this question. They spoke about it at Biddermann the banker's, where

I was residing; and I there saw formed the first filaments of that opinion which soon grew strong in the southern provinces. Here are some of the weightiest things that were said in these private committees:—The king has lost public confidence, and will never recover it. The nation can never forget that flight, after so many positive and even gratuitous oaths; the king himself can never forget that he was brought back by force, and that he reigns by an act of grace over a people that despise him. The elements of the monarchy are destroyed; the king can no longer appear in any other light than in that of a conspirator; and nothing can be so absurd as to intrust great powers in the constitution to the man who has declared himself its enemy. This reasoning was very strong against the king, but it was very weak against royalty. They did not draw this distinction, because a difficulty presented itself, which they could not overcome without placing on the throne a branch of the Bourbon family. This last scheme pleased none of the men I have named. The Duke of Orleans appeared to them too despicable a personage. They also said that for two years past the king had not governed, but the National Assembly; that all the obstacles came from him, and all the resources and powers from the Assembly; that all the resistance to government was owing to his partisans, and that all the obedience was rendered to the Assembly. 'In short,' says Condorcet, 'if a republic is made by revolution, if the people rise against the court, the consequences will be terrible; but, if we make a republic now that the Assembly enjoys its omnipotence, the transition will not be difficult; and it will be better to make it at present, when the king is powerless and has nothing to hold by, than when his constitutional power shall have been restored to him; for then his dethronement will require an effort.' As for royalty itself, it was now regarded as a scarecrow for children, and as a puppet for men. I never heard in these meetings any true arguments in favour of monarchy. The greatest mischief is to quit what we know for what we do not know. To ask for a republic is very easy, and signifies nothing; but what

form of republic is it to be? How many kinds of republic are there, or have there been?" The Assembly, however, pretended and decreed that the monarchy should be preserved—that France should continue to be a *constitutional monarchy*—though the constitution was altogether democratic, and though the king was a prisoner *gardé à vue*. But again the clubs waxed furious, and there was soon riot and blood about it.

On the night of the 15th the Jacobins, in their club, decided that the sovereign people should be invited to sign a petition demanding the abolition of royalty. The petition was drawn up by Brissot;* but Robespierre, with his constitutional timidity or caution, thought it yet too soon, and said he had a *presentiment* that it would be made the pretext for some sanguinary attack on the people. It was probably through the manœuvres of Robespierre that the club determined to keep out of the scrape, and leave the people or the mob to act for themselves. Another petition was drawn up (apparently in the Cordelier club) on Saturday the 16th, and by the usual means of proclamation in the Palais-Royal and placards in the streets, the people were invited to sign it on the next day, on the altar of the country in the Champ de Mars—which wooden construction had been left standing right in front of the Hôtel des Invalides ever since the Federation festival

* Lafayette says that the petition was drawn up by Laclos, the author of 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses,' and still secretary to the Duke of Orleans, and corrected by Brissot. According to Madame Roland and Brissot himself, Laclos was associated in the task of drawing up the petition, but left it all to Brissot, after having failed to obtain the insertion of a paragraph favourable to the Duke of Orleans's pretensions to the vacant throne. One thing is quite clear, and that is that the direct attack upon royalty intended in the petition was a measure which Madame Roland and the whole Gironde party had taken to their heart of hearts. After the bloody scene in the Champ de Mars, the Rolands scampered away from Paris, but they soon returned, and under suspiciously republican circumstances.

of the preceding year, when Lafayette had almost been kissed and hugged to death by the people. Betimes on the Sabbath morning Paris began to flock to the Field of Mars. A great many of that republican party afterwards called the Gironde, with Madame Roland (who has as good a title as any of them to be considered as the leader of the party), went out to see and also to sign. The petition was not yet there, but a place was prepared for it on the boards of the altar of the country —deal planks, easy to pierce with awl or gimlet. A number of persons ascended the deal fabric, and were walking about gratifying their curiosity and expecting the arrival of the petition, when a patriot, or some say a patriotress, felt something prick the sole of his or her foot; and springing aside, and looking down, he or she discovered a brad-awl working through the deal boards. Hullabalu! Here was some deadly treason! No doubt some gunpowder-plot to blow up the altar of the country, together with the petition and all the sovereign people upon it or round about it! In brief time the planks were torn up, and underneath were discovered, lying *perdus*, with victuals enough to last them for four-and-twenty hours, two comical-looking fellows, one being an invalid with a wooden leg, and the other a Parisian hairdresser out of work. When first unearthed, these two drolls pretended to have been asleep or to have just awakened from a sound sleep; and, when taxed with their awl-and-gimlet work, they said with a titter, that they only meant to look at the women's legs. As lubricity was so common a propensity among the Parisians, this ought to have saved the wooden-legged soldier and the idle perruquier, more particularly as no barrel of gunpowder, as nothing but cold meat, and a little wine, a brad-awl and a gimlet, could be found in the cavity, or in any other hollow part underneath the deal altar of the country. But the word had gone abroad that they were spies of the court; and so the patriots clutched the man of the wooden leg and the man of scissors, hanged them both at the nearest lanterne, then cut off their heads, stuck them upon pikes,

and carried them through the most peopled parts of Paris to that great Gehenna the Palais-Royal. This was at an early hour of the morning, and not in the latter part of the day, as represented by Thiers, and the other advocates of Lafayette, who tell the story as if the massacre of the people which followed was the immediate and almost instantaneous consequence of the murder of these two obscene rogues by the mob.* We can perfectly believe that the motive assigned by the two men for their being where they were found was the true one; but the republican faction have not scrupled to accuse Lafayette and others of that party, of having paid the men to conceal themselves under the precious altar in order to excite suspicion and an *émeute*, which might give them an opportunity of employing their armed force and suppressing the aspirations of the republicans by terror and blood.

Madame Roland, that *angelic* republican, as she is still fancifully represented by so many writers, in one place repeats this accusation as being *vraisemblable*, or very probably true; and in another place directly charges the treachery upon Lafayette by name, as an *instrument of the court*.† Another party accused Robespierre of being the cause of all the mischief; but, with a strict impartiality in judging between Lafayette and Robespierre, we cannot possibly conceive how either of them could have put the two men in the hole. It is quite true that Lafayette was prepared beforehand to attack

* The editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' who have carefully collected and compared all the newspapers and other documents of the day, say that the account of it given by Toulongeon is nothing but a gross and clumsy sketch, full of false or inexact allegations; and that the same may be said of the account given by M. Thiers, who has followed Toulongeon almost word for word. None of the documents they give, and not one of the numerous memoirs of the time which we have read, will bear out Thiers's narrative. Dulaure's account is contradictory and incorrect from beginning to end.

† Madame Roland, Mémoires.

and disperse the people; and that everything was ready for such an attack at a very early hour in the morning, before the invalid and the barber were discovered, and when scarcely a hundred people had collected in the Champ de Mars: but he had constitutional authority and licence to attend at such a great meeting with his national guards at his back; he might calculate pretty confidently that some provocation or collision would take place between his respectabilities and the mob, and there were a hundred little means to bring about an occasion for reading the riot act, or proclaiming martial law, and firing upon the people, without having recourse to that roundabout way of putting the invalid and the perruquier under the altar of the country, &c. At midday, or nearly five hours after the perruquier and the invalid had been murdered, Lafayette despatched a detachment of his national guards to the Champ de Mars, with several pieces of artillery; but, though there was an immense multitude assembled, there was no rioting, and the petition, it appears, had not yet arrived. And these national guards retired without doing anything. The mob remained expecting Danton and his Cordeliers, who had engaged to bring the petition; but Danton and his confrères, panic-stricken at the indecision of the Jacobin club, at the parade of military force which Lafayette had got up, and at confident reports that there was a design on foot to butcher or imprison the popular champions and journalists, had either fled out of Paris or concealed themselves in it.* Some time after the national guards had retired from the Champ de Mars a committee arrived at the altar of the country from the Jacobin club, which, on the motion of Robespierre, sent them thither, not to inform the people that the club had withdrawn the petition which had been written by Brissot, but simply to see and report what was passing at that great

* Yet Dulaure says that Danton read the petition from the altar of the country with his Stentorian voice, and was greatly applauded. The Stentor Danton was running away into the country at this moment, as if for his life!

meeting. Tired of waiting, and convinced at last that neither the Cordeliers nor the Jacobins would venture to bring a petition to be signed, some of the mob, who could turn sentences themselves, set to work and drew up, upon the altar of the country, a petition of their own, telling the National Assembly that their political existence was drawing near its close; that an enormous crime had been committed by the king; that the empire was on the brink of ruin; and that the Assembly ought to be guided by the will of the people. And presently such patriots as could write began to sign their names, and such as could not, to scrawl their crosses. As the people wrote on different loose sheets of paper, which were afterwards fastened together so as to make an enormous scroll, more than six thousand signatures and crosses were soon obtained. Some of the signers, not satisfied with writing their names, gave their reasons for signing, or accompanied their signatures by denunciations of royalty—in words ill spelt and in sentences that defied the arbitrary power of French grammar.* Women and children signed as well as men. The mass of signatures proceeded from people who hardly knew how to write. There were marchandes-de-modes, soubrettes, and filles-de-joie in abundance; and these practical ladies, probably not without an eye to business, seem to have generally given their addresses as well as their names. Among the men who signed were several conspicuous members of the Jacobin club—as Brewer-battalion-commandant Santerre, and Gateau; and a good many of the Cordelier club, maugre the fright and the flight of their leader Danton. "The whole petition," says a Frenchman who has examined it attentively, "is perhaps one of the most curious relics which have been found under the rubbish of our revolution. It has a form, a physiognomy,

* The editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire' give the following example, which they say they took at hazard from among a heap of other signatures just as bad:—

"*Je rénonce au roy je ne le veux plus le connette pour le roy je suis sitoiien fransay pour la patry du bataillon de Boulogne Louis Magloire l'aine à Boulogne.*"

which paints better than all the apologies of the time the character and the very nature of this grand petitioning meeting."*

It was five o'clock in the evening, and still Lafayette and Bailly, and the municipality, though anxious to strike a blow, wavered and hesitated. The municipality had issued one of their proclamations and pasted it up in print on the Paris walls, apparently about the same time that Lafayette sent his detachment and artillery to the Champ de Mars—that is to say, between twelve and one o'clock, or five hours after the murders. This proclamation was as signal a piece of humbug as ever proceeded from that illustrious body. It was conceived in these terms, which ought to be well remembered:—"The municipal body, being informed that factious men and *foreigners, paid to sow the seeds of disorder, and to preach rebellion*, are proposing to hold great meetings, in the culpable hope of leading the people astray and carrying them to reprehensible excesses; and having heard the report of the second substitute of the procureur of the commune, declare that every crowded meeting whatever, with or without arms, in the public places, streets, or thoroughfares, is contrary to the law: prohibit all persons from flocking together or forming in groups in any public place: order all those who have thus formed groups to separate on the instant: enjoin all the commissaries of police to repair without delay to such places in their several districts as may seem likely to become places where public tranquillity may be menaced, and to employ, in order to maintain tranquillity, all the means which are given to them by the law: send to the commandant of the national guard to give the most precise orders for dispersing these meetings; and the municipal body reserve to themselves to take such other necessary measures as circumstances may call for." But nothing followed this proclamation and the visit of the detachment of national guards to the Champ de Mars

* Hist. Parlement.—The original petition is still preserved in the archives of the municipality of Paris.

for several hours, although, at about two o'clock, the municipals were informed that some of the national guards had been insulted in the streets. According to their own account, or *procès verbal*, Bailly and the municipals *then*, considering that the armed force could not alarm *good citizens*, resolved that martial law should be proclaimed; but it appears they did not come to this resolution till past five in the evening. Three municipal officers descended from the Hôtel de Ville and read the law, which corresponded in some respect with our riot act; and the blood-red flag was then hung out at one of the principal windows of that town-house. At half-past five, at the very moment, say they themselves, when the municipality were going to put themselves in march for the Field of Federation or of Mars, some commissaries arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, and announced that one of the murderers of the morning had been arrested, but had effected his escape the very next minute; that Commandant-General Lafayette had been fired upon; that the individual guilty of that crime had been arrested, but M. le Commandant-Général had caused him to be set at liberty on the spot; that the two murders in the morning had been accompanied by very atrocious circumstances (*the municipals might have known this, and we think must have known it, eight or nine hours earlier than half-past five in the evening*); that the national guards had been insulted in the Palais-Royal, and that one of their principal officers had narrowly escaped death; that they, the commissaries, had been at the altar of the country, and had found it covered by a multitude of citizens and citizenesses, who said that they had met quietly to sign a petition in a proper and legal manner; that, upon being commanded to disperse, they had insisted that a deputation of twelve persons should accompany them, the commissaries, to the Hôtel de Ville, to demand the liberation of some patriots who had been arrested without any offence; and, finally, that this said deputation of twelve was outside the door of the Hôtel de Ville. It was now six o'clock. The municipals say that they were preparing to hear this deputation,

but found that they had run away, no doubt to inform their friends in the Champ de Mars that martial law was proclaimed. But printer Prudhomme, who was one of the deputation, says that they did not run away at all—says, they executed their mission and spoke with Mayor Bailly, who told them he was only going to march in order to introduce peace, *pour y mettre la paix*—says, that it was now for the first time that that signal of massacre, the red flag, was displayed from the window, and that the national guards in the Place de Grève, collected from the aristocratic and unpatriotic districts, set up a shout of joy at sight of the red flag, raised their muskets towards heaven, then grounded arms and loaded them. "We saw," adds Prudhomme, "a municipal officer go from rank to rank and whisper in the ears of the national guard officers. Frozen with horror, we then returned to the altar of the country to warn our brethren of all that we had witnessed." This printer is not to be believed implicitly; but no more is Mayor Bailly, or whatever municipal it was that drew up the *procès verbal*. But, according to this official document itself, it was considerably past six o'clock ere the municipal body, preceded by a detachment of cavalry, three cannons, and a blood-red flag, and followed by a very numerous detachment of national guards on foot, really began their march; and half-past seven ere they arrived at the Champ de Mars. They say that their intention was to march straight up to the altar of the country, but that they were scarcely at the entrance of the Champ de Mars when a number of people cried out furiously, "Down with the red flag! down with those bayonets!" that they nevertheless continued their march across the field, and were approaching the altar when the mob began to throw stones, and one of them fired a gun or pistol, the ball of which, passing pretty close to Mayor Bailly, lodged in the thick of the thigh of one of the mounted national guards; that the national guards then fired in the air or over the people's heads, and that thereupon a good many of the mob dispersed; but that the more desperate part of the rioters soon reunited on the flank of the procession or

march, renewing their terrible cries and their pelting with stones; and that then at last, the national guards, using the right vested in them by the laws and decrees of the Assembly, and seeing that these acts of violence rendered it impossible for the municipal officers to summon the people to depart, fired in among them. Prudhomme and the rest of the republican journalists tell this part of the story also in a very different manner. They say that the people were perfectly quiet, and that the national guards entered the Champ de Mars from three different sides, as if to surround the altar of the country and massacre all around it; that no fire-arm had been fired, nor a stone thrown, when a discharge of musketry was heard; that the patriots on the altar said, "Do not let us move! They are only firing blank cartridges! They must come up here and read the proclamation of martial law before they can do anything;" that the troops advanced; that there was a second discharge of musketry, and that the people on the altar—fifteen thousand at least—were as tranquil as before, and preserved just the same countenance. "Alas!" adds Prudhomme, "they paid dearly for their courage and their blind confidence in the law! Men, women, and children were massacred, massacred upon the very altar of their country!"

The moment chosen for entering the Champ de Mars and firing upon the people was certainly that in which the place was most crowded, and crowded too by persons indifferent to the petition and to the other schemes of the hot republicans; for it was the cool of the evening, and many thousands of persons were merely taking their evening walk, or were come to see what was a-doing; and—as it never yet failed to happen in these popular mélées—several of these inoffensive individuals were killed or wounded. The total number of victims is differently reported by Mayor Bailly and Lafayette, who wished it to appear as small as possible, and by the republicans and their journalists, who were eager to exaggerate the number in order to augment the fury of the people. The municipal *procès verbal* only admits eleven

or twelve killed, and ten or a dozen wounded; and three or four national guardsmen that were assassinated by the people with knives, besides a good many more that were wounded by stones: but, according to the other party, more than sixty men, women, and children, were killed or wounded by the national guards, who fired nearly point-blank more than once. A considerable number of the republicans were seized and committed to the prison of La Force, and by ten o'clock at night Bailly and Lafayette, who, by this day's work, had signed their own death-warrant or proscription for some no distant day, returned glorious and triumphant to the Hôtel de Ville. In the course of the night the rest of the journalists, and a swarm of scoundrels who had been so long preaching liberty or death, and urging on the people to every bloody excess, fled into the country or hid themselves in the most recondite parts of the faubourgs, thus showing what mettle was in them; and by the following morning there was not a newspaper-man to be seen in all Paris, and the offices of the journals were all shut.

There had previously been five hundred occasions on which martial law might have been proclaimed and firearms used with a far greater appearance of justice than in this case. The people had not assembled to riot, but only to petition. And had not the declaration of the Rights of Man given the people a right to petition, or a right to demand whatsoever form of government they might think best? It is true they had murdered two common men; but how many gentlemen and priests had they *lanterné* or otherwise massacred without any attempt being made to stop their fury? But the hanging of those two men had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings. Lafayette had determined upon a *coup d'état*, or *coup de terreur*. For the moment his blow succeeded; but it was only for a moment. His respectabilities of the national guards were soon to be swamped by the influx and intermixture of the lowest and fiercest rabble of the faubourgs; and then the sword must fall from his hand, and the people be left to interpret the Rights of Man in their own way.

After that black Sunday in the Champ de Mars, open war was declared between the Assembly and the ultra-Jacobins; and it only remained to see which should prove the stronger in a contest which must be worse than a war to the knife. For a few days the Assembly and the moderates seemed all triumphant: many arrests were made in the old arbitrary manner (*Et vive la Liberté personnelle!*), and a great many of the journals (*Et vive la Liberté de la Presse!*) were summarily suppressed. According to Brissot, whose journal, 'Le Patriote Français,' escaped the general doom, more than two hundred individuals were imprisoned, *au secret*, in the Abbaye. For five or six days the red flag was kept flying at the Hôtel de Ville, to inform the Parisians that the reign of martial law was not over. Some addresses were obtained from divers departments congratulating the Assembly, and Bailly, and Lafayette on the wisdom and energy they had displayed, and on the flight and confusion of the leading anarchists. Under the patronage of the Assembly and the municipality a new journal was started, called 'The Crowing of the Cock' (Le Chant du Coq). It was printed on broadsides, and pasted on all the walls of Paris, of which Bailly's bill-stickers now claimed the entire monopoly. It denounced every morning, by name, a certain number of plotters and republicans; and it described, with a broad, coarse pen, the personal history and appearance, the character and conversation of these individuals, who could not for the present answer for themselves, seeing that they were in prison, under hiding, or in flight, and that Bailly's police left them no press to print their responses, and his bill-stickers no space on the walls for their placards. The 'Cock' crowed the most infamous details of the private life of these revolutionists: it was a preface to the great biographical combat which soon ensued at the elections for the New Assembly or Convention. For several days no newspapers appeared except such as spoke the sentiments of the majority of the Assembly; and continual arrests were seen going on in the streets and coffee-houses. It was a *little* Reign of Terror; but it could not last long. Marat,

in a very few days, got type enough in his hiding-place to resume his journal; and there were plenty of people ready enough to hawk, and many more eager to read, 'L'Ami du Peuple.' From his Patmos he described his sufferings for liberty, and assured the people that he would not abandon them. Fréron's journal, 'L'Orateur du Peuple,' was taken up and continued with spirit by Labenette, editor of the 'Devil's Journal' (Journal du Diable). In some quarters of the town, and more particularly in the Faubourg St. Antoine, all the force and address of Bailly's policemen and bill-stickers was found insufficient to secure the monopoly of the walls for any length of time: republican placards began to re-appear, and the most exciting appeals were made by this means to the people. Camille Desmoulins, who had fled with the rest, put forth from his solitude a terrible paper, describing, in his half-mad, half-eloquent manner, the massacre of the citizens on the altar of the country, and all the plots and intrigues which had preceded and the prosecutions which followed that black Sunday. The paper began with Lafayette, "the liberator of two worlds, flower of Janissary-aghas, phœnix of Alguazils, Don Quixote of the Capets and the two chambers, and constellation of the white horse;" and it held him up to the execration of the people as an ambitious conspirator, a tyrant insensible to blood. It related that Danton had accused Lafayette in the hall of the Jacobins of four or five capital crimes; and that, not being able to justify himself, the traitor had resolved to proscribe the patriot Danton, and get up a plot to massacre the people, who had every right to meet and sign a petition. He said he had been assured by eye-witnesses that the number of killed, instead of twelve, as represented by the municipality, was *four hundred!*

The Assembly, meanwhile, occupied itself very successfully about the army, about the revision of the constitution not quite so successfully (for no revision could materially improve a thing that was a blunder from beginning to end), and about the trial of some of the men

that had been arrested on the petition-Sunday in the Champ de Mars.

As a very important part of their proceedings, the Assembly or the constitution committee thought proper to lay it down as an unalterable law that no changes or modifications should be made in the present constitution by any national convention or legislature whatsoever previously to the year 1800! Malouet, who lived to see heaven knows how many constitutions made and unmade before that fixed term, harangued against this arrogant prohibition. "Remark, I pray you," said he, "in what a season and under what circumstances we are to be prohibited from altering our new laws. You only know the wishes and opinions of those classes of men whose interests and passions have been gratified and promoted. All contrary opinions are subjugated by terror or by force. France has hitherto been heard only through the organ of the clubs; and at present every public functionary that exists has either sprung from those societies or has become subjected to them. . . . . Are we to remain till the year 1800 in the horrible state we now live in?"

It would be a mere waste of time to describe all the clauses of a constitution which was strangled in its birth by these political man-midwives. The number of representatives was fixed at 745: and these were to be elected every two years, in a roundabout manner, by means of primary and electoral assemblies, who were to be chosen by the active citizens, and who were then to choose the deputies or members. Although universal suffrage was rejected for the present, a very near approach was made to it: for to be an active or voting citizen nothing more was required than to be aged twenty-five years, to have a fixed domicile in some town, village, or canton, to pay a direct contribution equal to the value of three days' labour, not to be a footman or valet—or, as these constitution-mongers expressed it, "not to be in a state of domesticity, that is to say, a servant on wages;"—to be inscribed on the roll of the national guards, and to have

taken the *serment civique*. The person of the king, who was still a close prisoner, and exposed every day to insult and even to violence, was declared to be inviolable.

On the 3rd of September the National Assembly, after hearing it all read over article by article, voted and declared that the constitution was *finished*, and that they themselves could no longer make any alterations in it. And, having made this declaration with proper solemnity and emphasis, they named a committee of sixty members to offer it that very day to the king for his pure and simple acceptation. The poor prisoner in the Tuileries was allowed a week to make up his mind, the Assembly having the gratuitous impudence to assert that there was nothing to force his sanction from him, nothing to prevent that sanction having the character of a free and deliberate act. To give some colour of truth to these assertions, they, on this said 3rd of September, granted the king a little more personal liberty, or at least the appearance of it: the inner guard and bed-room sentinels were removed from the palace, and he was told that he might go to St. Cloud or wherever he liked in order to study the constitutional charter, and accept it freely. Even Thiers says—"But what could Louis XVI. do? To have refused the constitution would have been to abdicate in favour of the republic. The safest thing he could do, even according to his own system, was to accept, and to await from time the restitution of those powers which he believed to be his due." But there was more than this—there was more than a mere abdication attached to a refusal of this crude and inexecutable constitution;—there was a horrible captivity, and there was a certain death at the end of it—and this Thiers must have known, though he does not choose to say it, though he has not the courage and the moral honesty to make any strictures hurtful to the susceptible pride of his countrymen. The only honourable path the king could pursue was assuredly that of abdication; but Louis could not but know that abdication would not give him the liberty of quitting France or of sending his wife and children out of it—that

he would only step from the throne to the state-prison and the block. The king, though a slow, was not a dull man: he had read much, he had attentively studied the spirit and forms of constitutions, and appears really to have possessed more information about them than all the fluent and precipitate men in the Assembly put together: he said secretly to those in his confidence that the thing would never do, that this constitution could never march; but, yelding to circumstances and to the force of the people, and faintly hoping in the chances of the future, he gave, on the 13th of September, his acceptation pure and simple.

When the acceptation pure and simple was announced to the Assembly, there was a hollow show of great joy and jubilation. The letter containing the great fact was honoured with tremendous applauses; but sharp eyes that looked along the côté gauche saw little but sneers and contemptuous smiles; and the "Vive le Roi" of the galleries sounded like a mockery. Lafayette, taking advantage of this seeming return of kind and generous feelings, proposed a general amnesty for all political acts or offences since the beginning of the Revolution, and the cessation of the legal proceedings already instituted against those who had been concerned in the flight to Varennes; and the Assembly immediately passed a decree to this effect. On the next day, the 14th of September, a discharge of cannon announced that the king was coming down in person to the Salle de Manège, to give his assent *vivâ voce*, and to swear; for more swearing was exacted from the hapless and already perjured man. Before Louis arrived, the Assembly vehemently discussed the question whether they should receive the king sitting or standing, and whether he should sit or stand while he pronounced his oath. A great number of voices cried out that of course they were all to be seated, and the king to stand with his hat off! Malouet observed that in all circumstances the Assembly, in presence of the sovereign, ought to recognise him as their chief; that it would be insulting the nation as much as the monarch, not to treat the chief of the state with

the respect which was due to him. And Malouet demanded that, as the king would pronounce his oath standing, the Assembly ought to hear him in the same attitude. This seemed to make some impression on the House; but a rustic Breton deputy spoiled the effect by crying out in his sharp provincial voice—"I have an amendment to propose, which will suit all of us. Let us decree that it shall be permitted to M. Malouet, and to whomsoever else is anxious for it, to receive the king on their knees; but let us maintain our dignity!" The Assembly thereupon decreed that they should be seated, and that the king should stand; because the king was only the chief functionary of the state, and because the deputies represented the state itself and the sovereignty of the people. Upon entering the hall the king was hailed with a few vivats, and was then conducted to a chair by the side of the president, and on the same line with it—for the Assembly had legislated about these matters of chairs and stools. The queen was conducted to a private box, which had been prepared for her. Louis naturally rose from his seat to pronounce his discourse, but, perceiving that the president and all the deputies, except a very few, whose coat-tails were not safe, remained seated, he sat down also. In concluding, he said, with a desperate and most painful effort to look happy and in earnest:—"I thus solemnly consecrate the acceptation I have given to the constitutional act; and in consequence I swear to be faithful to the nation and the law, and to employ all the power which is delegated to me in maintaining the constitution and causing the laws to be executed." Then the president rose to deliver his obligato harangue; but, seeing that the king did not rise, he sat down also, and spoke sitting. What he delivered only a Frenchman could have spoken. And his vapid nonsense was applauded to the skies by the house and by the galleries; and in their admiration of it men cried "Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!" with their loudest voice. Having signed and sworn, and having nothing more to do in that place, poor Louis was recon-

ducted to the gate of the Tuileries by the whole Assembly in a body, by military bands, by detachments of national guardsmen, and by crowds of the sovereign people. Once within that palace, he let his forced disguise drop from him, and revealed his real feeling as a man and as a king. He rushed after the queen into her apartment; he was pale, and his countenance almost convulsed; he threw himself into a chair, and putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he muttered in an agony, "Ah! madame, why did you go to witness my humiliation? How! you came into France to see . . ." His words were stopped by his sobs and tears.

On the 29th of September, Chapelier, who was attempting to do now what ought to have been done a year and a half earlier, presented a report on political clubs and societies, and the perilous Jacobin system of affiliation. Robespierre, who now well knew his force, and who derived boldness from the conviction of the weakness of his enemies, vigorously defended the clubs against this attack, which was chiefly directed by the Feuillants and the members of that club who had seceded from the Société Mère. He greatly embarrassed Chapelier and his friends by reminding them of the time when they too were among the hottest of the clubbists and Jacobins—when they too counted on the clubs as the best weapon to be employed in working out the revolution and forming the public mind. He threw in their teeth the illimitable liberty according by their own laws and decrees; and he was at no loss to find good logical arguments for the support of the affiliating system. "High eulogiums have been passed in this House on the Jacobin clubs. Those societies have rendered the greatest services to liberty and the nation ever since the beginning of our revolution; and this consideration alone ought to have been sufficient to prevent your committee from hurrying to injure and hamper those societies. But it is said, *we have no longer any need of those clubs, for the revolution is finished, and it is time to break in pieces the instruments which have served us so well!* We

shall see! For my part, *I do not believe that the revolution is finished yet!*"* In these speeches Robespierre was sowing the seeds of his own future greatness, and keeping alive that spirit which would render it impossible that the revolution should not go a great deal farther. But he was beaten on a division, and a large majority carried a law against the clubs:—Considering, said the preamble, that no society, club, or association of citizens can have, under any form, a political existence, or exercise any influence or inspection over the acts of the constituted powers and legal authorities; that under no pretext, these societies or clubs can appear under a collective name to draw up petitions or appoint deputations, to assist at public ceremonies, or to carry any other object, the National Assembly decrees, &c. The penalties were not very severe, and it was very soon evident that they could not be enforced.

On the 30th of September, Louis XVI. went to the Assembly, which was that day to dissolve itself. The king made another hollow speech, in which he said that it might perhaps have been desirable they that should not have dissolved so soon, but have continued to sit a little longer in order to give stability to their work. He told them that he had announced to the foreign powers of Europe his acceptance of the constitution, and that he would constantly occupy himself in causing that constitution to be respected both abroad and at home. When the king had withdrawn, Thouret, its last president, solemnly declared that the constituent National Assembly had fulfilled its mission, and that its session was at an end. A great many of the new deputies that were to succeed the members of this Assembly were present and were radiant with joy and with hope at this dissolution. The elections had been finished before the dissolution, for the Jacobin clubs had attached great importance to this mode of proceeding; and the Assembly, where the great majority seem to have considered it as a matter of no importance, had decreed in conformity with the wishes

* Hist. Parlement.

of the clubs. By a law which had been proposed by Robespierre none of the deputies or members of the present Assembly could be re-elected. The same great Incorruptible had, by another decree, excluded all members of the Assembly from the ministry; and he tells us that he had once intended to extend the prohibition to the acceptance of any public office whatsoever, but was dissuaded from this last piece of rigour by the influence of his private and political friend Pétion. But not only did Pétion presently obtain Bailly's appointment of Mayor of Paris, but Robespierre himself obtained a place of equal, or perhaps superior power, namely, the post of *public accuser*; and it is pretty certain that these appointments were foreseen and arranged some months before the dissolution of the Assembly.* It has been surmised, too, that by the double effect of these decrees, Robespierre may have intended to place himself in one of the departments of the ministry; and it is even said that he aimed at being minister of justice. A great deal has been said about the motives of Robespierre in urging on the self-denying ordinances, and about the mischief produced by them. As for *his* motives, they were no doubt complex; but, as for the mischief wrought by his excluding decrees, we cannot attach so much importance to it or to them as most writers have done. We trust we have shown what the National Assembly was worth when opposed to the clubs and the mobs; we hope we have shown how little reliance could be placed on the political wisdom and political courage of the moderate party, who retained a majority to the last, but who could never be styled or esteemed moderate, except as being contrasted with the fanatics of the côté gauche of their own body, or with the madmen who succeeded them as members of the Convention. We have entirely failed in one of our great objects if we have not demonstrated that this said moderate party had made a kind of revolution which could not possibly stop where it was. In the last hours of their political exist-

* Article in Quarterly Review, on 'Certain Forged Mémoires of Robespierre.'

ence, these moderates, these pretended wise and great men, were humiliated and brow-beaten by Robespierre and Pétion; and Barnave, the cleverest and most eloquent of all that party that had bound themselves to check the march of a rapid democracy, and to restore respect and some degree of power to the crown, had been unable to do anything—had been compelled to quail before Robespierre. We cannot believe that, if the entire côté droit of this Assembly had been re-eligible, and had been re-elected, they could have done more good or prevented more mischief in 1792 and 1793, than they had been able to do or to prevent in 1790 and 1791.

But, as it has been well observed, there was not the remotest chance of these moderate men being re-elected if they had been re-eligible. If Robespierre had never made his self-denying ordinances or excluding decrees, still none but violent demagogues, and men determined to carry the revolution farther, could possibly have been re-elected. "As it was, not one person who had belonged to the privileged orders was chosen, nor more than half a dozen *constitutionalists* of any note; the rest were selected from amongst those who, in the different districts, had exhibited the greatest revolutionary zeal—factious lawyers—infidel sophists—club orators—newspaper writers—and unprincipled adventurers of all disreputable classes and characters. In times of such popular excitement every new election must always make matters worse; moderate men either retire or are displaced—only the most violent of the former body are re-chosen—and the new men, eager for distinction, seek it in exaggeration. The non-election of the Constituents was, therefore, in no degree the cause of the anarchy and horrors which ensued. All the men of rank, property, and experience would have equally been swept into oblivion, and replaced by the Brissots, Louvets, Rolands, Gorsas, Carras, Guadets, Garats, and hundreds of other names, till then wholly obscure—but soon to have such a momentary importance, and such eternal infamy."*

* Quarterly Review.

As to the exclusion of the privileged orders from the next Assembly, there were two or three exceptions, but such as scarcely merited to be called exceptions. Thus, Condorcet, who had belonged to a noble family, and who had been a marquis, was elected by the city of Paris; but Condorcet, who had taken the earliest opportunity of renouncing his title, who had always been poor and laborious, and much more of a philosophe and a littérateur than of a marquis, had declared himself the great champion of republicanism, and was ready to go any lengths with his party. The disproportionate multitude of journalists, pamphleteers, and writers of all kinds that were thrust into this new legislature, presented a very alarming symptom: for the worst of them were needy, desperate rogues, ready to look any enormity in the face; and the best of them were distraught with theories and vanities, and a fanaticism which might have stood up and measured stature and strength with the religious fanaticism of the old times, against which there was now such an incessant railing.

The terrible Convention, which at first took the name of Legislative Assembly, met for the despatch of business on the 1st of October.

To act up to the spirit of the self-denying ordinances, and the articles of a decree of the Assembly, passed in September, 1791, Lafayette, on the 8th of October, surrendered in the Hôtel de Ville, and to the general council of the Commune, his charge and dignity as commandant-general of the Parisian army; addressing on the same day a very long letter to the national guards whom he had commanded. The hero of two worlds retired to his estates in Auvergne, and gave out that he was only anxious to enjoy the pleasures of retirement and the happiness of private life: but the truth is, he was very desirous of becoming mayor of Paris; for Bailly, hunted to death by the journalists and the mob, who accused him of being the cause of the badness and the dearness of bread, and who had never for a moment forgiven him for his conduct on the black Sunday, had made up his mind to resign the shining glory of the gilded coach, and

all the honours and powers attached to the revolutionized Parisian mayoralty. Bailly, who pleaded the delicate state of his health, and his literary and scientific occupations, resigned in November. His retreat was followed by the same kind of music as that which had accompanied Lafayette: he was accused of the grossest peculation, of poisoning the people to make money by it, of intriguing and conspiring with the court and the emigrants—of being, in short, one of the greatest scoundrels and plunderers that ever put on the mask of patriotism. Lafayette's party and friends immediately named him as candidate for the vacant mayoralty; and they bitterly accuse the queen and the court for having opposed his election, and promoted that of Pétion, the Girondist candidate, who was backed by all the ultra-revolutionary and republican party. It appears to be quite true that the court really opposed the hero of two worlds in these civic honours; and that the queen said to Bertrand de Molleville, "Monsieur de Lafayette only wishes to be mayor of Paris in order to become mayor of the palace.* Pétion is a Jacobin, a republican; but he is a silly fellow, incapable of ever becoming the chief of a party." Poor Marie Antoinette was guilty of an error in judgment in believing that Pétion's stupidity or mediocrity would prevent him from becoming dangerous: his mediocrity was a recommendation, and a potent means of action. But we cannot believe that either the queen or her friends had any great influence over this very popular election, or that they could, if they had been ever so much disposed, have either secured the election of Lafayette, or the rejection of Pétion, who had in his favour 6708 votes out of 10,632, the whole number given.

Brissot sang hallelujahs for the election of Pétion. "Honour to the patriot citizens of Paris!" cried Brissot, in his own newspaper, "Pétion is mayor! He has had more than six thousand votes! M. Lafayette, who was

* The tyranny of the old *maires du palais*, or mayors of the palace, is familiar to all who have read anything of French history. They were not only greater than the king, but the king was their state prisoner and tool.

next to him on the poll, had only three thousand! . . . . If it could have sufficed in order to be mayor of Paris to have an amenity of manners, to know how to speak to the people, and to flatter them in a moment of need, we believe that M. Lafayette might have had that place; but what we want is a man versed in the business of administration, a man accustomed to hard work, and we think that M. Lafayette is very far from possessing these qualities. Besides, he has against him his noble birth and his matrimonial alliance with the high aristocratic house of Noailles! The principles which it was thought M. Lafayette had learned in the school of Washington led the friends of equality to hope that he would be one of its ardent defenders; in short, they hoped that he would make use of the influence his position gave him in hastening the success and completion of the revolution. But they were deceived in their expectations. They saw him constantly floating between all parties: wishing to manage them all, he has really served none; and thus he has only had a momentary triumph; nor would he have had so much as that, but for the light and inconstant character of the French people. M. Lafayette, being very little capable of an assiduous labour, has found himself under the necessity of employing a great many subalterns, and he is led by the nose by them. To this blind confidence are attributable many of the errors committed during his dictatorship. We are far from believing that he has the talents necessary to be mayor of Paris." *

* Patriote Français. Besides Lafayette and Pétion, there were five other candidates for the mayoralty, and in this number was *Robespierre*. This is a curious fact, which we do not remember to have seen mentioned in any of the histories of the time, or in any of the biographical sketches of Robespierre. We derive it from Brissot's newspaper, as quoted in 'Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution.' The other competitors were Camus, Freteau, Tronchet, and d'André. D'André, who represented the constitutional-royalist interest, had only *seventy-seven* votes. This, too, is significant.

The violent republicans had secured a great victory; and yet, for a time, although the Vendée was in a blaze, and storms threatening the frontiers, Paris was more tranquil under the Legislative Assembly and Mayor Pétion than it had been under the National Assembly and Mayor Bailly.

A.D. 1792.—The British parliament did not assemble until the 31st of January. The speech from the throne conveyed none of the anxieties and alarms which agitated the breasts of the king, of the ministers, and of all thinking Englishmen. The first topic mentioned was the marriage of his majesty's second son, the Duke of York, with the eldest daughter of his good brother and ally the King of Prussia. The next thing mentioned was that, since the last session of parliament, a definitive treaty had been concluded, under the mediation of his majesty, and that of his allies the King of Prussia and the States-General of the United Provinces, between the emperor and the Ottoman Porte, upon principles which appeared calculated to prevent disputes between these powers. His majesty's intervention had also been employed to promote a pacification between the Empress of Russia and the Porte; conditions had been agreed upon between England and Russia, which his majesty undertook to recommend to the Porte, as the re-establishment of peace, on such terms, appeared, under existing circumstances, a desirable event for the several interests of Europe. The speech not merely mentioned in the routine manner the friendly assurances received from foreign powers, but affirmed, with a strange insincerity, that the general state of affairs in Europe appeared to promise to Great Britain the continuance of her present tranquillity. "Under these circumstances," said his majesty, "I am induced to think that some *immediate reduction* may safely be made in our naval and military establishments." He recommended to the House of Commons to consider of such measures as the flourishing state of the funds and of public credit might render practicable and expedient for a reduction in the rate of interest of such of the annuities as were now redeemable; and he told them he enter-

tained the pleasing hope of their being enabled to enter upon a gradual reduction of taxation, giving at the same time additional efficacy to the plan for the reduction of the national debt, on the success of which our future ease and security must essentially depend. Again France was not so much as mentioned.

The address proposed by ministers gave rise to a long and most animated debate, the attack upon it being led by Mr. Grey, who severely blamed the government for its interference in the war between Russia and Turkey, though that interference had rescued the Turkish empire in Europe from immediate destruction. Fox expressed his strongest disapprobation of the interference of ministers in support of Turkey, saying that it was very unnecessary and very dangerous to excite the resentment of a court like that of St. Petersburg. After dwelling for some time upon this subject, he suddenly turned to France. He said that the frequent eulogiums on the constitution of Great Britain which had of late been introduced into parliament had been introduced in order to reproach him and his friends for their admiration of what had been done in France, and to suggest the suspicion that he and his friends were not so much attached to our own constitution as they ought to be. He thought that those who had overturned a constitution so radically bad as that of France had done what was perfectly right, and had properly run all hazards to do it; but the constitution of Great Britain was fundamentally good, and merited the efforts of all honest subjects to preserve it, although it was not absolutely free from defects and imperfections. It was therefore most unjust to insinuate that those who approved of the destruction of despotism in France would rejoice in the downfall of the British constitution. Fox then came nearer home, and took up the Birmingham riots and the sufferings of Dr. Priestley. Pitt, as usual, replied to Fox. He lamented the disorders at Birmingham; but thought these were matters which discretion ought to consign to oblivion, particularly as enough had been done for their atonement. And he told Fox, very plainly, that he was seeking to revive the subject for

party purposes. He warmly defended the conduct of his cabinet and his diplomatists abroad in the interference for the pacification of Russia and Turkey; and he told Fox that, but for him and his party, and their clamours in parliament, the British government could have succeeded much sooner in procuring that desired end. [But Fox, not satisfied with a legal opposition to ministers in the House of Commons, sent, as we shall soon have occasion to notice more particularly, a representative, a sort of minister of his own, with his cypher, to St. Petersburg, to thwart the treaty in progress and frustrate the king's minister—a measure which, as Burke afterwards remarked, though not absolutely high treason, as we were not actually at war with Russia, was in law not very remote from that offence, and most undoubtedly a most unconstitutional act and treasonable misdemeanor.] Pitt added, that his object was to prevent the ruin of the Turkish empire, and to maintain that balance of power in Europe which was important to this country, and the maintenance of which Fox himself had so often and so eloquently recommended. But, soon quitting these topics, he launched into the pleasanter subject of financial improvement, laying before the House a circumstantial statement, by which it appeared that the last year's revenue had amounted to 16,790,000*l.*, which, after all the expenditure and the annual million devoted to the reduction of the national debt, left a surplus of 900,000*l.*

In subsequent debates the opposition returned to our Russian policy. On the 29th of February, Mr. Whitbread, who was becoming a considerable man on the Whig side of the House, moved the following resolutions:—1. "That no arrangement respecting Oczakoff and its district appears to have been capable of affecting the political or commercial interests of this country, so as to justify any hostile interference on the part of Great Britain between Russia and the Porte. 2. That the interference, for the purpose of preventing the cession of the said fortress and its district to the Empress of Ru sia, has been wholly unsuccessful. 3. That his majesty's

ministers, in endeavouring, by means of an armed force, to compel the Empress of Russia to abandon her claim to Oczakoff, and in continuing an armament after the object for which it was proposed had been relinquished, have been guilty of gross misconduct, tending to incur unnecessary expenses, and to diminish the influence of the British nation in Europe." Whitbread exclaimed loudly against the temerity of ministers in lavishing the money of the people in unnecessary and unjustifiable armaments. He condemned what had been said by ministers to exasperate this country against Russia, and declared it to be a well-known fact, that in the armed neutrality set up to injure us during the American war, Russia had been only one among many; that the late King of Prussia, the celebrated Frederick, was the original contriver of that measure, so injurious to England, although the enmity of Prussia seemed now to be utterly forgotten. But Whitbread forgot that Frederick the Great, who had no fleet, could have done nothing in this armed neutrality without the Empress Catherine; and then, again, Frederick the Great was sleeping quietly in the marble vault at Potsdam, and Prussia, under his nephew and successor, was following a policy altogether different from his; while Catherine was still living, reigning, and domineering. He re-asserted that the Turks had rushed into the war to recover possession of the Crimea, which the Russians had fairly conquered in previous campaigns, and which the sultan had ceded to them by a regular treaty. He praised the moderation of the empress, and undervalued the importance of Oczakoff, which had cost so much blood and occasioned so much diplomatic bustle and delay. Because England exported nothing to Oczakoff, and imported nothing from it, he concluded that Oczakoff was not worth any contention, and that ministers must have had another and a hidden motive. After all their bluster, ministers had agreed that Russia should keep Oczakoff. But this concession had been granted because our ally, Prussia, was coveting possession of Dantzic and Thorn, which were to be torn lastingly from Poland and given to his Prussian majesty for

his consenting to the Russian possession of Oczakoff. Whitbread was seconded by Colonel Macleod, and supported by Grey, Windham, Sheridan, Fox, Francis, and others of the Whig phalanx. The first that rose to oppose his motion was Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Lord Hawkesbury and Earl of Liverpool), who, on this occasion, delivered his maiden speech in the House, with great applause and effect. He, too, declared that Russia was becoming dangerous to the balance of power and the tranquillity of Europe; and that her plans of conquest on the Turks were notorious. The Turks were accused of having begun the present contest; but were they not justified by the manner in which the Crimea was obtained by Russia, by the revolt promoted in Egypt by the shameful intrigues of Russia, by the haughty and unjust claims set forth by Russia to some of the fairest provinces of the Turkish empire? Dundas made a sharp, telling speech on the same side; and, after several other members had spoken, at a late hour of the night the debate closed by an adjournment of the question till the following day. On the 1st of March the debate was recommenced. Then Fox rose and delivered one of his longest and most eloquent speeches. He accused Pitt of being guilty of the meanest craft and duplicity, and of having acted in all his foreign negotiations against the honour and the real interests of his country. After taking a review of our foreign policy, from the time of our joining Prussia, in order to prevent Holland becoming the prey of France —a great object, which he applauded at the time, and which he could not censure now—he said that we were standing forward the principals of every quarrel, the Quixotes of every enterprise, the agitators in all the plots, intrigues, and disturbances that were every day arising in Europe. He hurled Oczakoff at the head of the minister with terrible effect. If Oczakoff was an unimportant place, they ought to be censured for having armed and protracted the war on this account; and if Oczakoff was an important place, the key to Constantinople, then they ought to be censured for disarming without having obtained re-possession of it for the Turks.

But the reproach came with a bad air from Fox and his party, for their opposition to the armament, and the strong feeling they excited in the country against any war with Russia, had forced ministers to disarm sooner than they wished. Fox drew a flattering picture of the greatness and the steadiness of purpose of the Empress of Russia; and declared that she would have granted better terms to the Turks if we had never armed or interfered at all. Nothing, he said, could be more rash than the minister's foreign policy, or more unconstitutional than his reserve and secrecy with parliament.

Pitt defended himself with as much spirit as Fox had employed in the attack. He again told his great adversary that it was chiefly through him that what had been done well had not been done still better. He asked whether any man conversant in politics could admit that the Turkish empire, if unable by its own intrinsic strength to resist the attacks of its two potent neighbours, Russia and Austria, should be abandoned by the other European powers, every one of which was so visibly interested in the preservation of its independence? But, if other powers were indolent and apathetic, or hindered by untoward circumstances, could Great Britain remain inactive and leave Turkey to its fate? Could a British ministry look on with indifference or tranquillity, while her commerce in the Levant was so manifestly threatened, and the maritime power of England, not only in the Mediterranean and Archipelago, but in every other sea, must receive a fatal blow from the immense increase of shipping that would accrue to Russia and Austria, were they to become masters of European Turkey? Russia especially, already formidable at sea, must, through the possession of the Black Sea and the Archipelago, and the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, which unite those seas, derive such an accession, as might in a short time render her the first maritime power in Europe. These were considerations which authorised a British minister to act with uncommon energy; for we must not lose the sovereignty of the sea, without which the immediate safety of Great Britain

must necessarily become precarious. If the Turks had been the ostensible aggressors in the present war, they had received beforehand provocations from Russia which no people with any remnant of spirit could bear; their subjects had been excited to rebellion by the secret agents of the empress; and the Turks knew—and all the world knew—the ambitious plans, the regular system, which the empress had concerted against the Turkish empire. Nothing, he said, was more obvious than the certainty that, if Great Britain had not assumed that hostile posture of which the opposition so unjustly complained, the original demands of the court of Petersburg would have been insisted on to the last, and Turkey would have been forced to submit to a dismemberment. These demands had been made previously to a victorious campaign; and could it be believed that so rapacious a power as Russia would have relinquished such extensive and important provinces as Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, after conquering them, unless it had dreaded a contest with the first naval power in the world, which would probably have ended in the annihilation of the Russian navy? Pitt paid back the personalities of Fox, and not without interest, although he made no use at this time of the unjustifiable conduct of the leader of the opposition, in sending an agent of his own to Petersburg to counteract what the king's minister was doing. He said that the party divisions in this country encouraged the temper of resistance to Russia; that unfortunately the enemy had been encouraged by an opposition, who now took merit to themselves for having rendered that useless, which, but for their efforts, would have been attended with full success. But he did not envy them their triumph. Theirs was not a triumph over the enemies of their country, but over the council of their king. And now, as he was on the subject of triumph and popularity, he must observe, that if he and his right honourable friend (Dundas) were to go to the capital of that empire, which opposition had thus served, certain he was that they should not be found in any place of glory between two orators of antiquity! The cut was sharp, and the allusion

which gave it its edge was known to all the world, for the Whig newspapers had blazoned the following facts as honourable and glorious both to the English orator and the Russian autocratess. In the summer of 1791, shortly after the strenuous opposition of the Whig party to the Russian armament, Catherine had written with her own hand to her ambassador at London, to request Mr. Fox to sit to Nollekens for a bust in white marble, which she said she meant to place between the statues of Demosthenes and Cicero! Pitt's reference to this bust brought red blood to the swart countenance of Charles Fox, who rose as soon as the minister sat down, and told him that he had said nothing to make him retract the censure which he thought his conduct had deserved. "With regard," said he, "to what the right honourable gentleman has chosen to introduce into his speech, respecting compliments and honours conferred on me by the Empress of Russia, I am ready now and at all times to declare, that if any foreign sovereign, in friendship with this country, shall pay me the compliment to think well of me, and testify it by those marks of distinction to which the right honourable gentleman has alluded, I shall feel myself highly gratified by such distinction." But this plaster could not cover the gash which Fox had received: the great termigant of the North, the Messalina-Semiramis of modern Europe, had never been distinguished by friendly feelings towards this country; she had attempted to inflict a mortal wound upon us during the American war, she had behaved uniformly with an arrogance and an insolence hurtful to our national spirit, and at the moment she chose to pay these well-calculated compliments and honours to the leader of the opposition in the British House of Commons, so far from being in friendship with this country, she and we were in a state of open enmity, and our narrow seas were covered with an armament which a little more obstinacy and a little more insolence on her part would have called to Cronstadt and Petersburg. Nor can we possibly conceive how, under any circumstances, an English statesman could be justified in accepting such honours, even from the most friendly of

foreign powers, for his speeches and conduct in the British parliament, upon questions like the present; and still less can we imagine how any friendly sovereign could decently offer these honours to the leader of a party opposed to the government of the day, which alone is recognisable by foreign powers. Assuredly, there was scarcely more indecency in Catherine's sending money and bribes to the poor and factious nobles of Sweden, in order to promote their opposition to their sovereign in their diets; or in her caressing and flattering the madly factious nobles of Poland, to keep up anarchy and her own influence in that wretched country. Fox might have made these reflections before sitting to old Nollekens for a bad bust; but he and his party, though professing such an extravagant love for democracy, and such a sympathy for French principles, had long since fallen into a state of admiration for the greatest despot in Europe which is best expressed by the French word *engouément*; and, forgetting the moral of the old Scotch song, that it is well to be off with an old love before we take on with a new, these men persevered in their passion for the tzarina even after they had taken to their hearts that new Dalilah, the French revolution. But this bigamous and anomalous connexion is not a single, isolated instance in liberal politics; for the same party and their successors, though enthusiastic for extreme liberty, fell prostrate before the star and the prestige of Napoleon Buonaparte, the greatest of liberticides.

In a committee of the House of Commons to consider the state of the finances, Mr. Pitt gave a most encouraging statement of the national prosperity. The revenue of the last year had so much exceeded the average of the last four years, that the permanent income would surpass the permanent expenditure, including the annual million for extinguishing the national debt, by 400,000*l.*; whence he said government would be enabled to take off taxes which bore chiefly upon the poorer classes, to the amount of 200,000*l.*, and to apply the other 200,000*l.* to the increase of the sinking fund. As future prosperity would greatly depend upon the continuance

of peace, he did not hesitate to confirm the language of the king's speech by asserting that "unquestionably there never was a time when a durable peace might more reasonably be expected than at the present moment."

The disgraceful state of the police of the metropolis, and especially of the largest portion of it not included in the verge and jurisdiction of the City of London, had long been a subject of complaint; and all men felt that the old unpaid (or *unsalaried*, for they got money and drove a trade in *fees*) justices of the peace were altogether inadequate to the discharge of the immense and almost daily increasing duties imposed upon them by a most rapidly increasing population. During the present session, at the beginning of March, a bill proposing to remedy the evil was introduced into the House of Commons with the countenance and approbation of government. The plan of the bill was to open five different police offices in the metropolis, for the prompt administration of those parts of justice within the cognizance of justices of the peace. Three justices were to sit in each of these new offices, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year to each of them. These justices were to be prohibited from the taking of fees individually; and the fee-money paid into all the offices was to be put into a common stock, and to be applied to the payment of their salaries and official expenses. A new power was also to be invested in constables and magistrates; for the first were to be enabled to apprehend people who did not give a satisfactory account of themselves, and the justices were empowered to commit them as vagabonds. Although every one (the rogues and vagabonds excepted) felt that some change was necessary, strong objections were taken to this bill: it was urged that the vesting the appointment of these new magistrates in the crown would give an unconstitutional increase of strength to government, and that the summary arrest and commitment of any individual was a infringement on personal liberty, and contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Fox, Windham, and Sheridan spoke loudly against it; and Dundas, Wilberforce and some others as loudly in its favour. The advocate

of the bill represented that it was meant as an experiment, as was proved by the limited time proposed for its duration; that if it was found to work well it might remain, but that in the contrary case parliament might either amend it or annul it. Being carried through the Commons, it was opposed in the Lords by Loughborough and Rawdon; but it was supported by the Chancellor and by Lords Grenville, Kenyon, and Sydney, and was passed by the usual strong ministerial majority.

END OF VOL. XXI.

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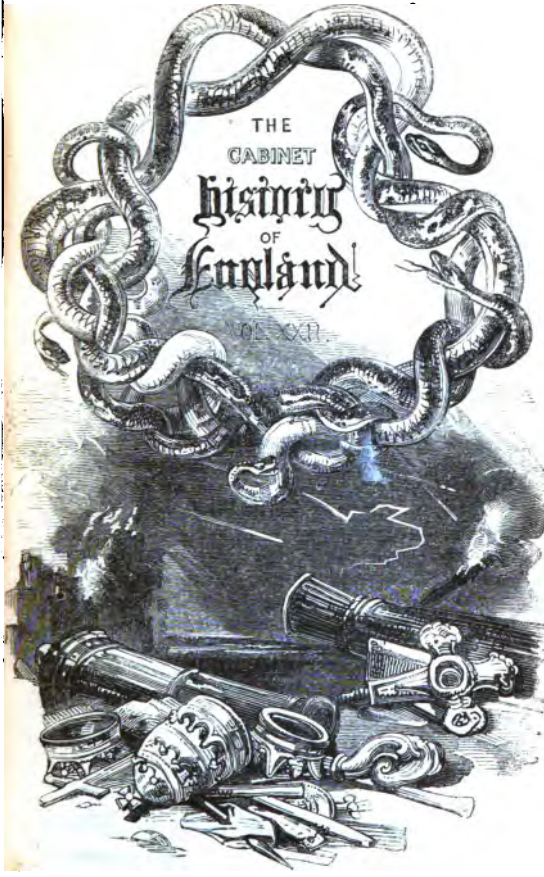
THE
CABINET
History
OF
England

THE

CABINET HISTORY OF ENGLAND;

BEING

AN ABRIDGMENT, BY THE AUTHOR,

OF THE CHAPTERS ENTITLED "CIVIL AND MILITARY HISTORY" IN "THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND," WITH A CONTINUATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

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CABINET
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BOOK X.—*Continued.*

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

GEORGE III.—*Continued.*

An inquiry was moved by Mr. Sheridan, into the grievances complained of in petitions from the royal burghs of Scotland. These were, in substance, infringements of the rights and properties of the burghs, through the authority of self-elected magistrates, against whose usurpations the law had provided no remedy. The case was strongly made out, and the deficiency of a tribunal to judge of the proceedings of the magistrates was admitted by the lord advocate of Scotland; but a natural aversion to any reforming project of the popular kind subsisting at this period, the motion for referring the petitions to a committee was negatived. A similar fortune attended a motion from Mr. Fox for the repeal of certain penal statutes particularly levelled against the Unitarians. On the other hand, an extension of toleration to the Scotch Episcopalians was carried in both Houses without opposition—though, perhaps, not to the entire satisfaction of the dominant Presbyterian kirk. The Unitarians had placed themselves at the very head of those political clubs in England which were now alarming government and the great majority of the nation. In the debate Pitt assured the House that, if there existed any laws against general toleration, he should be ready to

vote for their repeal, provided it could take place consistently with the safety of the constitution; but he desired it to be understood that his system of toleration also would always be regulated by existing circumstances, and by the character of the times to which it was applied. No practical evil could happen from the statutes in question; but, now, danger might arise from their repeal. He could see no propriety in the House giving encouragement to a society professing principles subversive not only of every established religion, but also of every established government. Burke, speaking on the same side, was much warmer than Pitt. Alluding to a new storm which had suddenly burst on the head of the king of France, he exclaimed—"Let not the king, let not the Prince of Wales, be surprised like the deposed Louis XVI.! Let not both Houses of Parliament be led in triumph along with the king, and have law dictated to them by the constitutional revolution, and the Unitarian societies. These insect reptiles, whilst they go on only caballing and toasting, only fill us with disgust; if they get above their natural size, and increase the quantity, whilst they keep the quality of their venom, they become objects of the greatest terror. A spider in his natural size is only a spider, ugly and loathsome; and his flimsy net is only fit for catching flies. But, good God! suppose a spider as large as an ox, and that he spreads cables about us, all the wilds of Africa would not produce anything so dreadful:—

> Quale portentum neque militaris
> Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
> Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
> Arida nutrix.

Think of them who dare menace in the way they do in their present state, and of what they would do if they had but power commensurate to their malice. God forbid I ever should have a despotic master—but, if I must, my choice is made. I will have Louis XVI. rather than Monsieur Bailly, or Brissot, or Chabot; rather George III. or George IV. than Doctor Priestley or Doctor Kippis: for these kings would not load a tyrannous

power by the poisoned taunts of a vulgar, low-bred insolence." He asked whether those who had the sway in France confined themselves to the regulation of their own internal affairs, or whether upon system, they nourished cabals in all other countries, to extend their power by producing revolutions similar to their own? and whether we had not cabals formed or forming within these kingdoms to co-operate with them for the destruction of our constitution? He drew a powerful and startling distinction between men of tender consciences and men who made sedition, conspiracy, and confusion a part of their conscience. "The principle of your petitioners," said he, "is no passive conscientious dissent on account of an over-scrupulous habit of mind: the dissent on their part is fundamental, goes to the very root; and it is at issue, not upon this rite or that ceremony, on this or that school opinion, but upon this one question of an establishment, as unchristian, unlawful, contrary to the Gospel and to natural right, popish and idolatrous. These are their principles, violently and fanatically held and pursued—taught to their children, who are sworn at the altar like Hannibal. The war is with the establishment itself—no quarter, no compromise. As a party they are infinitely mischievous: see the declarations of Priestley and Price—declarations, you will say of *hot* men. Likely enough: but who are the *cool* men who have disclaimed them? Not one—no, not one. Which of them has ever told you that they do not mean to *destroy the church*, if ever it should be in their power? Which of them has told you that this would not be the first and favourite use of any power they should get? Not one—no, not one. Declarations of hot men! The danger is thence, that they are under the *conduct* of hot men; *falsos in amore odia non fingere.*"

Twelve days after this assault on the royal burghs of Scotland, an attack was made on the rotten boroughs of England, and the standard of an extensive parliamentary reform was hoisted. A loud stir had been made out of doors by the various and increasing political societies, who made up for the comparative smallness of the number

of their converts by their enthusiasm and activity. In addition to the revolution and constitution societies, who continued to talk in a very high strain, and to commend the French revolution, at least as much as they had done in 1790, two other societies now took the field—one, the Corresponding Society, which entered into a most friendly intercourse with the French Girondists and ultra-Jacobins, and which professed to pursue nothing less than annual parliaments and universal suffrage—the other, the Friends of the People (an unhappily chosen name), which simply proposed, in general terms, the reform of the representation. This latter association counted among its members many opulent merchants, many literary men, and from thirty to forty noblemen and members of the House of Commons. Grey, Sheridan, and Lord Lauderdale, who have been considered as the founders of this association, gave in their names at the first starting of the society, and frequently attended its meetings, and spoke at them in a very popular and very exciting style—at times in a style which might have been dangerous, if Englishmen had only been as readily ignited by oratory as Frenchmen were. It was precisely because more men of character and eminence belonged to this society of the Friends of the People than to any of the others, that it was most dreaded by that formidable majority of the nation opposed to change, whose fanaticism in loyalty or Toryism kept pace at least with the fanaticism of the other party, and who, being far too hot, and zealous, and angry to draw nice distinctions, confounded together the views and objects of all these political societies. These men set up the king against the people; the relative constitutional position of the two was entirely lost sight of by both parties, and it was everywhere king versus people, and people versus king. The society of the Friends of the People, with parliamentary reform for their motto and their theme, met rather frequently, and published their sentiments, and the resolutions they came to at their meetings, with great spirit and freedom, and to the manifest discomfort of the king and his loyal subjects,

who could see in these demonstrations nothing less than a palpable imitation of the Jacobin club in Paris. This was enough to call up a tremendous array in parliament against the question of parliamentary reform, which the society resolved to bring forward in the course of the present session, though, from the spirit prevailing in the majority, there was scarcely the hope of their being able to reform so much as a corrupt vestry or a parish poor-house, and although any demand from a society and party in such bad odour was sure to strengthen the cause it opposed. Conformably to the plan of the society, Mr. Grey rose, on the 30th of April, to make a stirring speech on the subject; and to give notice that he intended, in the following session, to move regularly for a parliamentary reform. A vehement debate ensued forthwith, in which Fox, Pitt, and Burke took part. Burke said that England, at the present moment, abounded in factious men, who, deluded by visionary speculations, were longing to realize them at any cost, and would readily plunge the country into blood and confusion, for the sake of establishing the fanciful systems of government they were enamoured of. The disseverance in the Whig party now began to show itself strongly. Windham, one of the most eloquent and accomplished men of that party, and one whose high character for independence and perfect disinterestedness gave a triple weight to his eloquence and classic wit, warmly seconded Burke. Fox corrected Burke, who had spoken of him as having termed 'Paine's Rights of Man' an infamous and seditious libel. He had not, he said, applied those epithets to it, although he had called it a libel against the constitution. He had read, he added, but one of Mr. Paine's pamphlets, and did not approve of it, and, from what he had heard of the other, he was inclined to think that he should not approve of that either; but he was not certain whether the pamphlets had not done good, by leading men to consider of the constitution. In like manner the book of his right honourable friend (Burke), which he disliked as much as either of them, had, he believed, done some good; because, in his opinion, whatever led

to the discussion of the subject must be of service. This parallel of the 'Rights of Man,' and the 'Reflections,' was irritating and in the worst taste possible; and the great care taken by Fox and his friends to avoid the appearance of any severity of criticism upon Thomas Paine and his doings did not escape notice.

We must briefly notice a change of some importance which took place in our cabinet. Ever since the king's malady and the chancellor's double dealing in the regency business, there had been no good understanding between Thurlow and Pitt. On some occasions, where his assistance in the House of Lords was considered necessary by the premier, the chancellor had sat silent, and in other cases he had even openly opposed measures to which Pitt attached the greatest importance. Nor did Thurlow in private society restrain his irritable temper and rough tongue in speaking of the chancellor of the exchequer: he spoke of him often in a tone of contempt which must have been exceedingly irritating to one who was probably about the proudest man in England. The Marquess of Stafford, himself a member of the cabinet, who had been intimately acquainted as well as politically connected with the lord chancellor for many years, repeatedly remonstrated with him, and laboured to bring about a reconciliation, which seemed so necessary to the existence of the present administration; but Thurlow was proud and obstinate, and all these exertions of the marquess were thrown away. Thurlow's imposing manner and solemn and wise looks (which made Fox tax his countenance with imposture, and say it proved him dishonest, since no man could *be* so wise as he *looked*), his indisputable abilities in many parts of business, and the force of habit, which was always a potent force with George III., long made him cling to his heavy-browed, ill-humoured chancellor, and apparently balance at times whether he should keep him by throwing out Pitt, or keep Pitt by throwing out Thurlow. The chancellor of the exchequer at last determined to leave the king no other alternative. Early in the session Thurlow had poured out in the Lords a torrent of spleen and censure

on the minister's bill for liquidating future loans. On the very next morning Pitt submitted to the king the impossibility of his remaining in office with the lord chancellor, and the consequent necessity of his majesty's making his choice between them; writing at the same time to Thurlow, to tell him the step he had taken, and his conviction that his majesty's service could not be carried on to advantage while they both remained in their present situations. When thus pressed, George III. presently made his choice, and acquainted Thurlow that he must resign. But as a change was not desirable during the session, and as it was wished he should terminate some chancery business, it was agreed that he should keep the seals until the prorogation of parliament.

By this time government had made up their minds to adopt a much more rigid style of criticism towards the 'Rights of Man' and publications of a similar tendency; and to resort to the very questionable measure of putting down, or attempting to put down, seditious writings, by proclamations royal and restrictions on the liberty of printing. On the 21st of May appeared his majesty's proclamation for preventing seditious meetings and writings. The societies and associations were handled not less severely than the books and pamphlets. The proclamation asserted that there was reason to believe that correspondences had been entered into with sundry persons in foreign parts, with a view to forward criminal and wicked purposes, &c. It solemnly warned all loving subjects, as they tendered their own happiness and that of their posterity, to guard against all such attempts, which aimed at the subversion of all regular government; and it strictly charged and commanded all the magistrates to make diligent inquiry, in order to discover the authors and printers of such wicked and seditious writings, &c. It could not venture to prohibit clubs or meetings; but it charged all sheriffs, justices of the peace, magistrates of cities, boroughs, and corporations, and all other magistrates, to take the most immediate and effectual care to suppress and prevent all riots, tumults, and other disorders, which might be attempted to be raised or

made, &c. This proclamation was disapproved of by many, who were of opinion that government ought to have contented itself with prosecuting the authors of such publications as were evidently seditious, and with opposing by pen and speech and sound arguments those publications that were so worded as to obviate prosecution. They said, and truly, that public opinion was not to be directed by royal proclamation; and that metaphysical and political speculations were not to be refuted by a call upon sheriffs and magistrates; that the appearance of prohibition would only cause the books that were known to be more read; and that persecution would only call into the field fresh authors, and increase the vehemence and importance of the old ones. But still more men were of opinion that the proclamation was all that it ought to be—was a timely exertion of authority in a turbulent season—was a measure indispensably requisite to restrain within limits that effervescing spirit which was daily increasing, and which threatened to subvert the established government. The political clubs had given great provocation. They had struck up a league with peripatetic French Jacobins, with American democrats, and with all manner of revolutionists. Among these trans-Atlantic republicans was Joel Barlow, the laureat of the United States, the author of that not-to-be-forgotten epic wherein George Washington is typified by Joshua, and the free citizens of America, and their expulsion of the English, by the Jews and their conquest of the Holy Land. This American infusion certainly gave some new twang or flavour to the "London Society for Constitutional Information." Indeed, we suspect, that a flaming address from this society to the French Jacobins must have been written by the great Joel. It affirmed that the great majority of the English nation were disgusted with their own government, enraptured with the French constitution and the 'Rights of Man,' and eager to follow the glorious example which had been set them by the greatest and most virtuous nation in Europe. Whatever the Society for Constitutional Information in London might call them-

selves, the president of the French convention called them "*generous republicans.*" Nearly at the same time —in the month of November—the Revolution Society in London sent over their congratulatory address to the convention. These things were not done in a corner; these lights were not hidden under bushels: they were paraded in the most public manner and in the most public places; they were blazed forth to the world in daily and weekly newspapers, in books, tracts, hand-bills, and placards; for every one of these societies held their own doctrines as gospel truths, and every one of them was burning with the fierce zeal of proselytism, and ready to denounce every man that differed from them as a scoundrel or a fool. This particular society, of which Price, the friend of Priestley, had been high-priest and patriarch, this Revolution Society in London, had published some time before this, with high exaltation of the French revolution, a big book, containing a collection of their proceedings and correspondence, both at home and abroad, from the close of the year 1789, when Price had preached his sermon in the Old Jewry Chapel, and when Earl Stanhope had undertaken to carry the congratulations to Paris, down to the month of March, 1792. A dread of that power which "keeps the wretch in order," and a calculation that it would not answer their purpose to startle Englishmen's minds by producing at once all their boldest theories or aspirations, induced these Priceites to suppress some of their opinions and many of the papers they had written into foreign parts; but quite enough remained in the portions they had the courage to print to damn them in public opinion and their book too. It appeared from the volume that, in 1790, it was reported and boasted at the anniversary meeting that this society had lately received "the warmest marks of approbation and respect" from the Jacobin clubs established in more than twenty of the principal cities and towns in France, together with copies, for their own instruction, of numerous Jacobin resolutions and publications; and that in England they had been very successful in forming branch societies in different parts of

the kingdom: that at the anniversary of 1791 there was read a long list of societies in France and England, with which the committee of this Revolution Society in London had corresponded in the course of the preceding year; and that letters from the French Jacobin clubs hailing the members of the revolutionary society as friends and brothers and fellow-combatants for the sovereignty of the people, &c., were read at the said anniversary: that these Priceites had declared over and over again, in words spoken and in words written, that they aimed at nothing less than a sweeping revolution, like the "late glorious and splendid one in France," as England was a prey to an arbitrary king, a servile peerage, a corrupt House of Commons, and a rapacious and intolerant clergy. Towards the close of the year clubs and associations began to be formed, with the avowed object of counteracting the Revolution Society, the Corresponding Society, &c. One of these new societies—"The Association for preserving Liberty and Property against Republicans and Levellers"—held their first great meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on the 20th of November, and agreed to certain resolutions and declarations, which they caused to be published in the newspapers, and to be otherwise circulated very extensively. "Considering," said they, "the danger to which public peace and order are exposed by the circulating of mischievous opinions, founded upon plausible but false reasoning; and that this circulation is principally carried on by the industry of clubs and societies of various denominations in many parts of the kingdom, it appears to us that it is now become the duty of all persons who wish well to their native country to endeavour, in their several neighbourhoods, to prevent the sad effects of such mischievous industry; and that it would greatly tend to promote these good endeavours if societies were formed in different parts of the kingdom, whose object should be to support the laws, to suppress seditious publications, and to defend our persons and property against the innovations and depredations that seem to be threatened by those who maintain the mischievous opinions before

alluded to. These opinions are conveyed in the terms of *The Rights of Man—Liberty and Equality—No King —No Parliament*—and others of the like import; all of them, in the sense imposed on them, expressing sentiments in direct opposition to the laws of this land, and some of them such as are inconsistent with the well-being of society under any laws or government whatsoever. It appears to us, the tendency of these opinions is, that we are voluntarily to surrender everything we now possess—our religion and our lands, our civil government and civil society;—and that we are to trust to the formation of something new, upon the principles of equality, and under the auspices of speculative men, who have conceived ideas of perfection that never yet were known in the world: and it appears that the missionaries of this sect are aiming at effecting the overthrow of the present system of government and society, by infusing into the minds of ignorant men causes of discontent adapted to their various stations; some of which causes are wholly imaginary, and the rest are such as inseparably belong to civil life, have existed, and ever will exist, under all forms of government, cannot be removed by any change, and will be aggravated and multiplied a hundredfold by the change proposed." They demonstrated that, if a perfect equality could be established to-morrow, there would be inequality the day after; that the French people, after all their murders and assassinations, "deliberately planned and justified by some of their pretended philosophers as the means to attain their ends of reform" —after all their sufferings and atrocious crimes, "which it could not enter into the gentle heart of a Briton to conceive"—after all their pretences and boasts,—had, in reality, only changed their masters to groan under new tyrannies, to be subject to the lash and knife of one desperate leader after the other. It would be unfair to deny, or even to pass over in silence, the fact that these counter-revolution societies became in many places overzealous and intolerant. They urged on the government —already sufficiently excited and alarmed—in the paths of suspicion and persecution; and in the excess of their

own fears they were but too ready to trench upon the popular liberties.

As more immediately connected with our own affairs and interests, we shall now rapidly sketch the history of the war in India, which began in 1790. Tippoo Saib, whom our opposition in parliament had taken to honour and applaud, was the cruel, faithless, ambitious prince that we have described him. Hyder Aly, though a barbarian, had several of the qualities of a great prince; but there appears to have been nothing great about Tippoo except the power and resources which his father had left him. After the peace of Mangalore, in 1784, the dominions of Mysore, of which Tippoo remained in possession, extended over a tract of country some 500 miles in length by 350 in breadth: it was nearly all an elevated tableland, intersected everywhere with rivers, and cooling, fertilizing streams; the climate is, for India, very temperate, and the soil as fertile as almost any part of the great peninsula. It swarmed with population, the Mohammedans being almost as numerous as the Hindus, the more ancient occupants of the soil. Several of the towns, besides Seringapatam, the capital, were strongly fortified; and the region abounds in places of great natural strength, affording admirable advantages for a defensive war. Anticipating and providing for a grand struggle, Tippoo, assisted by European engineers, chiefly French and Italians, had erected many new fortresses. His annual revenue was estimated at about five millions sterling, and his father had left him a well-filled treasury. Besides European engineers and artillery officers, he had a considerable number of Europeans to train and discipline his native troops: but these fellows were chiefly common soldiers that had deserted from the company's service to escape punishment for crimes committed; and as Tippoo was a bigoted Mussulman, and fond of religious conversion, forced or spontaneous, they had all become renegadoes. He had clothed part of his regulars in uniform resembling that of the sepoys in the English service, and had armed them with French muskets. Their discipline, however, was very far from perfect, and

their whole number inconsiderable, not exceeding three or four thousand. The rest of his infantry was a mere rabble, armed with old muskets, matchlocks, pikes, and scymitars. But his principal force was his cavalry—that Mysorean cavalry which had repeatedly rushed through the Ghauts like mountain-torrents, and swept the whole of the low, open country of the Carnatic. Yet the *élite* of this force, the Circar, or stable-horse, who were uniformly clothed and equipped, did not exceed 6000; all the rest being irregulars, who found their own horses and arms, and who did no military duty, except when called into the field on some emergency, or to make some plundering incursion into the territories of their neighbours. These fellows, however, were bold and clever riders; and the rapidity of their movements often made up for their deficiency in other points. His artillery was more than respectable, the French having furnished him with guns of all calibres, many of which, being larger and longer than any of the guns of Lord Cornwallis, gave him a considerable advantage over the English in this war.

It was, however, determined to penetrate into the very heart of Tippoo's dominions. The march of Lord Cornwallis, and of General Abercrombie, who moved in a different line, was excessively laborious. They had to make the roads by which they were to advance; and for fifty miles and more Abercrombie's route was across steep mountains, where the battering-trains, provisions, and stores were moved with the greatest difficulty, every separate gun being hoisted by the soldiers over a succession of ascents by means of ropes and tackle. India was still too generally considered as a field of war unworthy of much notice, and English writers have never had the art of dressing up their exploits and victories in such brilliant colours as the French; but the difficulties overcome by General Abercrombie in this campaign, by Colonel Fullerton in his expedition into the Malabar provinces, and by several other British commanders in other parts of India, were nowise inferior to those with which Napoleon Buonaparte had to contend in his much-famed

passage over St. Bernard. Unhappily the small-pox broke out among the troops of Cornwallis and Abercrombie, the treacherous Mahrattas broke their agreements, the rain set in prematurely, provisions became scanty, and, after beating Tippoo in the field, and getting within seven miles of Seringapatam, our army, at the end of May, 1791, was compelled to retreat towards the coast. But, on February the 5th, 1792, Cornwallis arrived a second time before the proud capital of Mysore. Tippoo, who occupied a fortified camp opposite the city on the north bank of the Cavery, was driven from it with terrible loss on the 7th, and by the 16th of February Seringapatam was completely invested. The siege was pushed with great vigour till the 24th, when Tippoo yielded to his fate, and Cornwallis ordered his troops in the trenches to desist from hostilities. The treaty which Tippoo was forced to accept contained the following articles:—1. That he should cede one-half of his territories to the allies; 2. That he should pay three crores and thirty lacs of rupees; 3. That he should unequivocally restore all the prisoners who had been taken by the Mysoreans from the time of Hyder; 4. That he should deliver up as hostages for the due performance of the treaty two of his three eldest sons. In conformity with these terms Tippoo began to send the treasure out of the fort to the camp of the besiegers; and, on the 26th, the young princes, one of whom was about ten and the other eight years old, were conducted to the British camp with great pomp and ceremony.

The territory thus acquired by the English did not yield much more than half a million sterling of annual revenue; but it was highly valuable as strengthening the Carnatic against invasion, as affording excellent land communications, and as containing ports on the Malabar coast highly favourable to commerce and to the extension of that influence which we aimed at. The Nairs and the other Hindu people that occupied the coast of Malabar were made happy by the change of masters, and by the full freedom now allowed them in the exercise of their religion, and in the enjoyment of their old customs. In

his letter to the court of directors, which accompanied the definitive treaty, Lord Cornwallis described Tippoo as "a faithless and violent character, upon whom no dependence could be placed." His lordship knew very well his connexion with the French, and the efforts he had made, and continued to make, to bring that powerful nation back into the Indian wars; and it is urged by one intimately acquainted with the whole subject, that he must have considered Tippoo, even in his reduced state, as much more likely to disturb the company's possessions than either the Nizam or the Mahrattas; and that it was from far different considerations than any dread of increasing the dominions of the Mahrattas and his other ally (the motive generally ascribed to him for concluding the present peace) that he did not prosecute the war to the total destruction of the Mysorean power.

The affairs of Poland now demand our attention. In the month of October, 1788, the Polish diet, consisting of the magnates and the clergy, had assembled with the intention of improving and remodelling the whole system of government in that part of the country which yet remained to them unpartitioned. Soon encouraged by the spirit that was showing itself in France, the members of the diet resolved to continue their sittings until their work of reform should be completed; and, in order to strengthen themselves by the addition of a Tiers Etat, about which so much noise was making elsewhere, but which hitherto had had no political existence in Poland, they determined to admit the inferior orders into a participation in their deliberations and powers. Several years before this, the chancellor, Andrew Zamoyski, who had both patriotism and ability, had prepared a new code, which removed many ancient abuses, and partly emancipated the peasants, who in Poland remained at the end of the eighteenth century in the same condition of serfs or slaves as the peasantry of all Europe had been in at the end of the fourteenth century. The diet which had been assembled in 1780 had rejected these vast improvements and this code altogether, the majority of them

calling Zamoyski, who had set the example by emancipating his own serfs, a plunderer and a traitor to his country. Nor could the diet now assembled venture to propose the emancipation of the serfs, nor was it in the end proposed until it was too late. The diet, in fact, did little or nothing but occupy itself about an alliance with Prussia, until September, 1789, when they named a committee to propose reforms in different branches of the administration, and to present the basis of an entirely new constitution. "If," says a Polish noble, a magnate of the kingdom, and one as we believe honestly attached to his country, "if the diet had proceeded with more despatch, and proclaimed the new constitution eighteen months earlier than they did, Poland would have been saved. She would have had the time necessary to consolidate her government and to gain strength from 1789 to 1792; she would not have lost all the advantages of an alliance *very sincerely offered at that period* by the King of Prussia; she would not have left Russia the time to make peace with the Turks and the Swedes; and she would have prevented that friendly understanding between Russia and Prussia which arose out of the events and troubles in France in 1792. It was this understanding and these events which entirely changed the intentions of Frederic William with respect to Poland; which altered his character and manner of thinking; and which raised and armed nearly all Europe against France, without producing any other effect than increasing the revolutionary fanaticism, exasperating men's minds, and leaving France exposed for a time to all the horrors of anarchy." * The Polish constitution-makers did not perform their work quite so rapidly as the French, although, unfortunately for themselves, they imitated those vivacious legislators in too many particulars. A deputy, or *nuncio*, from Lithuania, thought that, before they made a constitution at all, they had better provide the means of defending their country; and repeatedly exclaimed in the diet, "Money and an army! These are the two

* Michael Oginski, Mémoires sur la Pologne et les Polonais, depuis 1788 jusqu'à la fin de 1815.

sole objects which ought at present to engage our attention!" He was in the right, but he was not listened to.

The diet, which was prorogued on the 30th of December, 1789, to the 3rd of February, 1790, came to no conclusion on either of these vital points: but, unlike the French nobility before the revolution, who paid nothing and would not agree to pay anything towards the expenses of the state, these Polish magnates voluntarily taxed themselves to the amount of a tenth part of their yearly revenues, and decided that the burghers and country-people should pay no more than they had been accustomed to pay in quieter times. During the recess of the diet, Luchesini, Frederic William's ambassador, informed the Court of Warsaw that the empress of Russia had declared that she would be no obstacle to an alliance between Prussia and Poland; that the king of Prussia highly approved of the projected reforms, and was ready to offer Stanislaus Augustus a defensive alliance, and conclude with him a commercial treaty, upon terms liberal and beneficial to both countries. But at the same time Luchesini did not conceal the eager desire of Frederic William to possess Thorn and Dantzic, which would throw open to him the navigation of the Vistula to the Baltic; intimating, however, that Prussia would give an equivalent by ceding other territories to Poland.

Unfortunately the Polish reformers increased their speed at the very moment when the French revolutionists were alarming or startling all the established governments of Europe. If they had determined that their crown should be hereditary, they seemed equally resolved that its power, though increased from what it had been hitherto, should be very limited; they kept to themselves the right of declaring war and making peace, and entering into and concluding treaties of alliance; only enacting that in these cases there must be a majority of three-fourths of the diet. The demand of the burghers for a share in the representation was submitted to a committee, who, in their report, recommended the measure. The minority of the diet, who called themselves anti-

revolutionists, and who thought it monstrous that plain citizens should be anything in the state, opposed the measure with the greatest fury; but, after some amendments, the measure was agreed to. This seemed one great step gained; but, unfortunately, neither the citizens of Warsaw, nor those of any other town in Poland, had any great weight or influence in the country, or any familiarity with free municipal institutions, or any of those habits of self-government which are only to be acquired by time. The majority now proceeded with a constantly increasing speed; and being impatient of the opposition of the minority, and apprehending some hostile interference on the part of Russia if the business were not finished immediately, they resolved that the articles of the constitution should be adopted *en masse* and sanctioned by the king all in one day, and that the minority should be taken by surprise. On the 3rd of May the king, as had been agreed, entered the hall in the royal palace where the diet held their sessions; and, the constitution being read and voted by the nuncios, Stanislaus Augustus took the oath to it, and called upon all those who loved their country to follow him to the church to take the same oath with more solemnity. And forthwith all the nuncios, except twelve, followed the king through the halls and corridors which lead from the palace to the cathedral church; and before the high altar they solemnly swore to maintain this constitution. A *Te Deum* was then chanted, and the nuncios separated till the 5th of May. This new constitution determined that the Catholic religion was to remain the dominant religion of the state; that other Christian sects should be tolerated, but that the king must always be a Catholic; that the hereditary principle was adopted, and the succession to the throne vested in the Elector of Saxony, and his descendants; that there should be *two Houses*, or a senate and a lower chamber; that the king should have a deliberating voice in the senate, and a casting vote; that the diet should assemble every two years, &c. The abolition of the slavery of the cultivators of the soil was no clause in this charter, and was

not even mentioned in it; but measures had been taken by the leaders of the reforming party to prepare for and gradually bring about that change without occasioning any violent shock, or infringing the rights of property of the noble holders of lands and serfs; and the Poles insist that there can be no doubt whatever that if this reforming diet had not been forcibly interrupted, and then dissolved for ever, the slavery of the peasants would gradually have disappeared.*

None of the Poles, except the enthusiasts of the nation, could fancy for one moment that they, in the impoverished and already dismembered state of the country, could make head against the formidable power of the Russians, or oppose the tzarina in a single campaign when she should have finished her war with the Turks, unless they were backed and supported by some other power or powers. The ally pointed out by the circumstances of the times and the disposition of the reigning king was certainly Prussia. In the month of March, or some six weeks before the constitution was sworn to and promulgated, the ministers of Frederic William had concluded the commercial treaty with the Polish government; but, as the Poles would not yield to him Thorn and Dantzic, no progress was made in the defensive alliance; and the decree of the Polish diet prohibiting for ever the alienation of any portion of the remaining territory, stopped all further negotiation on that subject. This decree was passed some time before the 3rd of May, and there can be little doubt that it gave offence to Frederic William, and destroyed all hope of Prussian assistance, although he allowed his ministers to conclude the commercial treaty after the decree was passed, and wrote an approving and an applauding letter to Stanislaus Augustus after he had sworn to the new constitution. And the Prussian minister at Warsaw had, on the 16th of May (thirteen days after the promulgation of the constitution), a long conference with a committee the diet had appointed for managing foreign affairs, and assured them, in the name of the king his master, that

* Oginski, Mémoires.

his majesty highly approved of the happy and bloodless revolution which had given to Poland a wise and well-organised constitution. Up to a certain point, or so long as the integrity, or at least the independence, of the Turkish empire was the uppermost consideration, Pitt and his government unquestionably encouraged the king of Prussia in demanding Thorn and Dantzic as the price for which he would conclude a defensive alliance, and assist the Poles in maintaining their new constitution, and guarding all of their kingdom that was left to them by the last partition against the arms of Russia, and against the arms of Austria, if the emperor should be induced to make common cause with the tzarina. Pitt's words to Count Oginski, and Lord Grenville's despatches to the British minister at Warsaw, were sufficiently explicit on this head; and a pamphlet, printed, published, and widely circulated in the Polish capital, to recommend the cession in question, and to prove that the indispensable sacrifice would not really cost the Poles much, was universally attributed to the English resident minister, Mr. Hailes, who, on the 28th of January, 1791, or three months and a few days before the promulgation of the new constitution, had delivered a note to the diet, expressing the most friendly sentiments on the part of the British government, and the earnest desire entertained by the king, his master, to contract a commercial and defensive alliance with Poland, and to see his ally, the king of Prussia, essentially included in that alliance.

But when the tzarina had concluded peace with the Turks, and had begun to put herself forward as the antagonist of French revolutionary principles, pretending to seek the friendship of Prussia chiefly if not entirely on account of the one great object and common cause of sovereigns and established governments, Pitt and his cabinet became suddenly cool and indifferent as to the fate of Poland, adopted a tone of the greatest caution in their diplomatic correspondence, and hinted very plainly that they must and would remain neutral in that quarrel. Fox and other members of the opposition, though they expressed an enthusiastic admiration of the new Polish con-

stitution, and complimented Oginski on the energy, good conduct, and moderation of his countrymen in their late revolution, certainly did nothing, in time, to serve their cause or obviate the doom which awaited them. Indeed, Fox may be ranked among the enemies of Poland; for it was he, and his party, that had prevented the extension of our Prussian alliance, and those energetic measures which would have checked in more than one direction the aggrandisement of Catherine, and have left her little time and no means to devote to the destruction of Poland. Fox told Oginski to beware of the King of Prussia, whose alliance he said was not to be trusted; but he continued to eulogise in the British parliament the moderation and the magnanimity of the tzarina; to declare that Russia was a power we ought to conciliate instead of alienating,—that Russia was a natural ally of England; and it was at the very time when Catherine was preparing to invade Poland, when her troops were almost on the frontiers, that Fox sent his own minister, Adair, to St. Petersburg to congratulate and encourage the empress! The blame may be divided among them all, but neither Fox and his party, nor any other party or set of men that we can discover in England, can justly pretend to throw the whole of the "deep damnation" of the "taking off" of Poland upon Pitt and his cabinet.

As soon as Catherine had concluded, for the present, her war with the Turks, by the treaty of Jassy, which was signed in 1791, she directed the whole of her attention to Poland, preparing to employ against it those armies which had been in the field against the sultan, and diplomatising with the courts of Stockholm, Berlin, and Vienna, with consummate art. A Russian army of 60,000 men, soon backed by 40,000 more, was poured into Poland, wherein there were not more than 10,000 troops that could be called disciplined, under the command of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, the king's nephew. The property of the Polish bankers and capitalists was chiefly locked up in the countries with which they were at war: a general bankruptcy soon ensued, and this catastrophe accelerated the final ruin. At the same time the

country continued to be rent by factions: there were two armed confederations of factious nobles in the field for the purpose of overthrowing the new constitution and restoring the elective character of the loyalty with nearly all the clauses and curses of the old constitution which had reduced Poland to her present helpless condition. Application being made to the court of Berlin, and to the court of Vienna, met with cold or delusive replies. At first some trifling actions seemed to be favourable to the Poles, whose light cavalry was excellent, and fought with the most determined bravery. But the great affair of this short and desultory campaign, and that which brought into action the best warrior, the greatest name of modern Poland, was, on the 17th of July, at Dubienka. Here Kosciuszko kept his ground against a Russian division three times more numerous than his own, beat them in repeated charges, inflicted a terrible loss, and only retreated when his flank was turned by another Russian division, which had been allowed to traverse a part of Galicia, and to fall upon him from a quarter where he expected no attack, as Galicia belonged to Austria, and as it was calculated that the Emperor Francis would at least remain neutral in this war—a capital and an unpardonable mistake, which was attended by dreadful consequences. If there had been a gleam of hope before, the conduct of Austria in allowing this passage to Catherine's invading troops utterly destroyed it. It was soon found necessary to submit to superior force. The regular Polish army surrendered to the Russians; Russian garrisons were placed in every considerable town; and, before the end of the year 1792, the new constitution and the independence of Poland were alike destroyed.

The English Whigs, when it was too late, made a loud oratorical noise, forgetting to what an extent their great leader had indirectly contributed to the resistless power of Catherine; but, for the present, they did nothing beyond holding a meeting at the Mansion House to get up a subscription for the suffering Poles. Although parliament was not prorogued until the 15th of June, which was nearly a month after the marching of the Russian army of

100,000 men, and although the great preparations for that army and Catherine's threats and intentions had been well known in England in the month of January, before parliament met, not a motion was proposed on either side of the House, scarcely a mention was made of Poland and the fate which awaited her. But, in the course of this very session, Fox had repeatedly extolled the magnanimity of the tzarina, exaggerated the value of the English trade with Russia, and recommended a close alliance with that court, as being more suitable to England than any other alliance whatsoever!

To paraphrase what Talleyrand said of the Duke of Orleans, the French revolution became the sink into which were thrown all the foul things of the world; or, it came to be considered as a generating pestilence which produced all manner of diseases, the most opposite in their symptoms and character. Even the murder of the enthusiastic, romantic king of Sweden was attributed to the French revolution, although assuredly there were causes sufficient to account for it without referring to that great mother of mischief. The Swedish nobles harboured an implacable resentment against Gustavus Adolphus on account of his political reforms or revolution, which struck their corrupt oligarchy with a death-blow.

Other Swedes, not attached to the oligarchical faction, were dismayed at the efforts this king of a poor country was making in order to carry a great army into France; and some of them hurried to the conclusion that he was mad, and that his madness would completely beggar and ruin the nation. In the autumn of the preceding year Gustavus Adolphus had made a journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, and had resided for some time in that antique town, concerting with French emigrants and others the best means of attacking the French republicans, and of getting to Paris in order to release the object of his idolatry, Marie Antoinette, and put down the hydra-headed Jacobinism. After the flight from Varennes of the Marquis de Bouillé, he took that general into his service and discussed with him a variety of plans. His ambition and his hope was that Russia, and perhaps Prussia, would

join in the enterprise without further loss of time, and confide to him the command or the chief direction of their armies. But in the meantime plots were forming and maturing against his own life. The conspirators were so little cautious, that their intentions became known to many persons in Stockholm; and, if Gustavus had not been rashly brave, or over-generously determined not to believe that Sweden harboured assassins, he must have escaped. On the night between the 16th and 17th of March he determined, in spite of many and recent warnings, to go to a public masked ball in the theatre of Stockholm. He entered the ball-room without the least embarrassment, walking arm-in-arm with his master of the horse; but he had scarcely made two turns when he found himself environed and rudely pressed by a crowd of men in masks; and as he was moving to get out of this throng, a pistol, loaded with cased shot, was fired close at his left side. He expired on the 29th of March, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Thus fell the champion and knight-errant of Marie Antoinette, and with him every chance of Sweden taking any part in this war against the Jacobins. On opening the body a square piece of lead and two rusty nails were found lodged within it. The reins of government were immediately assumed by the Duke of Sudermania, the crown prince being only in his fourteenth year. The regent was intent on peace; and the Swedish people, who were but little excited by the murder of their king, seemed glad to be free from the expense of a distant and hopeless war. Their neighbours the Danes agreed with them in their resolution to avoid all participation in the contemplated hostilities against France.*

The French revolutionists, not avoiding war but courting it, were in a most bellicose attitude at the end of the year 1791. They announced that the whole French people was eager to march into the Low Countries to

* De Bouillé, Mémoires.—Hist. de l'Assassinat de Gustave III., par un Témoin Oculaire.— Coxe and Clarke, Travels.—Appendix to Ann. Regist.

attack the emigrants at Coblentz and elsewhere, and all the princes, whether an emperor or a little margrave, that harboured and assisted them. As early as the 1st of January the great Girondist orator, Gensonné, said in the Assembly that there was no use in attempting to disguise the fact that they were ready to attack all the despots in Europe. On the 11th of January the war-minister assured the Assembly that they had nothing to fear from an immediate war. Upon this fresh defiances were hurled in the teeth of all the sovereigns in Europe, and fresh Jacobin emissaries were sent into the states of most of them. It was now found that foreign conquest would be the most profitable employment for a revolutionized and virtuous democracy. New rules were adopted for recruiting the troops of the line with more facility; and, when some economical deputies objected to the great expense which must attend this scheme, Lacombe exclaimed, "Do not be sparing of your money! With money we shall obtain troops, and victory, and conquests; and victory will bring us back plenty of money!" Thus early did the Jacobins adopt a principle which was destined to carry the French arms so far. Fresh *émeutes* broke out in Paris and the faubourgs on account of the dearness of bread and *sugar*, and the want of employment for the working classes. What employment was so easily to be obtained and likely to be so profitable as that of war, for which the French people had so natural an inclination? Among many things which are obscure enough, this one is perfectly clear to every eye not blinded by prejudice:—if Austria and Prussia had never attacked France, they would have been attacked by the French.

The Girondists, or Girondins, as they were called from the district which had given birth to some of their leaders, now formed the majority of the new Assembly. Though, for a time, figuring as constitutional monarchists or champions of the existing order of things, they were one and all republicans, and impatient for the overthrow of the last semblance of royalty. After breaking up the king's disjointed ministry these triumphant Girondins

entered the cabinet by storm, and inundated all the places of government. The husband of the ultra-republicaness Madame Roland became minister of the interior; and that true chamelion Dumouriez minister for foreign affairs; de Grave, who was soon replaced by Servan, got Narbonne's post as minister of war; and Lacost was appointed minister of marine; the finances were confided to Clavière, a poor republican stock-broker and man of letters from Geneva, who had first signalised himself by attacking his compatriot Necker; and the important department of justice was given to Duranthon, a little lawyer from Bordeaux, after Roland, the virtuous, had failed in obtaining it for the obscene Faublas Louvet. Madame Roland, who had had much to do with the formation of this Girondist ministry, but who had not been able to appoint to all the places, and who had afterwards personal reasons to complain even of some who had obtained their posts with her good wishes and concurrence, speaks very slightingly in her Mémoires of most of these new statesmen, finding not one of them, save and except her own husband, who was but the double or echo of herself, precisely what he ought to have been. The court called this ministry, which was formed in the month of March, the Sans-Culotte ministry. Between these Girondins and the Jacobins there was already a mortal feud. For a season the Jacobins had pretended to be anxious for the preservation of peace; but when Robespierre and his party saw that a declaration of war was inevitable, and that they might risk their popularity by opposing it too long, they originated or promoted measures for arming and strengthening the people; and the Girondins, striving with them for popularity, and shutting their eyes to the inevitable consequences of arming the mob, encouraged the same system, which was gradually to destroy the present ascendancy of the middle classes, and erect on a broad basis the dominion of the multitude—of the most desperate and the neediest, the real sans-culottes. Brissot, a leader of the Gironde, was among the very first to recommend that pikes should be forged in every section

of Paris, in every department, in every town in France; and that the hat should be thrown aside as a vile slavish thing, introduced by priests and despots, and give place on every true French head to the *bonnets rouges*, or red night-caps, such as were worn by some of the lowest people. Brissot, in his Journal, demonstrated that the *bonnet rouge* was the real Phrygian caps of antiquity, the proper cap of maintenance for the French people, the real cap of liberty; that such caps had been worn by the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls, and all the great nations and illustrious men of antiquity; that Rousseau was a great partisan of the red cap as the symbol of liberty; and that Voltaire was equally proud of it, and always wore it.

This essay from the pen of Brissot appeared in February, and within a month the bonnet rouge was in high vogue. Pikes were forged faster than red night-caps were made, patriots and patriotesses subscribing or clubbing together to keep the smiths going; and still Brissot kept saying in his newspaper—"Citizens and patriots, let us forge pikes from one end of the kingdom to the other!" And Gorsas, and other newspaper-men, kept echoing in their journals, "Pikes! pikes! pikes! Nothing but pikes and bonnets rouges, and tricolor cockades to put upon them." There were soon pikes enough, with blood enough upon them!

The Emperor Leopold, who had fondly clung to peace, and to the hope that all difficulties might be settled by means of a congress, died suddenly on the 1st of March. His son and successor, Francis II., immediately saw that war was inevitable. In one single case he had matter enough to fill a manifesto and justify a declaration of hostilities. A number of German princes, holding large estates in Alsace, and thence called by the French *princes possessionnés*, had been deprived by the revolutionists and the decrees of the Assembly of all their ancient hereditary rights, which had been acknowledged and confirmed by treaties, when Alsace (for the general misfortune of Europe) was allowed to be incorporated with France. The French had refused to give these dispossessed princes any equivalent or compensation

whatever—compensation being a word obliterated in the political dictionary of these revolutionists, who, in like manner, had taken Avignon from the pope. As a guarantee of treaties, Francis, on the failure of diplomacy, and on the insulting refusals both he and his father had received, was fully justified by the law of nations in declaring hostilities. Instead of clearing of troops such of his territories as bordered on France, and prohibiting the gatherings of the emigrants, as his predecessor Leopold had done, the young emperor, Francis II., it was said, collected troops, appointed generals, traced out camps, gave open countenance to the expatriated French princes and noblesse, and declared that the court of Vienna must and would insist on the restoration of the possessioned princes to their rights in Alsace, &c.; on the restoration of Avignon to the pope; on the cessation of that French propagandism which was seeking to undermine all the thrones and established governments of Europe; and, finally, on the restoration of Louis XVI. to his liberty and royal dignity, or at least on some adequate guarantee that the peace and tranquillity of the neighbouring powers should not be disturbed through the present weakness of the internal government of France. Prince Kaunitz refused to treat any longer directly with French negotiators, or with the government now established in France; and the Baron de Cobentzel informed the ambassador whom Dumouriez and the Gironde had sent to Vienna, that Austria would on no account qualify or recede from this ultimatum. Dumouriez, who had obtained great influence over the mind of the king, who had formed in his own mind a grand plan of campaign, who intended, though now minister for foreign affairs and not war-minister, to direct and manage the whole of the war, was overjoyed at this termination to diplomacy; and he immediately carried poor Louis with him over to the Assembly, to give, in constitutional form, the note of war. It was the 20th of April, when Louis, with the confident and tricky Dumouriez by his side, and all the rest of his ministers at his back, rose to inform the National Assembly that he

had come there for one of the most important objects that could possibly occupy the attention of the representatives of the nation; and that his minister for foreign affairs would read them a report which he had made in council on the actual situation of affairs. When this was done or said, Dumouriez, whose schemes of conquest fell but little short of those that were subsequently entertained by Napoleon Buonaparte, commenced reading his report, with a voice and manner full of hope and hilarity. By suppressing every allusion to the revolutionary propagandism, the open war which the Jacobins had long before this declared against thrones, the infectious nature of Rights of Man and Jacobin principles, the indisputable invasion of the rights of the possessioned princes, the barbarous treatment which the revolutionists had bestowed upon the queen, a daughter of Austria, it was not difficult for so brisk and adroit a man as Dumouriez to make out a terribly bad case against Austria, with its conferences at Mantua and Pilnitz, its coalitions, completed or in progress, its open protection of the emigrants who were in arms to invade France, and its haughty, imperious tone towards a country at least as great in the European scale as itself. Dumouriez, as the conclusion of his spirit-stirring report, announced that there must be an immediate declaration of hostilities, and that the king, whose honour and good faith were indisputable—that Louis XVI., the constitutional king of the French, who was the depository of the dignity and security of France,—was quite ready to make this declaration of war.

Becquey, a moderate man, and one who had obtained a reputation for ability and prudence, ventured to say that reformed France ought not to be so eager for hostilities; that if they invaded the Netherlands they would provoke a general war; that England was bound to protect Holland; that if the war was once begun, there was no seeing where and when it would end; that Austria, after all, had taken none but defensive measures; and that France had placed three formidable armies upon her Belgian frontiers, while Austria had only a very inferior

force in the country beyond those frontiers, which was her own. "*You know this*," said Becquey, "*and without doubt, you only wish to attack her at this moment, because you are certain that you are better prepared for a war than she is!*" Becquey might have added that the Assembly knew equally well that the Belgic revolutionists, who had only been put down in 1790, were very willing to rise again by the spring of 1792; that an incessant correspondence had been carried on between these revolutionists and the French Jacobins; that those who were stronger than diplomatists and ministers, or any established or tottering authority in France, had promised succour and co-operation, fraternity, and a democratic liberty of the widest extent; that other emissaries besides the demoiselle Théroigne and Bonne-Carrère had been sent, during the last two years, and were at this moment constantly going to Luxembourg, to Liege, to Brussels, to Bruges, to every town in Brabant and Flanders, to excite the people to rise and arm against the Austrians; and to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the other United Provinces, to induce the people there to take the same course against the stadtholder and his party. Becquey boldly predicted the evil reputation the French would acquire if they went to war thus hastily; and prosecuted the war, in the way proposed, by foreign invasion and conquests, and the propagandism of universal insurrection of peoples against their governments. "If," said he, "we attack Austria, in this manner we shall force all the kings of the earth to enter into a league against us, for they will see that we are shaking all their thrones! Let us content ourselves with preparing resolutely to defend our own country; and then, in all probability, we shall have no war at all. If we begin the attack, we shall make our cause odious in the eyes of our neighbours. We shall obtain the character of aggressors; we shall be represented as a restless, turbulent people, disturbing the repose of Europe, in contempt of old treaties, and of our new laws, which forbid us to aim at conquests. You will have to combat, in the end, not only the kings of

Europe, but the peoples of Europe, who will fight you with that natural animosity felt by every man against those who go to disturb the repose and well-being of his country!" The war party, the overwhelming and intolerant majority, had called for a unanimous vote; the mob in the galleries were ready to set down as traitors to their country all such as opposed the general wish; and, in the excited humour of the moment, there might have been imminent danger in voting in opposition to the galleries: only Theodore Lameth, Dumas, Becquey, and four other members, had the courage to stand up as a minority; all the rest, who disapproved of this precipitating of hostilities, remained seated and silent; and the question was declared to be carried in the affirmative, with a shouting and a noise as loud as could have been made if house and galleries had been in the act of charging the Austrian army. As soon as the "Vive la Guerre!" "Vive la Liberté!" "Mort aux Tyrans!" &c., had somewhat subsided, Condorcet rose to state that it became the National Assembly to publish a declaration of the political principles which had led them to their present resolution, and that he had such a declaration ready written for them. The Assembly agreed that the philosopher and master in politics should be heard; and thereupon Condorcet began to read a long paper, the scope of which was to prove that the French people were forced into this war by the iniquity of despots, and that they had given no provocation whatever. Gensonné, who had been working with a committee appointed to draw up the decree of war, soon stepped forward with that decree written and finished; and forthwith the Assembly adopted it unanimously, and appointed a deputation of twenty-four to carry it to the Tuileries for the king's signature and sanction.*

The poor helpless king, who hoped that the chances of war might liberate him from his captivity, if they did not restore him to his former power, gave the required assent, and war was declared, to the universal satisfaction and joy of the people. Becquey, who had been hissed

* Hist. Parlement.

and hooted in the Assembly, was almost the only public man that deprecated hostilities, and quite the only one that had the boldness to declare that the French from the beginning were aiming at aggressions and foreign conquests, and were looking to war as the most profitable occupation in which their unbridled, half-famished democracy could be engaged. Robespierre and his party regretted the declaration of war, only because they considered that the army had not yet been sufficiently democratized, and that Lafayette and the generals of the old monarchy would be sure to betray the people. The language of the Jacobin club was—"Let us have *sans-culottes* generals, *sans-culottes* officers, and none but *sans-culottes* for soldiers, and, by arms and by adroit emissaries, the tricolor cockade will make the tour of the globe."

At the moment when war was declared, the vast frontier of the kingdom from Dunkirk to Huningen was divided into three great military commands; and was watched, besides, by numerous corps of national guards, and a whole people more or less armed. On the left of this long line, from Dunkirk to Philippeville, was the army of the North, commanded by old Rochambeau, and consisting of 40,000 men and 8000 horses. Between Philippeville and the lines of Weissembourg was the army of the Centre, commanded by Lafayette, and counting at least 45,000 men and 7000 horses; and to the right of this Centre, and stretching away from the lines of Weissembourg as far as Basle, was the army of the Rhine, commanded by Luckner, and consisting of 35,000 men and 8000 horses. The frontier of the Alps and the Pyrenees, where attacks were expected from the King of Sardinia and the King of Spain, was watched by General Montesquieu with another army, which, for the present, had nothing to do, as the Italian and Spanish courts were not yet ready to act in concert with the emperor. Of the three generals on the northern frontier, where the war was to commence, Lafayette was the best stationed; and, as he was also the youngest, it was expected that he would be the most active of the three.

He had spoken loudly of the great things he would perform, but he was destined soon to find that he could do little or nothing; that he was suspected by his own troops, and that the widest differences of opinion prevailed between him and Rochambeau and Luckner, and again between all three of them and Dumouriez, who, though minister for foreign affairs, acted as war-minister and took upon himself the entire direction of the campaign, the Girondist de Grave, the nominal war-minister, being a young man, and equally without experience and ability. Dumouriez insisted from the beginning that they ought to commence operations by making a dash upon Belgium, where the people were ready to rise and join them. "The number of the discontented in that country," says Dumouriez himself, "was so very encouraging! The dismantling of the fortifications, and the rupture of the Barrier treaty, caused by the late Emperor Joseph, had prepared the Belgic provinces to receive the law from France, because there was nothing to protect them from invasion. The people appeared to solicit our assistance. In short, whether friendly or unfriendly, it was wise to select this as the first theatre of the war, in order to anticipate the House of Austria. . . . . Besides, but little preparation was needful for the attack. The Austrians had not more than 30,000 men there. The country was rich and fertile and everywhere open, and the people expected us with impatience: as a proof of which it is to be recollected that they received us with joy six months after, notwithstanding the shameful disasters that accompanied our first ill-managed attempts at invasion."* But Rochambeau, when this plan was opened to him at Paris, had strongly disapproved of it, had recommended remaining on the defensive, had called Dumouriez a fool, and had set out for his head-quarters on the frontiers in a pet. Lafayette, who had been so eager to assist the Belgian revolutionists two years before, when the Emperor Leopold was reducing them to order, and when Austria had given no provocation whatever to

* Mémoires.

France, not only approved of the plan of invasion, but endeavoured to appropriate to himself the original conception of it. He not only attempted to deprive Dumouriez of his glory, but, according to that brilliant adventurer, the most trickish and intriguing of men, he tried to trick him and dupe him in other matters, and set forth ambitious claims, which could not have been listened to without disgusting Rochambeau and Luckner, and giving to him (Lafayette) more power than any party was disposed to intrust him with.

The plan being somewhat modified, a part of the invading force, which was all to be concentrated under the present command of Lafayette, was drawn from Rochambeau's army of the North, and a part from Luckner's army of the Rhine. By the 1st of May, Lafayette got all his heavy artillery as far as Givet; but, instead of pressing forward for Namur, which he might have taken on the 2nd of May, he began making a fixed position of Givet. General Biron, setting out from Valenciennes, crossed the Belgian frontiers on the 29th of April, and on the 30th pressed onward for Mons. But scarcely had his people caught sight of some Austrian light troops which General Beaulieu had sent out of Mons, when they set up a terrible shout that they were betrayed, and this was presently followed by the cry of *Sauve qui peut*. Two regiments of dragoons, who are said not even to have seen the enemy, galloped back into the ranks of the infantry, swearing that they were surrounded and betrayed; and the infantry, thrown into perfect disorder by this unsoldierlike movement, took them at their word, and followed them in their mad flight. In vain Biron, young Rochambeau, and other officers conjured them to stop; there was no rallying them; and they never stopped till they reached Valenciennes, where they threatened to massacre all their general officers. These 10,000 fuyards were pursued by only 500 or 600 Austrian light horse, who captured Biron's baggage and military chest. On the very same day and hour Major-General Theobald Dillon's division of 3000 men, which had left Lille and advanced as far as Bessieux,

manifested the same panic at the apparition of 800 or 900 Austrians who had sallied out of Tournay; and they fled back to Lille without ever looking behind them, abandoning artillery, baggage, and almost everything else. Theobald Dillon, who entered Lille after the fugitives, was massacred by his own men, as well as a lieutenant-colonel of engineers. The bodies of these two victims, together with that of an unsworn priest, were hung up on a gallows; and, the populace joining the soldiery, all kinds of excesses were committed, including the butchery of some Austrian prisoners of war, who had been surprised and taken near the frontier at the first irruption.* No one dared to hint that brave men ought to have stayed to see how they were betrayed before they fled; all joined in crying that their superior officers were aristocrats, and engaged in a plot against liberty. Lafayette would no longer venture to move from the position he had chosen at Givet, and he stayed there, doubting of his troops and complaining of Dumouriez and the rest of the Gironde ministry, till his provisions began to fail him. Although they agreed on no other point, old Rochambeau united with Lafayette in writing letters to the king and to the National Assembly, to throw all the blame of what had happened upon Dumouriez and *his* plan of campaign, and at last to declare that they could no longer obey the orders of an ignorant Gironde council and a presumptuous minister.

The Parisian clubs took up the cry of the soldiery, that they had been betrayed by their aristocratic leaders. The Cordelier club sent a deputation to the bar of the Assembly. In simple truth, there had been no fighting whatever, for except a few stragglers, none of the French had got within reach even of an Austrian rifle; if they had stopped in their panic flight, and had formed, the Austrians must have run back without fighting, for they

* The reader will look in vain for this horrible fact in M. Thiers and the French writers of history. We derive it from a letter addressed by Lafayette to the minister at war, dated Givet, the 2nd of May.

were solely light troops, without artillery or anything whatever to support them; but the journalists and popular harangues had always been talking about Thermopylæ, and the orator of the Cordelier deputation was determined that a Thermopylæ there should be, or should have been, with a perfect parity of numbers to the ancient one. "Three hundred of our brethren," said they, "have perished! They have had the fate of the Spartans at Thermopylæ! The public voice, always truer than the ministerial voice, makes us believe that they have been the victims of treachery and treason!"

During all these days, or from the arrival of the news of the disgraceful flight of the troops on the frontier at the beginning of May, down to the dissolution of the king's guard at the end of that month, many significant debates and proceedings had taken place in the great Jacobin club; and it may be imagined whether the teeming Jacobin press lay unproductive or silent. After Chabot had declared that not only Dillon, who had been massacred, but that all the other generals were rank traitors and conspirators, Robespierre undertook to explain the results which might be expected in future, if the whole army was not put under true sans-culotte generals. He also delivered a discourse, and printed it afterwards in his own newspaper, "On the means of making war usefully." In this discourse he said that the idea had often been emphatically announced that the French printing-press would be as terrible an engine as French artillery in prostrating kings and tyrants; yet, under a corrupt administration, no life and activity had been put into this revolutionary press. Why had there not been printed manifestos and short essays to develope the doctrines of the rights of man, and the true principles of democratic liberty? Why had not such papers been translated, under the eye of the French government, into the German language and the Belgic patois? Why had not such translations been distributed, by tens of thousands, among the people and the soldiers of the Austrian army, before the French columns attempted

to move into Belgium? This was a monstrous omission. If the French really wished for victories, and the destruction of kingships and aristocracies, they must thoroughly convert the common people, the popular masses, in the countries which were to be the seat of their wars; they must indoctrinate and revolutionise the standing armies of all the despots; and, in working in this sense, the French press would be indeed more terrible than French artillery. But before they could carry on the war usefully abroad, there was one general measure that was absolutely indispensable: this was to make war at home upon aristocracy, perfidy, and tyranny! If they struck down the enemies to the people, if they thoroughly worked out the glorious principle of the Rights of Man within France, they might expect victory and every advantage without, but not otherwise. After warning the people to beware of Lafayette, and of every other commander, Robespierre concluded by saying, "Frenchmen, if you would conquer, be patient, intrepid, cautious, proud, cool, and *distrustful!*"

Urged on by suspicion and fear (the two great sources of the national cruelty) numerous arrests were made; the prisons were crammed with unsworn priests and with men who had had the misfortune to be born in the condition of gentlemen; riots and *émeutes* were made in Paris and elsewhere; it was announced that Paris alone contained 40,000 conspirators against the 'Rights of Man,' who must be watched and kept down by the true sons of liberty from the departments; a cry for blood ran through the whole kingdom, and that this thirst might be satisfied, the Girondins, uniting with the ultra-Jacobins, passed a decree, calling to the capital 20,000 of the provincial federates—the most needy and desperate of those armed rabbles which Lafayette had mainly helped to call into existence. These desperadoes were for the most part *sans-culottes* in the literal meaning of the term. When they joined and fraternised with the now pike-armed *canaille* of Paris and of the faubourgs, they were irresistible; and the reign of terror, with its wholesale massacres, may be said to have begun from that day.

At this critical moment Antoine François, a member of the Assembly, and a native of Nantes, where, before the revolution, he had exercised the double calling of lawyer and officer of customs—a thrifty, shifty man, who was now a hot republican, but who, like so many others, became an Imperialist under Napoleon and a Royalist under the restored Bourbons,—announced that the great Dr. Priestley had confided his son William to his care, in order that he might make a good Frenchman, or citizen of the world, and republican of him. Priestley himself, in a farewell address which he or his friends took care to print, said to his son, "Go, and live among a brave and hospitable people! Go, and learn from them to detest tyranny and to love liberty!" François of Nantes, after reading a long eulogium on the science and exalted liberalism of the English father, demanded letters of naturalization for the son. Lacépède, the naturalist, who had acquired fame before the revolution began by a treatise upon reptiles, seconded the motion, and the letters of naturalization were granted unanimously. This being done, William Priestley presented himself at the bar of the Assembly, to express his gratitude for that national adoption which had admitted him into the number of French citizens, &c. Together with the decree for calling up the confederates, the Assembly also presented, for the king's sanction, a terrible law awarding transportation or imprisonment to all priests who had refused to take the *serment civique*. "This prince," says Dumouriez, "was not only scrupulous, but courageous, when religion was concerned." Louis laid the decree of law upon the council-table, and declared that nobody should ever prevail upon him to sanction it. Dumouriez told him, that far from saving the priests by his veto, he would expose them to the danger of being massacred. The queen objected to the proposed federated camp. "Think, sir," said she to Dumouriez, "how hard it is for the king to sanction a decree which will bring 20,000 rogues to Paris, perhaps to massacre him!" The constitution established allowed the king a suspensive veto, but his present Gironde ministers, in

common with the Assembly, were determined that he should not exercise any such power. These *sans-culottes* ministers insulted Louis to his face, brow-beat him, and turned the council-chamber into a bear-garden; they frequently quarrelled with one another in the royal presence; and, on one occasion, a quarrel came very nigh to the drawing of swords and the shedding of blood under Louis's eyes. The *virtuous* Roland, who assumed to be a sort of premier, behaved towards the king in a heartless and treacherous manner. He was leagued with all the men that were most eager for the abolition of royalty and the overthrow of the constitutions they had so solemnly and so repeatedly sworn to maintain at the cost of their lives; and, while occupying the post of a minister of the crown, he was incessantly sneering at monarchic institutions. Now he obstinately persisted in reading a long letter at the council-table which he had addressed, some two or three days before, to his majesty. This precious piece of political pedantry and republican insolence was written, not by citizen Roland, but by the citizeness his wife, who was in the habit of drawing up nearly all his plans, and writing nearly all his papers; and who magnanimously declares, in her Mémoires, that for her husband she could even have condescended to write homilies and sermons!

The Girondist lecture to royalty, like nearly all the productions of that school, is long and tediously verbose; it has been printed in many places, and may be found entire in the book of M. Thiers, who calls it "that famous letter;" but the substance of it was, that, through various iniquitous means, the constitution had got lamed, and could not march; that the king had been guilty of perjury, &c.; and that nothing could make the constitution go, except the rigorous execution of the new decree against the priests, and the immediate assembling of the patriotic camp of 20,000 men. After telling the king that it was vain for him to think of drawing back or of temporizing, this amiable republicaness, who soon saw blood enough, and whose own veins soon went to swell the red torrent, said in this letter, which her husband read to the king's face—"The revolution is in the mind

of the people; it must be purchased at the price of blood, and be cemented by blood, if wisdom does not prevent it by adopting measures which are still possible!" "Monsieur Roland," said Louis, "it is now three days since you transmitted a copy of this letter to me: it was, therefore, useless to read it to me before my council; and, besides, you told me it was to remain an eternal secret between you and me." The king then withdrew. By the advice of Dumouriez, the king dismissed Roland and his satellites, Servan and Clavières. Upon this Roland wrote a letter to the Assembly, and basely enclosed in it his letter to the king, which he had solemnly declared should never be known, except to Louis and himself. The Assembly read "that famous letter" with enthusiastic applause, and forthwith ordered it to be printed, and sent to the eighty-three departments. The menaces and sinister prophecies it contained insured, in a manner, their own fulfilment; and Roland's telling the king all that he had to fear from the people was, indeed, suggesting to the people all that they had to do against the king.*

The publication of this letter to the king, which, as Dumouriez says, actually pointed daggers at the breast of that unhappy prince, would have produced some terrible *émeute*, without any other agency, public or secret. But there were secret and most powerful agencies that had been most actively employed ever since the moment that Louis turned out the Girondist ministers; and nothing was more true than the intelligence Dumouriez gave the king, that the Girondists, united by Mayor Pétion and the municipality, were agitating the faubourg St. Antoine. Pétion—Virtue Pétion, as he was now styled by the sans-culottes, who, in little more than a year, drove him away, to perish by famine or by poison, and to be devoured by wolves,—had all the necessary knowledge of persons and places. He called upon the brewer Santerre, the butcher Legendre, the ex-Capuchin Chabot, the ex-marquis St. Huruge, and other men of that stamp; he held several meetings with them, and urged them to make a demonstration with their Parisian pikes;

* Dumont.

which, by this time, were counted at some thirty or forty thousand. Pétion even made up matters for the nonce with Robespierre, whose *esteem* he had lost by identifying himself with the Gironde party; and the immense popular influence of the Incorruptible was added to that of the mayor of Paris.

It was soon resolved to break into the Tuileries, and give the king and queen a moral lesson. On the 20th of June, at the dawn of day, an immense mob began to assemble in the faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marcel to beat of drum. About eight o'clock they began to form themselves into marching columns; but it was not until nearly eleven o'clock when brewer Santerre, at the head of a strong detachment of invalids and other old soldiers, joined them, that they began their march towards the Tuileries. Nothing could be more terribly clear than their emblems and devices. Their standard, *par excellence*, was a pair of old black silk breeches extended on a tall cross-staff, with these words underneath:—"Tremble, tyrants! the sans-culottes are coming!" On another tall staff they carried a bullock's heart, pierced through with the steel head of a pike, and having inscribed beneath—"Aristocrat's heart." Women and children marched in column with the men, and all were armed with pikes and iron-shod clubs. From the pike-heads streamed tricolor ribands; and banners were distributed along the line of march, with inscriptions like these:—"Without breeches, but free;" "Down with the Veto;" "Long live Liberty;" "Death to all tyrants;" "Advice to Louis XVI.;" "When the country is in danger all sans-culottes rise;" "The people are tired of suffering, and will have an entire liberty or death;" "We only want union, liberty, and equality;" &c. They halted at the door of the Assembly. All the côté droit who had courage enough to express their opinion declared that the Assembly ought not to admit this armed multitude; but the Jacobins and the Girondists, with louder and bolder voices, declared that the citizens, who only wanted to present a petition, ought to be received by the representatives of the people with civility, respect, and a welcome. Ver-

gniaud, "the most eloquent orator of the Assembly whose soul was devoured with the love of the public good," mounted to the speaking-place, and told the Assembly that these were not times to be too particular. Dumolard, on the other side, said that everybody knew that that shameful abuse had been established; but that it was now time to put an end to it, if they did not wish the Assembly and the king to appear equally, in the eyes of all Europe, the merest slaves of an insolent mob. But, while he was speaking, the lumbering of cannon, the roll of drums, and the shouts, and shrieks, and shrill cries of men, women, and children, announced that the faubourg columns had arrived in the square outside the Salle de Manège, and a letter was handed in from Santerre to the president. This letter, which was read with that promptness which was demanded by any missive from such a quarter, stated briefly that the patriots of the faubourgs merely wanted to be admitted to the bar, in order to confound their calumniators, and prove themselves still the men of the 14th of July, 1789. In the midst of an idle debate—most idle and absurd in every respect, for if they had wished it, the Assembly could not have kept out the pikes and the clubs, the bullock's heart, and the black breeches—the impatient mob rushed into the hall, and filled it almost to suffocation. Then Guadet made a speech, not merely to excuse, but to justify their coming; and to propose that they should be permitted to defile, with their arms and banners, before the Assembly. Crowding into some order, the head of the columns came up to the bar; and then Santerre, with a naked sword in his hand, being flanked by St. Huruge, who held another drawn sabre, delivered an oration in his loudest voice. The burden of it was that the sovereign people must have their way in all things; that the king had committed a crime against the nation by the late dismissal of that patriotic minister Roland; that the armies, instead of being in the high career of victory and conquest, were inactive and paralyzed; that it was suspected that this inactivity was owing to the executive power, and that, if this were true, the executive power ought to be annihilated forthwith. When this precious

harangue was finished, the president (M. François of Nantes, the same who had made Dr. Priestley's son a French citizen) replied, with what some French writers call "remarkable dignity." He told Santerre and the pike-armed rabble that they were all fellow-citizens, and that the people and the Assembly were but one; that the Assembly, as the representatives of twenty-four millions of men, announced to them through his organ that they would disconcert all the plans of the conspirators by the sword of the law, as the law alone ought to avenge the people, &c. By that time there were at the least thirty thousand men, women, and children in the Place de Carrousel, and they all intended to defile through the Hall with their pikes and their bludgeons, their swords and guns. One formalist of a deputy wished to know whether the citizens of the faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marcel were to be permitted to traverse the Hall thus armed; but the Assembly, to save their dignity, called him to order, and, without mentioning arms, decreed that the citizens should traverse the Salle. While this idle talk was going on among the legislators, the sovereign mob formed, and began to march through the Hall, coming in at one door and going out at the other, and shouting "Down with the Veto! Long live liberty and equality! Long live the patriots without breeches!" and dancing the Carmagnole, which was their war or liberty dance, and singing, in deafening chorus, the Ça Ira, or "It will go" song. A very long time was necessarily consumed in these performances; and it appears to have been about four o'clock in the afternoon before the patriot citizens got clear of the Hall, and consolidated their columns for an assault on the Tuileries. They had scarcely cleared out when another formidable deputation, though not quite so numerous, marched up to the bar of the House, as if to give an additional, but scarcely necessary, proof of how much the Girondists had had to do with this insurrection. The deputation consisted of armed men from the first and second battalion of the department of the Gironde, who were going, they said, to the frontiers, and who could

not, in passing through Paris, neglect to pay the homage of their respect and fidelity to the Assembly. As soon as their orator had read his oration, and the complacent president had replied to it, the House adjourned till the evening, and the deputies went to their dinners. In the meantime the patriot columns, with the transfixed heart at their head, moved along the strong iron railing which encloses the garden of the Tuileries. Some faint hope was entertained that the gens d'armes and the national guardsmen would stand by the king; but the gens d'armes refused to load their muskets, and the national guards surrounded the artillery, swearing that they would not permit them to fire upon the people. If the king's guard, so recently and so opportunely disbanded, had been there, matters might have taken a different turn; but, with such precious defenders as Louis had, he could do nothing but submit. The national guards threw open the gate, and the living torrent rushed into the garden, with Santerre and a cannon at their head. Near the door of the palace a number of respectable citizens surrounded the brewer, and endeavoured, by persuasion or by terror, to prevent his entrance. They told him that he would be responsible for whatever might happen; that he was the sole chief of that most unconstitutional movement; that he had basely deceived the people, and would soon be regarded by all as a scoundrel. Santerre turned pale; but butcher Legendre gave him an encouraging wink, and then the brewer cried out, "Gentlemen, I take you all to witness that I refuse to march at your head into the king's apartments!" and then the *gentlemen* who carried pikes and the bullock's heart, perfectly understanding what was meant, closed their ranks, pressed forward, and swept on before them Santerre and those who were remonstrating with him. They found the strong oak-door of the outward apartment closed upon them; but they dragged a cannon up the broad staircase, and pointed it against the door, which presently flew open. At the same moment other divisions of the patriots broke open other doors and windows with sledge-hammers and axes, and entered different parts of the palace at once.

Nothing remained between the king and the mob, save one inner door, which presently shook and cracked under the blows of the sans-culottes. Louis ordered it to be opened, and even advanced to meet the mob, expecting instant death, but being prepared to die unflinchingly like a martyr. "What is it you want?" said he. The foremost patriots recoiled awe-stricken; but anon the masses in the rear, who could neither hear his words nor see his calm, unmoved countenance, drove them forward, and in they rushed by hundreds. Some of the grenadiers of the national guards who belonged to the more respectable classes had got into the room by a private staircase. M. de Bougainville, fearing that, if they did not murder the king with their pikes and axes, the in-rushing multitude would throw him down and smother him, cried out to these grenadiers to carry his majesty into the embrasure of one of the windows, and place benches and tables before him to keep off the crowd. This was promptly done, and the few grenadiers placed themselves immediately in front of the benches between the king and the rabble. "Sire, fear nothing," said one of the grenadiers. Louis took the man's hand, and, placing it over his heart, said, "Feel whether I fear!" Twice, it is said, a pike was thrust at his body, but parried by one of the national grenadiers. But there was another member of that doomed race who could meet martyrdom with a heart as unpalpitating as Louis, and who had active courage as well as fortitude and the power of enduring. At the deadliest part of the hurly-burly and fury, Madame Elizabeth attempted to run to her brother. The irresistible mob were uttering frightful imprecations against the queen, and calling for her head. "Ah!" said Elizabeth, "let them believe that I am the queen, so that she may have time to escape!" The noble-minded woman could not reach the king, nor could the queen and her children escape out of the palace, which was invaded on every side, and completely surrounded without. They, too, were prudently carried into the embrasure of a window in the council-chamber, which was within the apartment where Louis was standing; and there they

stood, behind chairs and tables—the queen, her little boy and girl, Madame Elizabeth, the faithful Princess of Lamballe, the Princess of Tarente, and three other ladies. A national grenadier had the forethought to hand the queen an enormous tricolor cockade, and this she stuck in her cap. Many of the sans-culottes had got drunk on bad wine, which had been copiously distributed to them by Santerre and others. One of them in this condition presented to the king, at the end of a pike, a cap of liberty or bonnet rouge, or one of those red worsted night-caps which Brissot had learnedly recommended as the proper head-gear for republicans: Louis calmly took it, and placed it on his head; and, further to pacify the madmen, he joined in the cry of "Long live Liberty! Long live the Nation!" By this time the heat was suffocating. The king complained of thirst: a black bottle was handed to him from the mob, and he drank out of it—to the health of the nation. The grenadiers had placed him on a table, as near as possible to the window, and there he stood for full four hours with the red cap on his head. A young man mounted another table in front of him, and kept repeating for a long time, "I demand, in the name of the hundred thousand souls who surround me, the recal of the patriot ministers! I demand the sanction of the decree against the priests, the sanction of the decree for the camp of twenty thousand men! I demand the immediate execution of both decrees, or you shall perish!" The only answers that these and other terrible and indecent threats could extort from the king were that this was not the form or the manner in which to demand his assent—that he would never depart from the strict line of the law and the constitution. The Assembly, who had adjourned and gone to their dinners, in order not to be called upon to interrupt the moral lesson of the mob, did not re-assemble until past six o'clock. Then, to preserve some appearances, they sent a deputation to the palace to request the mob to withdraw, and to tell the king how sorry they were for all that had happened. About the same time Mayor Pétion found his way to the Tuileries, to allay the storm—to conjure the foul fiend which he

more than any other man had raised. Approaching the king, he said, with one of the most barefaced lies that ever came from the lips of Jacobin or Girondist, "Sire, I have only this instant learned the situation in which you are placed." Louis calmly replied, "That is very astonishing, for I have been in this situation these two hours!" And there, in spite of the coming of Pétion and the deputation from the Assembly, he was destined to remain nearly two more mortal hours, half-stifled by the heat and stench, half-deafened by harangues here and harangues there (there were fifty orators speaking at once in different parts of those state-rooms), and by shouts and clamours inside and outside, that never ceased for a single second. In the end, between eight and nine in the evening, it being considered that the moral lesson was complete, Santerre, "the king of the faubourgs," got all his patriots out of the palace. Vergniaud, and the republican deputies, who had come over from the assembly in deputation, could scarcely have desired to see royalty in a more degraded state, or a palace more perfectly sans-culottized. The sadness of the scene, and perhaps still more the tone of the queen's voice, and the expression of her countenance, drew tears even from the eyes of that lost Jacobin, Merlin, who was one of the deputies whom the Assembly had so opportunely and appropriately sent to the king. Marie Antoinette perceived his emotion, and said to him, "You weep, M. Merlin, at seeing the king and his family treated thus cruelly by a people whom he has always wished to make happy." "It is true, Madam," replied Merlin, "I weep for the misfortunes of a woman, handsome, endued with sensibility, and the mother of a family; but, do not mistake me, there is not one of my tears shed for the king or for the queen: I hate kings and queens—this is the only feeling they inspire in me—this is my religion." Thus ended that doomsday of monarchy, the 20th of June, in the Tuileries; for no pen has attempted to put upon record the scenes which passed in that palace when rabble and legislators were all withdrawn, and the royal family were left to themselves.

Eight thousand Parisians, not of the sans-culottic order, had signed a petition against the federate camp, and twenty thousand of the same class of citizens now signed an address to the king. Some other addresses came up from Rouen, Havre, and several large towns. All the respectabilities of the national guards vowed—now that it was far too late—that they would stand by the king, and resist the pikemen, who were threatening the most complete and most sanguinary anarchy. Lafayette, too, brim-full of confidence, resolved to go to the capital and there bring the Jacobins and pike-men to order, and set all things straight. He who was in very truth, "by dint of experience, improving in blunders," quitted his army, and suddenly appeared in Paris on the 28th of June, at an early hour of the morning. Old Luckner had told him that the sans-culottes would surely cut off his head; and several persons on his road had entreated him to give up his desperate project. His arrival, the news of which was heard with astonishment, was soon known throughout Paris. He went to the bar of the Assembly and said, that "the acts of violence committed on the 20th at the Tuileries have excited the alarm and indignation of all good citizens, and especially of the army!" This was doing worse than nothing. He saw the king and queen at the Tuileries, and told them that he was going to save them and the monarchy from destruction; but he had no rational, feasible plan of deliverance to propose, and their majesties would not and could not trust him. It was said that the queen declared to those about her that it was better to perish than to trust a man who had done them so much harm. After passing a night or two at Paris, not without the risk of being assassinated, this hero of two worlds fled rather than travelled back to his camp on the frontiers. He had not got many miles on his road ere he was burnt in effigy by the Parisians, with horrible imprecations; and at the same time Jacobin emissaries, travelling nearly as fast as himself, were wending to the army to preach mutiny and murder to the common soldiers. That nothing might be wanting to keep up the ferment, Mayor Pétion placarded

the streets of Paris with an alarming proclamation, commencing, "Citizens, the storm is preparing!" As it was a Sabbath-day, when all the world was idle and abroad, this placard was seen by everybody. It led to a deal of scuffling and fighting with sticks in the streets and public places; and several individuals who belonged, or were supposed to belong, to Lafayette's party, were wounded, and all but killed, in the Palais Royal.

It was not long after this that certain intelligence was received of the hostile movements of the King of Prussia. On the morning of the 11th of July the Assembly voted that the country was in danger. This decree made the people more suspicious and more ferocious than ever, and the dethronement and imprisonment of the king were now loudly called for on all sides. Lafayette had made a federation of respectabilities, but now it had been resolved to have a feast of the federation of the pikemen and the 20,000 desperadoes from the provinces. On the morning of the 14th of July, the federates assembled in the faubourg St. Antoine with the most desperate of the sans-culottes; the pikemen and pikewomen were admitted into the ranks of the national guards, whose commanders had been all changed; the gendarmerie on foot and horseback, and all the troops of the line then in Paris, drew up on the boulevards; and from the square of the Bastille to Porte St. Martin nothing was seen but troops and an armed multitude, the rough pikes being rather more numerous than the bayonets. Some of Lafayette's respectability battalions were observed to be sadly thinned; the bankers, the stockbrokers, the merchants, the lawyers, the men of property or gentlemanly habits, had refused to serve under the sans-culotte commandants that had been appointed. A faubourg orator delivered an harangue upon this text:—"All the kings of the earth are conspiring against us; therefore let us swear the ruin of all kings." The members of the Assembly, the municipal authorities, and all manner of constituted bodies joined the armed mob. Nearly every man wore on his hat the words "Long live Pétion!" or "Pétion or Death!" The virtuous mayor was the real

hero or idol of this feast, as Lafayette had been of the federation of 1790; but, although the blinking eyes of Pétion could not see it, his glory had reached the culminating point. The wretched king, who had not been able to prevent this new federation, made up his wavering mind to be present at it, with some most faint hope that, by showing himself in the midst of the people, and these much-dreaded federates from the provinces, and by protesting and taking fresh oaths, he might turn the ceremony to his own advantage, disarm the popular animosity, and still that terrible cry for déchéance, which could only be a synonyme for death. The queen, who showed on every occasion a determination to share in the dangers of her husband, insisted upon accompanying him. They took the little dauphin with them to the Champ de Mars, where they arrived long before the procession, and where they were kept waiting, without receiving one sign of respect or goodwill, except from a few timid hirelings whom Bertrand de Molleville had paid to cry "Vive la Reine!" when the queen should hold up the dauphin in her arms to show him to the people. The Champ de Mars was surrounded with eighty or more pieces of artillery; and every inscription, emblem, or device, looked like a threat and a malediction to royalty. At last—at about five o'clock in the evening—the multitudinous procession, loosely estimated at from 400,000 to 500,000 men, women, and children, began to arrive, deafening the royal ear with shouting "Long life to Pétion! Pétion or Death!" and revolting the strong religious feelings of the king by filling the air with church incense, burned before the only God of the French, the plaster-of-Paris image of Liberty. When the federates and the pikemen, the national guards, and the troops of the line, had volleyed their oaths, as if they had been firing shot at the enemy, the king proceeded on foot, from a tent which had been pitched for him and his family, to the deal altar of the country, to swear again to that constitution which was falling all to pieces, and which was so soon to bury him and his under its ruins. The president of the Assembly and a host of other func-

tionaries committed, knowingly and wilfully, the same act of perjury, in the midst of cannonading, shouting, and *Ça Ira* singing. Louis then descended, and traversed again the confused mass of the people, which rolled and roared like the Bay of Biscay in a storm. These people never saw him again until they saw him, firm and composed even as he now was, upon the guillotine scaffold in the Place Louis XV., re-named "Place de la Révolution."

The reception of two terrible and most ill-timed manifestoes of the Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the Prussian army of invasion, the arrival of more republican federates from the south, the re-modelling the Paris Municipality, and the fury of the clubs excited by Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and men of that stamp, very soon led to a more sanguinary invasion of the Tuileries. The king had been permitted to collect, for the defence of the palace, the Swiss guard and some of the cannoneers of the national guard. On the night of the 9th of August the tocsin was sounded in the faubourg and throughout Paris, and early on the morning of the 10th the mob and the federates began to assemble in the Place du Carrousel, where they massacred four individuals, because they were dressed like gentlemen, and wore small swords at their sides. For some time there was hesitation and fear of red-coated Swiss among the sans-culottes of the faubourgs. That burly brewer Santerre, who had a very loud voice and very little courage, proposed that the business should be put off for a day or two. But Westermann,—the hero of this 10th of August,—caught the brewer by the throat, and told him that he must march or die. At about six o'clock the heavy firing of cannon told the court that their merciless foe was coming. "Sire," said the queen, "this is the time to show yourself, or never." Louis put on his hat, and descended to the gardens to address his troops. Some grenadiers of the national guard belonging to a respectable section put their caps on their bayonets and cried for the last time "Vive le Roi!" But the rest looked with mixed anger and contempt at the king,

and, irritated at the cry of the grenadiers, and encouraged by the arrival of some of the cannoneers, who came to point their guns, not against the people, but against the palace, they shouted "Vive la Nation!" "Vive la Liberté!" "A bas le Véto!" "A bas le Traître!" "Vive Pétion!" and presently mingled with such cries hooting and cursing. Rœderer, one of the highest municipal authorities, who appears to have been employed to frighten the royal family into taking refuge among the legislators, now told the king and queen that they must fly to the Assembly. While Rœderer was speaking, another municipal officer arrived, and said that the people demanded *only* the dethronement of the king. "But," said the queen, "after this dethronement—*what will happen?*" The municipal was silent. "Sire," cried Rœderer, "your majesty has not five minutes to lose! there is no safety for you except in the Assembly." "But, sir," said the queen, "we have troops yet . . . ." "Madame," replied Rœderer, interrupting her, "all Paris is marching!—*tout Paris marche!*" And then addressing the king with greater earnestness than before, the procureur-général added, "Sire, time presses; it is no longer a prayer that we make to you, it is no longer an advice that we take the liberty to give you; we have but one thing to do in this moment, and that is, to demand permission to drag you to the Assembly!" At these words poor Louis, who had been seated near a table with his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed on the ground, raised his head, looked fixedly at Rœderer for some seconds, then turning towards the queen he said, "*Marchons*—let us march," and then rose. His affectionate sister said to the procureur-général, "Monsieur Rœderer, you answer for the life of the king?" "Yes, Madame, with my own life," replied Rœderer, who then opened the death-march. At the foot of the great staircase Louis halted, and said to Rœderer, "But what is to become of all those persons left upstairs?" meaning the members of the diminished court, his faithful servants, and the devoted men who had run to the palace in the course of the preceding night to share in his

danger. It was never in the heart of Louis to be indifferent—as monarchs so often are—to the fate of his friends and servants; nor could any extremity of danger or distress drive them from his mind. Rœderer replied, that, as all the gentlemen appeared to be in plain clothes, they had nothing to do but to leave their swords and come out—that harm could scarcely happen to them. The king continued his march. As they passed along the terraces of the Tuileries gardens, they had to walk over leaves which had fallen abundantly from the trees in the course of the night, although it was only the 10th of August. "Here is a great fall of leaves," said Louis; "they fall early this year!" Some days before this Manuel had written in a newspaper that the king would only last till the fall of the leaves. The little dauphin playfully kicked the leaves about, all ignorant of the prophecy and its actual fulfilment. The president of the department ran beforehand to the Assembly to announce that the king was coming. A deputation came forth from the Assembly to meet the king. "Sire," said the president, "the Assembly, eager to concur in securing your safety, offers you and your family an asylum in its own bosom." *

With the departure of the king all motive for resistance seemed to cease at the palace, where the means of defence were diminished by the departure of the grenadiers and others who had helped to escort the king. The gens-d'armes, who had so implicitly obeyed procureur Manuel, quitted all their posts, and joined the people with cries of "Vive la Nation!" the national guards that remained in the great court-yard and in the gardens of the Tuileries were now all of one mind, for those who were well disposed to the king saw now no

* Rœderer, Chronique de Cinquante Jours; Proceedings of the Assembly, as given in Hist. Parlement.; Pétion's Account, ibid.; Cléry, valet de chambre de Louis XVI., Journal; Madame Campan; Toulongeon, Hist. de la France depuis la Révolution; Marquis de Ferrières, Mémoires; and other Mémoires of the time.

chance of saving their lives except by declaring for the insurgents; but the brave Swiss—five or six hundred men, for some of this corps, too, had gone to give escort to the royal family—remained at their posts within the palace, nothing daunted by the tens of thousands that were gathering around them; and there they determined to remain until their orders to that effect should be revoked by those who had given them. On the other side, the Marseillese and the Breton federates, who had come to fight, and who could not brook the idea of being disappointed of the pleasure of storming the château, were resolutely bent upon entering the palace; and the party, or rather the parties, whose impulses they obeyed, wished for some grand scene there that might terrify all non-republican members, and drive the Assembly to a rapid solution of the *déchéance* problem. To scare the Swiss, who, with their muskets on their shoulders, were looking out at the windows and doors of the palace, the mob paraded along the Feuillant terrace with four bleeding heads stuck upon pikes. Finding that this had no effect, some of the insurgents parleyed with the Swiss, who, in sign of peace and friendship, threw cartridges out of the windows, but intimated at the same time that they must do their duty. Westermann, who had removed the indecision of brewer Santerre in so energetic a manner, could, as a native of Alsace (which was still more than half German, and which never ought to have been allowed to be French, or become a part of France), speak a bad German dialect with facility; and, as he fancied the Swiss might not well have understood those who had parleyed with them in French, he spoke to them in his Alsatian German. Still the brave, stern men from the mighty Alps and the high Swiss valleys, remained firm as their native rocks, the only men or things that were firm on that day, or that had been firm for many a long day in France. Not only was the Place du Carrousel now crowded, but the quays on the other side of the Tuileries, and every spot of ground near the palace, were covered with armed multitudes, who, for the most part, were kept in ignorance of the fact that the king

and his family were no longer there, and who consequently urged on the attack with a blind fury. Some voices nearer at hand roared out, "Only give up the château to us, and we are friends!" But the Swiss made no answer. The next message or summons on the part of the patriots was spoken by three loud cannons that fired over or into the roof of the Tuileries. Such of the nobles and gentlemen in black, and such of the servants of the royal household as had not escaped before, now fled from the doomed place in the best manner they could. Many of them, however, were slain either by cannon balls within the palace or by the pikes of the patriots outside of it. The Swiss returned the fire of the three great guns; and the insurgents then plied all their cannon and all their musketry, firing on the palace from different sides and angles, and aiming chiefly at the door-ways and windows. But presently the Swiss made a bold sortie from the palace, drove the insurgents back from a barricade which they had almost mastered, and out of the great court-yard, seized one of the pieces of artillery which had been placed there, turned it against the retreating Marseillese, gave many of them a lasting quietus, and in brief space of time entirely cleared the Place du Carrousel. Many of the flying rabble never stopped until they reached the Faubourg St. Antoine, and never re-appeared on the scene of action until the only work to be done was to butcher helpless prisoners. Westermann, who had risked life and limb like a soldier, rallied the Breton federates, and the demoiselle Théroigne, a lady of the Palais Royal, who had had a great deal to do with every revolutionary demonstration since the march to Versailles, ran from rank to rank, crying "Vengeance! vengeance! victory or death!" even some of the runaway pikemen rallied; and some of the national guardsmen who had remained within the iron-railing of the Tuileries, infuriated at seeing Frenchmen fly before the Swiss, and the blood of their countrymen shed by foreigners, fired upon the Swiss on flank and rear. The very battalions of Filles St. Thomas and Petits-Pères joined in this

fusilade. The mass of the artillery of the besiegers was gradually collected on one good point; more guns, seized by the mob at the arsenal and in other places, were dragged forward; some barricades were raised, and a close concentrated fire was opened upon the Swiss and the château. But still the Swiss kept up their fire by volley and platoon, and, by dint of musketry and their single cannon, they captured three other pieces of artillery—but unfortunately without their linstocks. At this moment many lookers-on were very doubtful whether a complete victory would not remain to the Swiss. Napoleon Bonaparte, than a very young and a very poor officer of artillery, who was among the spectators, and who afterwards pretended that he was indifferent or merely led to the spot by curiosity, although, in fact, he was then professedly an out-and-out Jacobin of the school of Robespierre, thought that the Swiss must beat if they had only a skilful commander. But the Swiss, unable to use the three guns they had just captured, and assailed by the national guards as well as by the enemy in front, were soon compelled to fall back upon the palace. They had left, however, on the Place du Carrousel from a thousand to twelve hundred Frenchmen killed and wounded—so dreadful had been their fire, and so close and thick the masses against which it had been directed—and their case was by no means desperate, when M. d'Hervilly arrived from the Assembly with the king's order to them to cease firing. The Swiss, relieved from that duty for which alone they had been hazarding their lives against such fearful odds, would gladly have piled their arms; but the insurgents, who obeyed no orders, or at least none that came from the king or from any other constituted authority, kept firing on, more vigorously that ever. Some few of the Swiss did, however, quit their posts to follow M. d'Hervilly to the Assembly, where he promised them life and security; but the rest remained in the palace—and many of them, it is said, never knew, or had an opportunity of knowing, anything about the king's order. Cannon-balls and bullets were flying about too thickly to

allow d'Hervilly to make any long stay. He was scarcely gone ere Westermann led the Marseillese and Bretons to another assault in front of the palace, while another body of insurgents attacked it with artillery on the side of the Louvre. Long and bloody was the contest, and many a Marseillese and Breton fell dead on the terrace and on the marble steps before Westermann forced an entrance by the great door; and then the Swiss obstinately defended every step of the broad staircase. But, as soon as the Marseillese and Bretons got footing in the interior of the palace, they were followed by thousands of national guardsmen of the sans-culottic districts, and by thousands of pikemen from the faubourgs, by a living mass which might have seemed sufficient to make the old oak beams and rafters of the Tuileries crack and break, and so bury together in one hideous ruin Swiss and French, the assailants and the assailed. The republicans even dragged up heavy guns to burst open the inner doors with grapeshot. At last the Swiss, who were for the most part wounded and covered with blood, threw down their arms and cried for mercy. Never was such a cry more vainly raised; the French fell upon them, and commenced one of the most atrocious of massacres—a butchery in which mere children and women, armed with pikes and knives, took part. One division of the victims, from two to three hundred strong, formed into a column, rushed out of the palace, and endeavoured to cut their way to the Champs Elysées, and thence on to Courbevoie, where were hundreds of their brave countrymen and brothers in arms, in barracks and doing nothing, but who, had they been kept in Paris, might have given a very different turn to the fortune of the day. They kept together, and in perfect order for some time, defending themselves with their bayonets, for they had consumed all their cartridges before they quitted the palace; but, attacked from every side, fired upon by artillery and musketry, and seeing every avenue blocked up, they hesitated, halted, consulted, and then broke and fled in small parties, and in every direction, crying, "Quarter! quarter! mercy!" Nearly every

man of them was massacred by the ferocious mob, who mutilated their bodies, and stuck their heads upon pikes. Out of 700 or 800 brave fellows who had mustered in the palace on the preceding evening, not more than 150, or, at most, 180, outlived this bloody day; and many of these afterwards died of their wounds or of grief. But few were killed in battle; they were butchered when they were prisoners or utterly helpless. So madly savage were the Parisian mobs, or patriots and patriotesses, that they murdered all the door-porters they could reach, as some of those men were Swiss, and as they were all called Swiss—the word Suisse having become, in Parisian French at least, a synonyme for "door-porter." As a large party of them—fifty, or, according to other accounts, eighty—were on their way to the Hôtel de Ville, under escort of a detachment of national guards to whom they had surrendered—a ferocious multitude in the Place de Grève burst through the ranks of the national guards, and murdered the helpless prisoners in cold blood to the last man, the guardsmen looking on, and, it is said, making not the slightest effort to save men whose lives ought to have been sacred in their eyes.

The massacres were not all over till late in the evening; but as early as eleven o'clock in the morning the triumphant shouts of the people informed the republican deputies sitting in the Assembly, Jacobins and Girondists, who had set them to this work, that they had conquered, and that the Tuileries was in their possession. Until the moment when this certain intelligence was received, these reformers and reconstructors of nations, though they had the king and his family in their hands, were quivering with agitation and alarm. The cannon which was fired close by—for their hall was not many hundred yards from the palace—shook the walls of their Areopagus, and their windows were nearly all broken by the concussion of the atmosphere and by random musket-shots. Some of the illustrious deputies rose and went to the door; but to go out where balls were flying like hail was more dangerous than to remain in; and so

they returned to their seats or vaulted into the speaking-place to talk about the glory of dying for the country, and the imperative duty of all representatives of the people to remain at their posts in the hour of danger. As the guns boomed and the House shook, they talked the louder to keep up what heart was left in them. A portion of the armed mob rushed in at the door of the hall; but it was not the mob that these orators feared, and so they greeted the in-comers with shouts of "Vive la Nation!" The next thing they did was to decree an address calling upon the people to respect, not the palace they were attacking, but "the Rights of Man, Liberty, and Equality," and to order that this brief address should instantly be printed and placarded. As soon as this was decreed they had recourse to some more swearing, which they always employed like a dram: they all rose on their feet, stretched out their right hands, and, to the loud accompaniment of the galleries, they swore that they would perish *if* necessary, for the defence of liberty and equality. Then a deputation from one of the sections, composed of daring men who had ventured to come to the House through the terrible storm that was raging, appeared at the bar to say that their section fully concurred in the petition for *déchéance* which Mayor Pétion had presented, to declare that they too had sworn to die for liberty and equality, that they were all tired of the crimes of the court, and wanted to get rid of kings for ever. The king and his family were present, though stowed away in the reporters' box. After some more harangues from deputies of the mob, and some very long ones from deputies of the Assembly, President Vergniaud, with the ordinary Gironde cant, spoke of his own tender feelings, and of the deep grief the Assembly must necessarily feel in being obliged to have recourse to rigorous measures; but he ended with saying that these measures must be adopted instantly, or farewell liberty! farewell equality! farewell the existence of France as an independent nation! His propositions were seven, but the essential ones were these:—1. That the French people were invited to form a National

Convention, to take place of the existing Assembly. 2. The king was provisorily suspended from his functions, until the National Convention should pronounce upon the measures proper to secure the sovereignty of the people and the tranquil reign of liberty and equality.

The uncrowned king, panting in the close hot box of the short-hand writers, had scarcely heard the Assembly vote this decree, ere Guadet presented the plan for constructing a new popular ministry—a plain and simple rule, for the members of the Assembly were themselves to elect all the ministers for the present. And as soon as this was agreed to, Guadet said that the same rule would do very well for choosing a governor for the king's son. Two things appear pretty certain; the Girondists must have had these decrees, and projects of decrees, and orations ready written in their pockets, and the côté droit, who had shown so much energy and boldness during the two or three preceding days, must either have kept away from the Assembly for fear of being massacred, or they must all have lifted hands and taken oaths with the republicans in dread of the armed patriots, who crowded both the galleries and the body of the House. Hitherto there had been no division, everything being carried by acclamation; nor can we find that, in the course of the whole day, or in the course of several following days, there was a single deputy that ventured to offer one word of opposition or remonstrance or protest. And the Jacobins, who were determined not to leave all the honours of the day to the Girondins, now proceeded rapidly to propose and carry decrees which could not be otherwise than fatal to the Gironde, who had little or no hold on the popular masses. Jean Débrie proposed that the Assembly, having just sworn so solemnly to maintain and carry out the principles of liberty and equality, ought forthwith to admit the natural right of universal suffrage, and ought to decree that, for the approaching convention, every citizen of the age of twenty-five, and living by the produce of his labour, should have a vote; and this too was adopted

unanimously. Choudieu demanded, as measures very essential to the general safety, that a camp should be formed under the walls of Paris, to be composed of the people of Paris, and of all other patriots that chose to repair to it; that the Parisian cannoneers who had been so active in this day, should be allowed to place their artillery battery on the heights of Montmartre, which commanded the capital; and that from this moment the Assembly should remain in permanent session. As soon as all this had been decreed unanimously, Lacroix, another most thorough-paced Jacobin, demanded that the Assembly should instantly appoint a committee, or commissioners, to go to the army on the frontiers to announce the changes which had taken place, and to keep the soldiers in the right path.

When this and more was done, Isnard called the attention of the House to the new cabinet that it was to form. "And," said this Girondist, "since the Assembly declared that *Roland*, *Clavière*, and *Servan*, carried with them the regret of the nation, we owe it to the public opinion to reinstate those three virtuous ministers immediately by a unanimous vote!" The House voted as he proposed, and thus, through the bloody paths of insurrection and anarchy, the husband of Madame Roland found his way back to the cabinet. This being agreed to, the Assembly proceeded to elect the three other ministers by simple vote. Danton, who had gone into the Tuileries when all the fighting was over, with a drawn sword in his hand, was appointed minister of justice by an overwhelming majority; Monge, the mathematician, was named minister of marine, and Lebrun minister for foreign affairs. At half-past three in the morning the Assembly suspended their labours for a few hours. The king and his family were conducted to four small rooms on the upper floor which had been destined to the use of Camus the archivist.

On the afternoon of the 13th, they were all conveyed from the Assembly to the dismal prison of the Temple, situated in the filthiest part of Paris. "And thus," says Dulaure, who is verily an historian worthy of his sub-

ject, "thus the antique monarchy of the Franks, the dynasty of the Capets, established by force in barbarous times, was annihilated by force in civilised times!"

The vapouring confidence, the pride of Lafayette had a terrible fall. He was compelled to run from the monster whom he had unchained. The Assembly sent three members of their house to arrest him in his camp, and then ordered Dumouriez, who had been appointed to the command of a division of the army on the frontiers, to march against him as a rebel to the people. When he appealed to the soldiers in his camp, they told him that they were all sans-culottes, and threatened to lay hands on him; and, on the 19th of August—only nine days after the bloody affair of the Tuileries—the hero of two worlds found himself under the humiliating necessity of flying from the fury of his own troops into the territories of the Austrian Emperor. His kind words and deeds towards our country during the American war are pretty generally known, but not so is the fact—though derivable from his own writings—that, during his brief revolutionary greatness in France, he had proposed a scheme for lighting up the flames of rebellion and civil war in Ireland;—and this too at a time when we were at peace with France, and more than two years before our friendly intercourse was threatened with interruption! Yet, despairing of making a new insurrection in Holland (another of his darling projects), and even of being safe in that country, and confessing (as he does repeatedly) that he was fully convinced that England was the only country in Europe in which he could be secure from arrest and captivity, he resolved to honour us with a visit, and claim the protection of our laws and the benefits of our hospitality. Perhaps it would not have been easy for the most ingenious of men to traverse the Low Countries at such a moment; but Lafayette chose his course so badly that he went but a very few miles ere he fell into the hands of an Austrian detachment, and was taken prisoner together with the few companions of his flight. He remained in captivity until the peace of Campo Formio in 1797, when he owed his liberation from

the dreary fortress of Olmutz to Napoleon. He filled the wide world with his loud complaints of Austrian injustice and cruelty; but if he had been caught on his flight by his own countrymen, either he would have been torn to pieces or he would have perished under the guillotine. As it was, the Assembly outlawed him, and the Commune had his effigies destroyed by the common hangman. Lafayette, in quitting France, had boasted that he had put his lines in excellent order for repelling the foreign invaders. Dumouriez says that he found all the dispositions Lafayette had made as bad as they could well be: the army was divided into two bodies; the advanced guard, consisting only of 6000 men, occupied an extensive camp on the right bank of the Meuse, which it would have required 40,000 men to defend; the main body, consisting of 17,000 men, was posted three leagues in the rear, in a bad camp on the heights that overlook Sedan. He says that the consternation was general; that the soldiers considered all their officers as traitors; that no one took upon him to issue orders, and that, assuredly, if the Duke of Brunswick, any time between the 22nd and 28th of August, had but pushed forward 10,000 men towards Sedan, Lafayette's army would either have dispersed itself among the fortified places, or have fled as far as Paris. But the Duke of Brunswick was moving in a different direction, and by marches that were not forced marches. Slow, however, as was their progress, the Prussians sat down before Longwi on the 23rd of August. This town, on the Moselle and the north-eastern frontier of France, was small and poor, but it had a fortress on a rock, which had been constructed by the great Vauban. After summoning the place the Prussians commenced bombarding it. The garrison was in a terrible state of disorder and indiscipline; their commandant had no control over them; and the inhabitants, although they had all sworn to die for the country, had not fixed the when or the where, and were anxious not to die just yet. In a very few hours the place was surrendered to the Duke of Brunswick, who allowed the garrison and the commandant to retire to other fortresses more in the

interior of France. The Prussians then blockaded Thionville, and advanced upon Verdun. On the 26th the news of the surrender of Longwi was known all over Paris. It produced the greatest alarm and rage: the people, who attributed the surrender to treachery, believed that they and their cause would be betrayed everywhere, and that the Duke of Brunswick would be allowed to reach the capital and execute his tremendous threats without any valid opposition. Cambon demanded that the Assembly should instantly decree a levy of 30,000 men in the department of Paris and the departments nearest to the capital. The proposition was voted by acclamation. It was then hinted that though men might be ready enough to march, they could not well march without muskets; and this led to the passing of resolutions, that all those citizens who were not going to march to the frontiers should deliver up their guns to those who were; that domiciliary visits should be made, and that muskets and all other arms should be seized whenever they could be found.

But it was in the municipality or commune that the greatest fervour and energy were displayed. Danton, who attended there much more constantly than in the council of ministers, recommended the measures of vigour and rigour that ought to be adopted at the present crisis. It was he that suggested the taking into pay and arming all the indigent men in and about Paris. It was Danton's plan that the barriers should be strictly guarded and closed for forty-eight hours, and that the domiciliary visits should not be made merely in search of arms, but also for the arrest of all aristocrats, of all unsworn priests, of all who had put their names to anti-revolutionary petitions, of all, in short, who were in any way *suspect*. In order that all these victims might be seized within Paris, the strictest and most terrible orders were given to let no living being pass the barriers; and the pikemen and the sans-culotte national guardsmen, who watched those barriers and every issue from the capital, wanted neither threatening nor prompting to make them keen in their duty. On the morning of the terrible 29th news

was received that the Austrians were advancing rapidly, and that nearly the whole of La Vendée was up in arms. The panic and the fury were trebled. The Girondist ministers lost what little heart had been left in them, and proposed abandoning the capital and retiring to Saumur. But here Dantou raised his sonorous voice, and said—"You cannot be ignorant of the fact that all France is in Paris! If you abandon the capital you are lost for ever, and you deliver up all France to the enemy. You must maintain yourselves in Paris, cost what efforts it may. It is also impossible to think of fighting under the walls of the capital: the 10th of August has divided France into two parts, one attached to royalty, and the other wishing for a republic. The republicans, whose extreme minority in the state you cannot conceal from yourselves, are the only men upon whom you can rely—are the only men that will fight. The rest will refuse to march; they will agitate Paris in favour of the emigrants and foreigners, while your republican defenders, placed between two fires, will get themselves killed in endeavouring to repel the invasion. If they fail, as it seems to me they must do, the ruin of France and your own ruin are certain: if, contrary to every expectation, they should return as conquerors of the coalition, still this very victory will be a defeat for you; for it will have cost you the lives of thousands of brave republicans, while the royalists, even now more numerous than you, will have lost none of their force or influence. My opinion therefore is, that, to disconcert their measures and stop the foreign enemy on his march, we must strike terror into the hearts of the royalists!" The Girondist ministers understood the sense of these terrible words: it is said they shuddered at them, and remained speechless. "I tell you," rejoined Danton, "that there is nothing for us but terror! We must terrify the royalists and all our enemies here at Paris! (*Il faut faire peur!*)" Gentle Roland, honest Clavière, amiable Servan, mathematical Monge, are said to have continued to sit silent and horror-stricken, staring with eyes of wonder at their brother minister Danton and one another; but, whatever was their wonder,

whatever their horror, it is not shown or even said by any one that they made the slightest effort to stop the realization of the scheme of terror and slaughter proposed by this truly revolutionary minister of justice. We know their utter powerlessness, we know that no efforts that they could have made would have prevented the massacres which had already been determined upon; but just and brave men, enthusiasts in all the higher virtues, as the Girondists pretended to be, would have made the attempt, and would have been massacred themselves rather than have lived to witness such infernal cruelties, such an eternal disgrace on the character of their country. But these men were hollow pretenders: they only felt for their own personal danger, which is said to have been great, inasmuch as some of the directors of the massacre wished to include them in it; and when their own danger was over, they would have shaken hands with the blood-stained ruffians who had relieved them from all future dread of royalty and aristocracy. From the council Danton strode to the Hôtel de Ville, to give the last directions as to the proper means of beginning the Reign of Terror. The chief men who acted under him or with him were Marat, Tallien, Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Panis (a little lawyer, and brother-in-law to brewer Santerre), Sergent (an engraver and Cordelier), Duplain, Lefort, and Jourdeil; but the active agents in the arrests, which were preparatory to the massacre, included nearly every member of the commune, whose total number was at this moment from five to six hundred. All kinds of subterfuges and suppressions are employed by French writers to diminish the numbers of the butchers of the revolution, and to make the world believe that all the worst crimes were not only conceived, but were absolutely perpetrated by a few individuals; but their ingenuity can deceive no one that will look into the facts. Before these hundreds of municipals began the domiciliary visits, they knew as well as Danton himself the meaning and the object of them.

At the appointed hour the drums beat to arms, the

tocsin was sounded, alarm-guns were fired, and the visitations were begun. Many hundreds of victims of both sexes and of all ages were torn from their homes or from their hiding-places, and crowded in upon the many thousands that already occupied the prisons. Nobles, officers, men of letters and journalists that had taken the wrong side, or that had not gone far enough or fast enough with the revolution,—ladies who had belonged to the old court, and ladies who had never belonged to any court, but who had emigrants or some other aristocrats for their husbands or lovers,—priests who had not taken the civic oath, and priests who had taken it and repented of it afterwards,—men, and women too, who had never taken any part in political matters, but who had been denounced as *suspect*, by personal enemies or by busy-bodies, to the committees of research and surveillance, were all clutched by the municipals and their armed force, and put into prison like sheep into pens to be ready for slaughter. These operations were continued during the following day and night. On Saturday, the 1st of September, they ceased, and the barriers were once more opened for a few hours. But in the course of the day it was reported (prematurely) that Verdun had fallen—and fallen, like Longwi, through treachery. Hence fresh panic, and fury, and madness, and hence a cry for blood from every faubourg and section, from every street, lane, place, and corner of that large mad-house—a cry which encouraged Danton, and gave him the assurance that all Paris, or the sans-culotte part of it to a man, would either co-operate in his great work of terror or look on complacently. The burly minister of justice or blood went again to the Hôtel de Ville, and helped the commune to decree that on the morrow the tocsin should be sounded, the guns of alarm should be fired, and the citizens should all meet in arms, with their muskets or their pikes, in the Champ de Mars. The decree added, for form's sake, that these armed citizens were to march off on Monday morning for Verdun: but no one was deceived by this pretence, and those who had relations or friends in the prisons, and who had

courage enough to show their interest in them, well knowing that the prisons were to be forced, and that all in them were to be murdered, hastened to supplicate and implore the commune to liberate the objects of their affections.

The morrow, the 2nd of September, was a Sunday; it had been chosen because most of the people would be idle, and so have time to spare for the bloody work. Most of the grand crimes of the revolution were, for the same reason, committed on Sabbath-days. The commune issued a proclamation to tell the people that the country was in far greater danger than ever; that the enemy was almost at the gates of Paris; that there was nothing but Verdun between them and the capital. A report was also circulated that the aristocrats were going to break out of prison that very night in order to put Paris to fire and sword. The National Assembly met in the morning, and, while the sans-culottes were assembling in the streets, or marching to the Champ de Mars, the honourable deputies, who must have known what was coming, spent their time in speech-making and in spinning rhetorical figures. That there might be no mistake, two members of the commune came to the bar to announce that the tocsin was going to sound, and that all the patriot citizens of Paris were assembling in the Champ de Mars in order to march against the enemy. The Assembly thanked their municipals in the name of all France for their beautiful patriotism, and invited them to the honours of the séance. Orator Vergniaud poured out a long rhapsody. "It is to day," said this great Girondin, "that Paris will really show herself in all her grandeur! From this day forward we have nothing to fear!" After talking about the corrupting gold which the enemies of liberty were distributing, and after making use of other arguments and figures which, however he might mean it, certainly tended to keep up the popular fury and thirst for blood, Vergniaud proposed that the Assembly should every day send twelve of its members to work with the people in digging trenches

on Montmartre. At this proposition all the house rose and shouted, and all the galleries did the same; the decree was passed in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. Soon after this scene the tocsin was heard ringing from the Hôtel de Ville, and all the church towers, and the Salle de Manège was shaken by tremendous discharges of artillery, and Danton came to the bar with a radiant countenance. "Gentlemen," said this minister of justice, "it is very satisfactory to the ministers of a free people to have to announce that the country is going to be saved. Every thing is moving, every thing is shaking itself, every man is burning with anxiety to fight. You now know that Verdun is not taken, but only invested. You know that the garrison have sworn to immolate the first man that proposes a surrender. One portion of the people of Paris are going to march to the frontiers, another portion are going to work at the entrenchments, and a third will defend the interior of the city with their pikes! . . . . The tocsin that you hear is not the signal of alarm; it is only sounding the charge on the enemies of the country! To conquer them, to annihilate them, what is wanting? Audacity, audacity, and still audacity!—*toujours de l'audace, et la France est sauvée.*" The Assembly applauded, the Assembly approved all that he and the commune had done, saying nothing, hinting nothing about the first and immediate consequences of this universal insurrection and meeting in the Champ de Mars.

The honourable members went quietly to their dinners at four o'clock, and returned to the House at six, with a fuller knowledge than ever of what was to be done; but still no generous effort was made, no voice was raised to plead the sacred cause of humanity. They knew that the barriers were again closed; that the prisoners in all the prisons and strong houses in Paris, that the royal family in the Temple were in agonies of alarm and expecting instant death; yet they passed their time in listening to deputations who came to make vapid speeches, and to offer for the service of the country a new musket, an assignat of fifty livres (not then worth five-pence), a

pair of hackney-coach horses, a uniform coat, &c., &c. A deputation of citizenesses came into the Hall to make the significant demand that all such as were detained in prison merely for debt should be instantly liberated, in order that they might not be confounded and punished with the traitors. Yet still the Assembly did nothing, said nothing, to avert the horrible doom that was hanging over many thousands of their countrymen and country-women; nay, at this very moment they agreed to a demand that the state prisoners at Orleans should be brought nearer to Paris, or nearer to torture and death. Some mad Englishman had just offered a musket for the defence of liberty, when news was brought that the prisons were forced, and that the massacres were beginning; and a minute or two after Fauchet announced that two hundred priests had been already butchered in the church of the Carmelites, which, like other churches, had been converted into a prison. Then the Assembly, without any evident or extraordinary emotion, appointed a deputation to go forth and tranquillise the people; and for this object they selected only five of their members, and those five were men more likely to encourage the people than to check their savage rage: they were the ultra-Cordelier-Jacobin Bazire, the Jacobins François de Neufchâteau, Dussaulx, and Lequinio, and the Girondist Isnard, who is generally reputed the most enthusiastic or maddest of his faction. As soon as these members had quitted the Hall, other deputations arrived to make more speeches about dying for one's country; and there sat the Assembly listening to these orations, while young and old, the innocent and the helpless, were dying in heaps all round them. At one o'clock in the morning it was reported in the Hall "that the *disorder* continued, and that the people were still killing the prisoners." Then for the first time—when the massacres had been going on for nine hours—the Assembly made an application to the omnipotent commune. And what was the nature of this application? Was it an earnest entreaty, a solemn injunction, a passionate appeal to the commune to put forth its whole strength, and stop these murders

en masse? No! it was nothing of the sort; it was merely to request the commune to give the Assembly "precise information" as to what was passing. At half-past two in the morning three commissaries of the commune, Tallien, Truchot, and Giraud, presented themselves in the Hall in order to give this "precise information." Truchot, who spoke first, said with a coolness that could only have proceeded from his approbation of all that had been done, "Gentlemen, most of the prisons are now empty; about four hundred prisoners have perished. At the prison of La Force, to which I repaired, I thought it my duty to get out all the persons detained there only for debt. I did the same at the prison of St. Pélagie, &c." Tallien, who spoke next, was equally cold-blooded. "The people," said he, "went first to the Abbaye. They demanded from the governor of the prison his register and list of prisoners. All the prisoners detained for the affair of the 10th of August, or for forging assignats, perished at once. The council of the commune sent a deputation to oppose this *disorder*. [The villains would not even call it a massacre.] The procureur of the commune employed all the means suggested by his zeal and humanity. He could do nothing, and saw several victims perish at his feet." What the Assembly did for some hours after we know not; we only know that the massacres continued, and that no effort was made by them or by any of the Gironde ministers to stop them. This duty more especially concerned the virtuous Roland, as minister for the home department; and Roland did nothing until the evening of the 3rd, when he *complained* to the Assembly—or rather until the 4th—when he wrote a pressing letter to Santerre for a military force, which Santerre never sent.

We cannot enter upon anything like a complete account of the orgies of human blood which did not entirely cease until the 9th. Such an account, compiled from the innumerable narratives left by eye-witnesses, would fill a larger volume than ever has been written upon the Sicilian Vespers or the massacre of Saint Bartholomew,

and would contain details infinitely more atrocious than any connected with those two celebrated butcheries of human beings. The slaughterers—the *égorgeurs*—proceeded systematically with their bloody work, enlivening their toils with song and dance, and exhibiting as much the monkey as the tiger part of their character. The first victims sacrificed on the Sunday were twenty-four priests who had been arrested that morning for refusing the Serment Civique. They were put into six hackney-coaches and were literally hacked to pieces in the streets, with the exception of one, the Abbé Sicard, the celebrated teacher of the deaf and dumb, who was bravely and miraculously rescued by a watch-maker who knew him. Billaud-Varennes, at this time a member of the Council of the Commune, dressed in his insignia of office, presided over this butchery of aged helpless men, and told the people they were doing their duty. This being done, two hundred priests who lay under lock and key in the Church of the Carmelites were massacred to a man, not without much laughter and many jests on the part of their murderers. Being refreshed with wine sent to them by the committee of the section, the égorgeurs went to the Abbaye, wherein were confined from two to three hundred persons, including Swiss, Gardes-du-Corps, deputies of the first Assembly, priests, ladies, and others. These were nearly all dispatched in the course of the night; and during that same night, throughout which the Assembly sat, some hundreds were massacred in other prisons, and many scores in the streets.

On the following day, Monday, the 3rd, Roland and that other extra-virtuous Gironde minister Servan, appeared in the Assembly, to request that some stop might be put to the popular excitement, "which had been produced by a few malicious men." The house agreed on a proclamation to the people, which was to be read by sound of trumpet. But it was late in the evening of the 3rd before this proclamation was drawn up, although, from morning till noon, from noon till night, the égorgeurs, with short intervals for rest, continued their work.

Roland, who had accompanied Servan to the bar, did not speak, but he handed in a longwinded, pragmatical, pedantic letter full of generalities, commonplace axioms, and self-laudation. Madame, his wife, applauds his wondrous courage in being the first to raise his voice against the massacres. Yet how did virtuous Roland speak of these multitudinous and gigantic abominations? Why, he mingled praise with his blame, and, in most gently condemning what had happened, half hinted at the usefulness of the popular fury; and he openly and directly eulogised the 10th of August, which threw both the throne and the Assembly under the feet of a rabid democracy, and which led directly to these very massacres. "The wrath of the people," said this self-sufficient, coldblooded formalist, in this letter to the Assembly, "The wrath of the people and the movement of the insurrection are to be compared to the action of a torrent which sweeps away obstacles which no other power could remove, but the over-flooding and rush of which spreads ravage and devastation, unless it return very soon into its bed. Without the day of the 10th of August [*a day rendered, by the massacre of the Swiss, as atrocious as any single day of blood that followed it*], it is quite evident that we were all lost; the court, fully prepared long before, was only waiting the moment to fill up its treasons, to spread over Paris the flag of death, and to reign by terror! The feeling of the people, always just and prompt when their opinions are not corrupted, anticipated the moment marked for their ruin, and rendered it fatal to the conspirators! It is in the nature of things, and in the nature of the human heart, that victory should bring with it some excesses: the sea, agitated by a violent storm, continues to roll and roar for a long time after the tempest is over; but all things have their limits." Could Danton, could Robespierre at any time, could Marat himself have spoken of blood and horror with more coolness than this? In another part of his letter, virtuous Roland said, "Yesterday . . . . . was a day on the events of which we ought perhaps to throw a veil. I know that the people,"

terrible in their vengeance, yet observe a sort of justice: they do not take for their victim every man that is presented to their fury; they direct their fury against those whom they believe to have been too long spared by the sword of the law, and whom the perilous circumstances of the times persuade them to immolate without delay. But I know that it is easy for scoundrels, for some traitors, to bring about an abuse of this effervescence, and I, therefore, know that it ought to be stopped. I know that we owe to all France the solemn declaration, that the executive power has been able neither to foresee nor to prevent these excesses; I know that it is the duty of the constituted authorities to put an end to them, or consider themselves annihilated. I also know that this declaration exposes me to the rage of some agitators: well, then, let them take my life; I only wish to preserve it for liberty and equality, &c." He eulogised the gentleness and docility of the French people, and said he was quite sure that if they were only properly informed, and placed "on a level with the circumstances of the times," all would go well until the meeting of the Convention, which was close at hand, and which could not fail of securing tranquillity and happiness under the best of republican institutions. The Assembly had opened their debates at the usual hour in the morning, and apparently without feeling any interest in the massacres that were in progress. A letter was transmitted from Mayor Pétion, who coldly and lyingly affirmed that he knew nothing of the events of the night, until it was too late to apply any remedy! Brissot announced that Verdun was still holding out, and that the enemy had met with a repulse at Montmédy; and was honoured with loud applauses. A milliner came to present some trinkets for the service of the country, and to offer to mount guard in Paris as a soldier: her patriotic daughter, who came with her, presented a silver thimble and fifteen sous. Not a word was said about the butcheries which were going on more actively than ever at some of the prisons, and no further allusion was made to them until the day was far advanced, when

the council of the commune requested that the Assembly would be pleased to name six of their own members to act conjointly with them "in calming the effervescence." [The most atrocious, the most immense and astounding of crimes was, in the language of Pétion's colleagues, only *disorder* or *effervescence*.] The Assembly instantly did as they were ordered, and named six deputies to act with the commune—Bazire, Chabot, Choudieu, Thuriot, Dussaulx, and Lacroix. Four of these six were disciples or admirers of Marat—were Jacobins of the very worst kind; and the remaining two, to say the least of them, were men impatient for a republic, and who were sure not to expose themselves to danger by counteracting their bloodthirsty colleagues, or by opposing the will and energy of the sovereign people. The individuals selected by the council-general of the commune to act with them in calming the effervescence were Robespierre, Manuel, and Deltroy. Business was then suspended in order that the deputies might have time to dine;—for men dined in the midst of all these atrocities, sipped their coffee and their chasse-café while the streets of Paris were running with blood; and the graceful and gracious Madame Roland was giving her dinner-parties and displaying such wit as she had, and turning fine phrases in her Hôtel du Ministère all the while—at least she gave her usual five o'clock dinner to her husband's colleagues in office and the select members of the Gironde on this very day, the 3rd of September, entertaining the madman Anacharsis Clootz, who then and there undertook to prove that the massacres in progress were indispensable and salutary. Yet this woman, who tells us these facts about the dinner, tells us also, that the massacres were continuing; that they lasted at the Abbaye from Sunday afternoon till Tuesday morning; at La Force still longer; at Bicêtre four days, &c.

It was on the morning of this day, the 3rd of September, and while the Assembly and the council of the commune were both sitting, that one of the most damnable of all the murders—that of the Princess de Lamballe—was committed. This lady, a foreigner of royal

blood, descended from the ancient house of Savoy, had come into France at an early age to be married to the Prince de Lamballe, a branch of the House of Bourbon-Penthièvre. Marie Antoinette had become greatly attached to her, and had lived with her for many years as an equal and a sister. Hence, when that torrent of obscene slander and libel began, which preceded the revolution, the name of the princess was always coupled with that of the queen, and she was charged with nearly every vice and turpitude that is to be found in Juvenal's sixth satire. At the time when the reign of liberty began, the princess was a widow, and superintendent of the queen's household. She was and ever had been gentle in her manners, generous in her actions, graceful and kind-hearted to all people, and, though in her fortieth year, her face and form were eminently beautiful. She had never interfered in any business in court or cabinet, except to procure pardons for offences, or promotions and favours for others; but all these things weighed lighter than a feather in the balance against the foul imputations which had been cast upon her for years, and the fact of her being the friend and confidante of the defamed queen, next to whom she was the most hated woman in all France. Her life had been repeatedly threatened—had at one time, when the court was brought from Versailles to be imprisoned in the Tuileries, been threatened daily—and the poissardes, the dames de la Halle, and the other furies who had been wont to sit "knitting i' the sun" under the walls of the palace and in the Tuileries gardens, had often sung in her hearing songs which expressed the happiness they should feel in carrying her bowels on their pike-heads, along with those of the Austrian woman. At the time of the flight to Varennes, the princess got safely out of this Pandemonium; she was living in security and honour in England when the king accepted the constitution, and when her generous affection and devotion to the queen induced her to return to Paris. She followed her royal mistress to the dungeons of the Temple, and was barbarously torn from her at the end

of a few days, to be sent alone to the prison of La Force. She was there when the massacres began on Sunday afternoon; she was there when her chamber door was burst open, and she was told that she must go to the Abbaye. She said she did not wish to be removed; that she was as well at La Force as she could be at the Abbaye, or in any other better prison. A national guardsman approached her bedside—for she was lying on her bed, though not to sleep—and told her that she must go; that her life depended on her obedience. Having with difficulty obtained permission to be left alone for a minute, she rose from the bed and arranged her dress. When the ruffians went in with their infernal "Allons, marchons," and when she saw the blood upon their faces and their hands, she almost sank to the earth or into it; but two men supported her, and leaning upon them she walked or was dragged down to the terrible gate. All agree in relating that she had scarcely crossed the threshold of the prison ere she received a blow on the head from a sabre which made her blood spout; that the blow was presently repeated; that she fell dead among the heaps of dead, and that then the people, (horrible to be told!) *women* mixed with men, stripped her beautiful body stark naked, cut off her head, and committed other mutilations and *acts* which none but a French pen would dare describe—which cause the pen to drop from one's hand in thinking of them. They stuck her head, her heart, her limbs, and other parts of her body upon pikes, and singing and dancing they promenaded them through Paris. When they had done their worst there was a worse behind—when all that they could do to the remains of a beautiful, noble-hearted woman could only damn them to eternal fame without hurting her, an accursed villain cried out, "We must carry her to the foot of the throne; *Allons, au Temple!*" and to the Temple they ran, to show her to the queen, with their horrible shrieks and hell songs, rounded off from time to time with the "Ça ira," "Vive la nation!" "Vive la liberté!" and the Marseillese hymn, the only hymn now sung in revolutionised France.

While these massacres were raging in the capital, fifty-three political prisoners were sacrificed at Versailles.

In various towns and municipalities the people rose with the avowed intention of murdering all political prisoners, all priests, all aristocrats—all men whatsoever who outraged the principle of equality by possessing property and elegant houses or dresses; but in many instances the Communes would not consent to take their lesson from Paris, and the National Guards, not yet sufficiently sans-culottized, courageously opposed the *égorgeurs*. At Meaux fourteen individuals were butchered in the prison of the fort, and a day or two later a good many priests of the town and neighbourhood were put to death by the mob, who carried their heads upon pikes through the streets. At Caen, at Rouen, other horrors were committed; at Roanne seventeen heads of priests and officers were promenaded on pikes; at Gisors the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, ex-president of the directory of the department of Paris, was cut to pieces under the eyes of his mother and his wife; at Rheims, eight priests and laymen were put to death. In the south there were many massacres; at Lyons nearly every prisoner in the Château Pierre-Encise was despatched; and Avignon, where fighting and massacring had never ceased since the expulsion of the papal authorities and its annexation to France, became one slaughter-house. At Bordeaux, the head-quarters of Girondism, attempts were made to sieze the priests, but the mayor and the municipality made head against the insurrection, and it appears that not many were murdered.

No two accounts agree as to the total amount of these wide-spread massacres. Nothing like an exact account was attainable at the time, and now no such thing is to be expected. The 'Histoire de l'Espion,' a work of some authority, states broadly that the number of all who were massacred in the course of the month of September, at Paris and in all parts of France, was 15,000. Barrère and Berville, who published their Mémoires in 1823, make the numbers of those who were *égorgés* in the prisons of Paris alone, amount to 12,800. In this cal-

culation there is evidently some great exaggeration. Peltier, the royalist writer, calculates the number killed in the prisons at 1005; but he omits several of the prisons in his account, and among them that of Bicêtre, where, according to every relation, the murders were the most numerous, and attended with the most horrible circumstances.*

Maton de la Varenne, speaking only of the prisons, and not of all of them, sets down the number of the killed at 1049, of whom 202 were priests; but he relied upon prison registers, which were very imperfectly kept, and took no account of the murders that were committed in the streets and in private houses, or of the massacres perpetrated in Paris after the 5th. There was only a lull then; and though the prisons were emptied by the butcheries of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th, the work of killing was loosely renewed on the 6th and 7th, and was not entirely over on the 9th, while the massacres were well nigh recommencing with as much fury as ever on the 16th and 17th. It is not very probable that any very exact list was taken at any of the prisons of the immense numbers that were sent into confinement by Danton's domiciliary visits just before the massacres began. As there was no possibility of escape; as the barriers were strictly guarded all the time the massacres lasted; as the people had lists of the names of many thousands of obnoxious individuals; as the butchery indisputably lasted four days and nights, in full activity, and as assassinations were performed from time to time during a whole fortnight, we believe it may safely be assumed that from 4000 to 5000 victims perished in Paris alone, and that in all France there fell in the

* This is Peltier's list:

Aux Carmes et à Saint-Firmin	244
A l'Abbaye Saint Germain	180
Au Cloître des Bernardins	73
A l'Hôpital de la Salpêtrière	45
A la Conciergerie	85
Au Châtelet	214
A l'Hôtel de la Force	164

course of this dismal month, by murder alone, some 7000 souls, or near upon half the number stated by the author of 'L'Histoire de l'Espion.'

It is a relief to escape from these civil proceedings, even to the horrors of war, for the worst of them are less revolting than these things. It is admitted by a French military man, writing shortly after the crisis, that, notwithstanding the discordant views of the allied powers, there was a moment when everything was possible; but they suffered that moment to be lost. The French people had been expecting invasion, and preparing to meet it for many months—for more than a year France had been one great drill-ground. There was a time when a large part of the population, not yet indoctrinated by the clubs, or emboldened by success, or committed by daring and extreme acts, were wavering and uncertain; but the allies waited to make their attack till the moment when the unity of feeling and the popular enthusiasm were at their highest pitch; and even then, instead of beginning the campaign early, so as to have all the summer before them, they did not enter France until the month of August. Before Verdun surrendered to the Prussians, Dumouriez called a council of war at Sedan, composed of Lieutenant-General Dillon, four major-generals, Petit (his principal commissary), and his own staff, which consisted only of three experienced officers. He opened the map of Champagne, into which the Prussians were penetrating; and he showed that, Longwi being taken and Verdun invested, while another body of the enemy had advanced beyond Thionville, and were threatening Metz, there were no means left either to form a junction with Marshal Luckner, or to receive succours from any other quarter in time to deliver Verdun; and that accordingly there was nothing to be depended upon but his own army. This army was far inferior in number to that of the Duke of Brunswick; but then the cavalry of it was composed of the best regiments of France, and was upwards of 5000 strong; more than one-half of his infantry (exceeding in all 18,000 men) was formed of regiments of the line; the rest consisted of national

guards, being well disciplined, rendered warlike by a year's encampment, and by continual marches and skirmishes with the Austrians; the artillery, too, being excellent, counting a park of 60 pieces, besides battalion-guns. With such means there was no reason to despair: he thought that this army might be the salvation of France. It had the inestimable advantage of acting in its own country, where every thing was to be expected from the enthusiasm of the people. On the other hand the Prussians would be retarded by the sieges, by the difficulty of finding provisions, by the delays incident to their own convoys, and by the terrible quantity of their heavy artillery. The equipages of so many princes, the number of draught-horses necessary to drag their cannon, stores, and baggage over rough roads, must make their march exceedingly slow. On the contrary, his own army, which could not possibly remain where it was, might move with great rapidity. But in what direction should it move? After various schemes had been proposed, Dumouriez, who abounded in that military genius of which his late rival Lafayette had never given a token, pointed to the forest of Argonne upon the map, and exclaimed:—"Behold the Thermopylæ of France! If I can but arrive there before the Prussians, all will be saved!"* The forest of Argonne is a belt of wood, running on elevated rocky ground, nearly all the way from Sedan to Passevant, a league beyond Ste. Ménéhould, the entire length being about fifteen French leagues, its breadth very unequal, varying from four leagues to half a league. It separates the Bishoprics (Les Trois Evéchés), a rich and fertile country, from Champagne the Hungry, or the Lousy (as *pouilleuse* properly signifies), a district cursed by Nature, in which was neither water nor wood, forage nor pasturage, but one cold bed of clay, without towns or bourgs, with no habitations but a few wretched villages scattered here and there and far apart. The forest was intersected with rocks, watercourses, bogs, and marshes, which rendered it impenetrable to the march of an army

* Dumouriez, Memoirs.

except by five openings or passes. As there were no other means of advancing on the French capital, where the Duke of Brunswick had promised to dine by a certain day, it is astonishing that he should not have secured one or two of the best of these passes; but he had done nothing of the kind, wasting several days in the sieges of Longwi and Verdun, places which he might have left in his rear without any danger. But if he could now discover Dumouriez's intentions, he could hardly fail of remedying his blunder; and, as he was considerably nearer to the best of the passes, or those which led most directly to the capital, the French general must move with the greatest rapidity, or see his plan frustrated. But Dumouriez not only moved with admirable rapidity, but also marched in such a way as to conceal his intention, until it was too late for the Duke of Brunswick to attempt anticipating him. He moved his army in several separate columns; and by the 4th of September all the five passes of the forest of Argonne were occupied by different divisions of his army, which was every day reinforced by the arrival of national guards and volunteers. He had also transmitted orders to Beurnonville to quit the fortified camp of Maulde and march straight to Argonne with his 10,000 men, a considerable portion of whom consisted of Belgians who had revolted against the emperor and joined the French; and Beurnonville was expected to arrive in a very few days. Other troops—another army, in fact—were collecting in his rear at Rheims under General d'Harville.

It was not until the 8th of September that the Duke of Brunswick extended his front, and approached the forest and passes of Argonne. His head-quarters were constantly distracted by conflicting opinions, and disturbed by the petulance and evil counsels of the emigrants, who pretended that, as Frenchmen, they must best know how to manage a war in France, and who evidently misled him from the beginning of the campaign to the end of it. There were several very narrow chances: at one time Dumouriez was driven from his fortified camp; at another a panic seized his new levies.

and more than two thousand men fled with incredible speed to the distance of thirty leagues, publishing every where that the army was betrayed and annihilated, and that Dumouriez and all the generals had gone over to the enemy. But the able strategist contrived to keep the Duke of Brunswick and his army at bay; and by the 19th of September, Dumouriez being joined by Beurnonville and Kellermann, found himself at the head of a force far superior in number to the army of Brunswick. On the 20th the Prussians made a somewhat spiritless attempt to drive the French from the steep hill of Valmy. The affair has been very properly called the *Cannonade of Valmy*: each of the two armies fired more than 20,000 cannon-shot, and yet lost no more, in killed and wounded, than 300 or 400 men each. It however gave great encouragement to the French, by proving to them that their steadiness and their fire could arrest the progress of so formidable an enemy. The young Duke of Chartres (*then* plain M. Chartres, and *now* Louis Philippe, King of the French), was in this battle or cannonade, serving as a general officer, and having for his aide-de-camp his younger brother, the Duke of Montpensier, then a youth of seventeen. Kellermann praised the valour and conduct of both princes, and honourable mention was made of them in the bulletins sent to Paris. Fresh armies were now collecting round the Prussians, who found themselves still entangled in a sterile country, in want of forage and provisions, a prey to a cruel dysentery, occasioned by the badness of their food and by the drenching of the autumnal rains, which now fell incessantly for many days, making the bad roads still worse, swelling all the rivers and streams, and ruining all the baggage.*

* Dumouriez, the Duke of Brunswick, the Jacobin Commissioners, Goëthe, the French newspapers, the English newspapers of the day, all mention these dreadful rains. But a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in commenting on Mr. Carlyle's account of the Campaign of Argonne, doubts or denies that there was any rain at all, and assures us that September is not a rainy month *on the Continent!*

At the beginning of the campaign the Duke of Brunswick had been assured by the sanguine emigrants, that the mass of the population, who must by this time be disgusted with the revolution, would rise and join him, and fight under the French princes who were with him; and, in short, that the campaign would be nothing but a pleasant promenade along the banks of the Marne. But, instead of joining him, or even of remaining neutral, the population of the country seemed armed to a man against him, the peasantry cutting off and butchering all his stragglers, fighting in ambush on almost every road, and not unfrequently intercepting his convoys; and at Valmy he had found that the sans-culottes were commanded by skilful and experienced generals,—that shoemakers and tailors were becoming very good officers, and that the new levies, mixed with old troops, could keep their ground. It was clear that neither he nor the emigrants had sufficiently reflected on the aptitude of the French people for the art and practice of war; or upon the fact that such revolutions must nearly always produce great soldiers. The Prussians were pedants in the art of war, believing that it could only be a successful art when subjected to their own rigid rules; and, as for the emigrants, it was one of the few articles of their limited belief, that *roturiers* could never make good officers—a conviction which was scarcely removed from their minds until the sans-culotte armies, under sans-culotte officers and generals, had overrun half Europe. On the 30th of September, at the dead of night, Brunswick struck his camp, having sent before him his artillery and heavy baggage. On the morning of the 1st of October, Dumouriez detached General Dampier to occupy the abandoned camp of La Lune, which was found strewed with the carcases of men and horses, and offering such startling proofs of the epidemic malady or maladies which had been raging there, that Dampier precipitately abandoned the post, lest his men should be infected. Dumouriez, whose vanity was at least equal to his genius, hurried to Paris to show himself at the theatres, to receive compliments and laurel crowns, to solicit for

more troops in order that he might conquer Belgium, to see which party was getting strongest in the Convention, and to make friends accordingly. In many respects his reception was as flattering as he could have desired; but some of the Jacobins thought that he had not done all that he might have done, and other Jacobins were mortally offended at his having punished some federates who had brutally massacred four deserters from the emigrants. He was, however, enabled to march against the Austrians, who under the Duke of Saxe-Teschen had been obliged to abandon the siege of Lille, and to recross the Belgian frontier, a few days after the Duke of Brunswick's retreat from the Argonne. On the 4th of November, two French armies under Dumouriez entered the Austrian Netherlands in nine columns; and on the 5th, being reinforced by another corps d'armée under d'Harville, they came up with the Duke of Saxe-Teschen, who occupied an excellent position, on some wooded hills near the village of Jemappe. But, if the Austrian position was good, their disproportion in number was very great, Saxe-Teschen not having more than fifteen or sixteen thousand men to oppose to fifty or sixty thousand French.

On the morning of the 6th the French began a general action by cannonading, to which the Austrians replied from some well-placed redoubts. This heavy firing continued without intermission, and without any great effect on either side, till ten o'clock, when the young Duke of Chartres, or, as he was now called, young Egalité, recommended an attack with fixed bayonets.* From eleven o'clock till one in the afternoon several charges were attempted, but every time the French were driven back by cannon ball and grape-shot. At one

* The Duke of Orleans, on being elected a member of the Convention, had taken the name of Philip Egalité, or Philip Equality. Dodsley's Annual Register and other works of the day speak of General Egalité and of the bravery he displayed at Jemappe, without any notion that he was the Duke of Chartres, the son of the Duke of Orleans.

time their centre, after losing a great number of men, was thrown into complete disorder, and was not rallied by the young Duke of Chartres without extreme difficulty. While the duke returned with the centre to attack the village of Jemappe on Saxe-Teschen's right, Dumouriez, putting himself at the head of two fresh brigades, and singing the Marseillese hymn, "*Allons, enfans de la patrie*," moved rapidly to attack some redoubts towards the enemy's left. He was accompanied by several regiments or strong squadrons of horse, and, not relying solely on the bayonet, he carried some light artillery with him. These redoubts were defended by some Hungarian grenadiers, who fought most desperately; but attacking by the gorge of the redoubts, and bringing their artillery within musket-shot, the French at length carried the works, when a fearful butchery of the Hungarians ensued. Dumouriez, anxious about his centre, put himself at the head of his cavalry, and was proceeding at a smart trot to its succour, when he met the young Duke of Montpensier, who was galloping to tell him that the centre was victorious, and that his brother had gained possession of the village of Jemappe after a bloody engagement. This decided the affair; it was only two o'clock, and the Austrians were in full retreat for Mons. The conquered moved off in admirable order, carrying with them all their artillery except seven or eight pieces; the conquerors had scarcely secured their victory ere they were seized with a terrible panic, and, imagining that the Austrians had undermined the hill and that they would all be blown into the air, five battalions abandoned the heights they had gained, and fled in the utmost disorder to a village at some distance. Dumouriez says that it was in consequence of this panic, and of the cowardice of one of his generals and of the disobedience of others, that he could not molest the Duke of Saxe-Teschen on his retreat. The battle of Jemappe decided the fate of the Netherlands, so miserably weak was the force collected for the defence of that rich country, and so disaffected were the Belgians to the House of Austria. Dumouriez states his own loss in killed and

wounded at 2000, and that of the Imperialists at twice that number; but there is reason to doubt whether, from the nature of the combat and of the ground, and from the want of pursuit, the French did not lose as many men as the Austrians. On the 8th Tournay opened its gates to Labourdonnaye, Dumouriez's second in command; Courtrai, Menin, and Bruges, which had been well Jacobinized beforehand, sent deputations to the commander-in-chief and to the Convention; and, as soon as the intelligence of the battle of Jemappe arrived, the French commandant of Dunkirk, with only 1800 foot and 200 horse, marched to Nieuport and Ostend, which received him with joy. Without a single musket having been fired, all Flanders was subdued—or rather, the people joined the French and removed every obstacle to their progress. The exultation of the Flemings and Brabanters was in the course of a very few weeks considerably damped by the arrival of Jacobin commissioners from the Assembly, who plundered them most mercilessly, levying contributions, taxing and harrowing them, as if they had really been a conquered people. Even Dumouriez himself gave them a sad proof of what they had to expect: for almost as soon as he had entered Mons, where the inhabitants received him with the utmost joy, he issued an ordinance requiring from the clergy a forced loan of one year of their revenues; and subsequently, in managing contracts for provisions, he forced the Belgian contractors to accept of payment in French paper-money, which was every day becoming more discredited and worthless. His excuse is, that the Convention had no money to give him, and that the troops, engaging in a winter campaign, were almost naked.

Old Marshal Bender, who had once so terrified the Belgian patriots by the threat of pulling on his boots, was left in Brussels, not to offer any resistance, which was impracticable, but merely to arrange a capitulation. On the evening of the 13th the marshal was summoned by the Alsacian Westermann, become a colonel in the armies of the French republic by virtue of his exploits

in the Tuileries on the 10th of August. Old Bender made the best terms he could, and on the 14th Dumouriez entered Brussels amidst the acclamations of the people, and shouts of "Long live the French! Long live liberty and equality!" Having called upon all the towns in Belgium to raise and equip volunteer corps and militia, Dumouriez left Brussels on the 19th of November, when Labourdonnaye was already laying siege to Antwerp, while Valence was blockading Namur. He captured Mechlin, where he found a great quantity of ammunition and arms, and an excellent foundry for casting cannon. This enabled him to improve the equipment of his troops, and to arm crowds of volunteers who had come from France, where they had been starving for want of employment, to take part in this harvest of glory and gain. The situation of France continued for years to furnish the like adventurers in prodigious numbers, for there was starvation at home, and no calling withing the reach of the common run of men was half so profitable as that of arms. To these numbers must be added numbers—not inconsiderable—of downright republican enthusiasts; and of men passionately fond of war for the mere sake of war and its glories; and again other numbers who could only be safe from the Jacobins and the guillotine by throwing themselves into the ranks of marching armies. All this enabled the revolutionary generals to be careless whether a given operation cost them thousands of lives more or less; the immense numbers which fell were replaced by fresh arrivals: the want of regular employment at home, and the system of terror, were by themselves sufficient to recruit their armies. On the 22nd Dumouriez was astonished by finding the Duke of Saxe-Teschen firmly posted at Tirlemont. Another battle took place. The Austrians, though defeated, continued their retreat in admirable order, abandoning the country foot by foot, and fighting again on the 27th in front of Liege. At the beginning of this war of the revolution many of the Austrian retreats, if properly examined, will be found to be more extraordinary things than the French victories. Liege,

which swarmed with revolutionists and Jacobins, who in various ways had hampered the operations of the emperor's general, welcomed Dumouriez as a deliverer on the 28th. The strong fortress of Antwerp surrendered about the same time to the Peruvian Miranda, whom Dumouriez had sent to supersede Labourdonnaye; Namur surrendered to Valence on the 2nd of December; and thus, one month after opening the campaign, the French found themselves completely masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, excepting the Duchy of Luxembourg.

Dumouriez, having sent Miranda forward to Ruremonde, wished to continue his winter campaign by capturing Maestricht, by calling up the Dutch democrats, and by revolutionizing Holland, and all those Seven United Provinces. It was true the Dutch government had not declared war or entered into the coalition against France; but its predilection for the Austrians, Prussians, and emigrants, and its aversion to the French revolution, were not disguised. But, greatly to Dumouriez's mortification, the Convention and the executive would not send him the order to attack the Dutch; thinking it better, *for the present*, to maintain a neutrality with the Stadtholder, until the Dutch democrats were better prepared for insurrection. Thus circumstanced, he resolved to capture Aix-la-Chapelle. But he was sadly impeded by a pestilent Jacobin poet, Ronsin, who had been sent by the Convention to superintend the civil concerns of his army. On the 7th of December the Austrians fought another battle; but they were far too weak to secure or cover Aix-la-Chapelle, and on the 8th Dumouriez entered the ancient city of Charlemagne as a conqueror. On the 12th, when little more than ten leagues from the Rhine, he put his army into winter quarters.

But it was not alone in the Netherlands that the French, from being invaded, became invaders. The energetic men of Paris had resolved that Germany should be entered. General Custine, who had been attached to the French army on the Upper Rhine, commanded by

Biron, made, with 18,000 or 20,000 men, a dash into the little circles of the empire, where there were no troops in the field, and none but weak garrisons in the fortresses. These silly German electors had all been indulging in the pleasant dream that the Duke of Brunswick would get to Paris, and therefore they had not thought it necessary to make any extra exertions. Spires and Worms capitulated to Custine on the 30th of September and 5th of October, and on the 21st of October Mayence (Mentz) threw open its gates, all the garrison laying down their arms, except some eight hundred Austrians who marched out and joined the grand army of the Coalition. All these successes could have been obtained only through the disaffection of these Germans to their rulers, and the dissemination among them of French principles. Custine had no artillery or material for conducting any siege, and the least resistance must have preserved Mayence: but the town and university were full of democrats and believers in the new exposition of the Rights of Man; and these men had secret intelligence with Custine before he approached the place, and as soon as he had summoned it they urged the necessity of an immediate capitulation. In all directions the first progress of the republican armies was favoured by the people of the countries they invaded, so that the French press and their political propagandists were indeed of more service than French artillery. Custine soon gave the speculative Germans some cause for regretting the welcome they had given him. Quitting the banks of the Rhine, he rushed to Frankfort on the Maine. This free commercial town had remained neutral in all the wars, and her neutrality had been respected by the armies of kings and emperors; but these republicans were not so scrupulous, and they resolved to plunder it, notwithstanding the fact that the people were disposed in their favour, and were wishing them every success. They entered the open undefended place on the 27th of October, and levied contributions in the most rapacious manner.

Ever since the time of Louis XIV. the French had

pretended that the natural frontiers of their country were the river Rhine and the high chain of the Alps; and that Belgium, Savoy, and Nice, which lay within these limits, belonged to France by the assignment of nature. Dumouriez, when minister, had recommended, as a beginning, the conquest and permanent occupation of these countries. We have seen how easily he overran one of them. General Montesquiou, beginning earlier in the season, found Savoy quite as easy a conquest; and General Anselme, who was detached by Montesquiou, and reinforced by six thousand Marseillese, moved under the maritime Alps to make a prey of Nice. In both these possessions of the King of Sardinia, the propagandists had long been at work, and their labours had been attended with very great success. Several days before they made their declaration of hostilities, the Girondist executive had given peremptory orders to General Montesquiou to attack Savoy, and drive all the troops of the king of Sardinia across the Alps, as these troops had been collected for no other purpose than to invade France, and to co-operate with the coalition. Before any blow was struck, the French had made pretty sure of the Savoyards, who hated the Piedmontese; and, by a variety of ingenious devices, they had gained all the information they wanted. A republican general, who thought it no shame to play the part of a spy, took the dress and the name of an Irish priest; and imposed sadly on the credulity of Colegno, the commandant of Chambery, the little capital of Savoy, and also upon the too easy faith of Count Perrone, the governor-general of the duchy. Other emissaries went among the citizens and the people, explaining the stupendous benefits they must derive from the French system, the promulgation of the Rights of Man, the overthrow of the aristocracy, and a fresh division of property. Montesquiou knew that the Savoyards would everywhere join him; and that the troops of the king of Sardinia, about which so much talk had been made, did not really exceed ten thousand men, and these, too, scattered over the country, through the false security or the treachery of those who had the command over

them. On the night of the 21st of September, in the midst of a hurricane and torrents of rain, the republicans dashed across the frontier of Savoy, and took by surprise the important fortress of Sanparellian, which was garrisoned only by a handful of Piedmontese.* Without losing a man, almost without firing a gun, the French reached Chambery, and were there received with transports of joy by the Savoyard patriots. After making a triumphal entrance, and installing a provisionary council of government, composed of ardent democrats, who were *invited* to consider the expediency of an immediate union and incorporation with the French republic, Montesquiou advanced a few miles on the road that led to the pass of Mont Cenis, and took the formidable fortress of Montmelian, which had been abandoned by its garrison, although well furnished with powder, ball, and provisions. On the side of Nice there was the same mixture of imbecility and treachery in those who commanded for the king of Sardinia, and the same sympathy among the people for the French and their enticing principles. Anselme crossed the river Var, which there forms the frontier, on the night of the 23rd of September. An inconsiderable corps d'armée, composed of Piedmontese and Sardinians, retreated in the greatest confusion, and, without firing a shot, left the city of Nice open to the invaders. Without the least exertion, except that of marching to their prey, the republicans got possession of all that sea-board, of all the lower part of the country of Nice lying between the maritime Alps and the Mediterranean, save and except the citadel of Mont Albano. To co-operate in this war of coasts the Gironde executive had despatched from the near port of Toulon Admiral Truguet, with eleven ships of the line, some frigates, and other vessels, having on board two thousand land troops. This fleet now came to anchor, and assisted in the siege of Mont Albano, which soon capitulated. Truguet perpetrated a horrible slaughter at Oneglia, a small but thriving town on the coast, the birth-place of

* Carlo Botta, Storia d'Italia dal 1789 al 1814.

the great Andrea Doria; and soon after this exploit he returned to Toulon, not without some apprehension of being intercepted by an English fleet, for the British ambassador had withdrawn from Paris in consequence of the dethronement of Louis XVI. and of all that had been done on the 10th of August.

Half a century has passed since these horrors were committed, but the memory of them has been transmitted from father to son in eloquent and exciting tradition, and there is not at this day, on all that coast, a mariner or peasant but will recount with flashing eyes the horrible particulars of the destruction of Oneglia. But for a long time neither a frequent repetition of these cruelties—which were mainly intended to work out Danton's system of terror, or *faire peur*—nor the rapacity and plunderings of these republicans, could disenchant those desperate admirers who were predetermined to applaud or to excuse whatsoever they might do. According to these madmen, when the soldier of a crowned king killed a Frenchman in battle, it was murder, rank murder; but when a sans-culotte admiral or general massacred with shot and shell the entire population of a defenceless town, it was but an act of republican energy, and a very useful lesson to tyrants and their base slaves.

We return to Paris. On the appointed day, the 21st of September, the members elected to the convention met in the Tuileries, the greater part of which was riddled by the cannon-balls of the 10th of August. The elections for the city of Paris may enable the reader to judge of the spirit and influence under which they had been made, and will convey a tolerably correct notion of the character of the deputies returned by most of the departments. The Parisian deputies were—Robespiere, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, David, Fabre d'Eglantine, Legendre, Panis, Sergent, Billaud-Varennes, Augustin Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Dussaulx, Fréron, MARAT, Philippe Egalité, Thomas Manuel, Boucher Beauvais, Raffron, Robert, Lavicomterie, Osselin, and Laignelot. They included in their number all the members of the notorious committee of surveillance of the commune who

had directed the egorgeurs or Septembrizers. Among them were three newspaper editors, a butcher, a painter, an actor, an engraver, a prince of the blood-royal, two street orators and authors, and one advocate—"which," says Thiers, "represented the confusion and the variety of existences which then agitated the capital of France." The first two returned by the Paris electors were Robespierre and Danton. Their success, about which there never could have been a moment's doubt, was hailed with enthusiastic joy by the Jacobin club and by the commune, who, in fact, had secured their return. Marat had the same all-efficient support, and was passionately recommended to the Parisian electors by Chabot, who treated with contempt the remonstrances of such as represented that the Friend of the People was rather too fond of blood, and was already lying under two criminal accusations. Brissot, who was Marat's rival candidate, had no chance against him, and was obliged to get returned by one of the departments. These elections proved that he and his party could do nothing with Paris, and without Paris there was no hope of victory to them in the mortal combat they were entering upon with the ultra-Jacobins. After the failure of Brissot, some of the Girondins set up *Doctor Priestley* against Marat; but the doctor was beaten by the horse-doctor. It might have been thought that the September massacres would have dispelled the admiration of the blinded or most frantic of the republicans; but it was after these atrocities, and at a moment when the details of them were ringing throughout Europe, and filling men's minds with horror, that Priestley became a French citizen, and was elected a member of this convention, which, from the first, showed its determination of pursuing the same sanguinary course. Some have thought that the losing the honour of representing the city of Paris in the Convention, and his mortification at being beaten by a man like Marat, may have contributed to keep Priestley away from France. Thomas Paine, who had gained additional consideration by publishing the second part of the 'Rights of Man,' was elected by the depart-

ment of Pas de Calais. Priestley was elected by the department of l'Orme, but never took his seat in the Convention; "because," as his friends said in the House, "he could not speak our language." Abbé Sièyes, who had not very patiently endured Robespierre's self-denying ordinance, was returned by the department of La Sarthe; and various other members of the first or Constituent Assembly, who had scarcely been heard of since the dissolution of that body, found their way into the Convention. The departments of the south remained tolerably constant to their representatives in the Legislative Assembly, and there was not one Girondin of any note but found a place in the Convention. These Girondins, who had sat on the left before, now took their places on the right, the Jacobins taking the left, and Robespierre with the deputation of Paris and all the most excessive Jacobins seating themselves at the summit of the left (*sur la crête de la gauche*), from which position they obtained the name—the memorable name—of la Montagne, or the Mountain. What had been called the "Centre" was now called the "Plain;" and at the beginning, it was occupied by a very considerable portion of the House, some being moderates, some cowards, and a great many mere trimmers, ready to go with the Jacobins or with the Girondins, according to circumstances. The first president appointed was Mayor Pétion. There was an immediate throwing down of gauntlets between the Girondins and the ultra-Jacobins. The Gironde ministers, by means of their orators in the House, attempted to discredit Marat and crush Robespierre, who still retained his name of the "Incorruptible." They failed completely, and only embittered by their attempt an enmity which was already implacable. But both parties soon agreed in bringing the king to trial and execution. In the meantime all the captives in the Temple—the king's sister Elizabeth, his queen, and his two young children, as well as Louis himself,—were treated with the most execrable barbarity.

The mockery of a trial began on the 11th of Decem-

ber, when the king was brought to the bar of the Convention. Although Louis had been diligently studying during his captivity the trial of Charles I. as related by Hume, he did not, like that prince, deny the authority of the court before which he was brought, or refuse to answer. He urged that up to June, 1789, there was no constitution, or no existing laws, which hindered his doing what he had done. The president then charged him with having surrounded Paris with troops in the month of July, 1789, and of having caused blood to be shed. Louis replied, that at the time he had the right of commanding the troops, protesting that he had never had any intention of shedding the blood of any of his subjects. In this manner they went through the articles of charge, fifty-seven in number; Louis either answered by a simple negative, or insisted that what he had done had been done before the constitution, or was justified by the laws as they then existed, or had been done since the constitution, which threw all the responsibility upon his ministers. In reply to the charge about the journey to Varennes, he said that he must refer to what had passed in the Constituent Assembly at the time, which Assembly had set aside the charge for ever by restoring him to the throne, and by swearing with him to the Monarchic Constitution. He scarcely showed any warmth or vehemence, except when the president charged him with having caused all the bloodshed on the 10th of August, 1792, when he cried out with a loud voice, "*No, Sir! No! that was not I!* . . . . . The Tuileries was threatened, in a way which all constituted authorities witnessed. The mayor and other municipality saw it; and as I was a constituted authority, I had a right to defend myself; but I did not do even that—I sent for a deputation of the National Assembly, and I came and took refuge here with my family." It was, however, resolved that all the blood poured out on the 10th of August should be laid directly to the charge of the king; and it was by the cry of vengeance for this blood—a cry incessantly kept up by the mob, the clubs, and the newspapers—that these proceedings were preci-

pitated. On the 30th of December, deputations began to present themselves at the bar to tell the honourable deputies that the citizens of Paris were wearied out by their long delays. Eighteen of the Paris sections sent petitions and committees; and the men who had been wounded on the 10th of August, and the widows and orphans of the patriots who had perished on that day, came in one grand dramatic group to the Convention to demand vengeance and blood for blood. Some of the wounded dragged themselves slowly along upon crutches, and one of them was carried in a litter. Their orator delivered a terrible speech to "the fathers of the country, legislators of all mankind," telling them that Louis must perish on the scaffold forthwith; that there would be no *humanity* upon earth until all kings were destroyed; and that there would be no virtue until all priests were destroyed also. The president made them a very complimentary speech in return, and invited them all to the honours of the sitting. The greater part of them went and sat on the benches with the members of the House.

A.D. 1793.—On the 1st of January more addresses were presented from the departments demanding the immediate execution of the king, who had been voted *guilty* on the night of the 26th of December, in the midst of the joyous acclamations of the blood-thirsty mob that crowded the galleries of the House, and frequently took part in the debate. It was timidly hinted by some that the English government would resent the death of the king. Billaud-Varennes said that this was a dishonouring and groundless apprehension, and that he was astonished the French executive had not sent over an address to the English *people*, which had been prepared some time ago. "Everybody," said Billaud, "knows the sad situation of the English *people*, and that they are our friends. The oppressed English desire nothing better than to fraternise with us." Men and women were now crying through the streets of Paris, "There has not been blood enough!" "Let the scythe of equality strike off more heads!" "Give us bread and

equality!" "Put the traitor to death, and then we shall have both equality and bread!" "The cause of all our woe is in the Temple and in a part of the Convention!" &c. Some of the Gironde, fearing the consequences rather than pitying the king, would fain have stopped short of immediate execution on the scaffold; but they were powerless, they had helped to surrender all power to a sovereign mob, and, while sitting in the Assembly or skulking in their lodgings, they trembled for their own lives. One of them had the extraordinary courage to declare that all forms of justice and all feelings of humanity were outraged, and that the Convention was deliberating under the daggers and cannons of a faction; but these self-evident truths made no impression either upon the mobs in the galleries or upon the men of the Mountain, who had the cannons and the daggers under their control. Out of seven hundred and twenty-one members present there was not one that would venture to say that the king was not guilty, and only thirty-seven who declared that they were incompetent to pronounce judgment, or who recommended some punishment short of death.

After a long and most riotous debate on the 16th of January, the House proceeded to vote the execution. A secretary began to call over the muster-roll, in order to show who were present and who were not; for all such as should be absent or refuse to vote on this solemn occasion had been threatened with destruction by the clubs and the mob. It was eight o'clock at night, and the hall was only imperfectly lighted up with lamps and candles. All faces were either pale or flushed—the heads and shoulders projecting from the galleries seemed about to fall upon the members sitting in their seats. By a drawing of lots, or by some operation styled a *roulement*, the deputies of the Garonne, Gers, and the Gironde, who nearly all belonged to the party named Girondists, were the first called upon for their votes. The first of all who voted was Mailhe, and his vote was La Mort (Death)—but he demanded that the Convention should afterwards discuss the point whether execution should follow

immediately, or whether sentence should be suspended for a time, taking care, however, to add that his vote of death was independent of this proposition. The next two members that voted were Delmas and Projean, who both said LA MORT, and nothing more. As the business went on, the galleries applauded all who voted simply for death, and hooted and threatened all such as attempted to qualify the sentence, or to commute it into imprisonment or banishment. Early in the roll, Vergniaud, who was acting as president, was called upon; and pale and trembling, and cowering before the popular fury, he pronounced the monosyllable DEATH, although he had previously declared that his heart and conscience would never permit him to give such a vote against the unfortunate king. Guadet, who voted next, said DEATH, but recommended the suspension of execution (*le sursis*), which had been first suggested by Mailhe. NEXT came Gensonné, who followed up the concise vote LA MORT, by demanding that the Convention, in order to prove to Europe that the condemnation of Louis was not the work of a faction, should deliberate immediately after judgment on the measures of security proper to be taken in favour of the children of the condemned, and against his family; and that, in order to prove that no distinction was made between villains (*scélérats*), the Convention should enjoin the minister of justice to pursue before the tribunals the assassins and brigands of the 2nd and 3rd of September! In some few instances courage and humanity were found where their existence could never have been expected. Thus Grangeneuve boldly voted "IMPRISONMENT (*la Détention*);" and Manuel, with equal boldness, said "BANISHMENT," and soon afterwards rushed out of the House for ever—but not before he had been hustled, kicked, and beaten, beaten on the very floor of the House, and then in the lobby. As the voting continued, one opinion, delivered by Servière, to keep the king in prison, and only execute him in case of the coalition again invading France, seemed to make some little impression; but it was only for a moment, as the conviction was by this time universal that republican

France, instead of suffering invasion, might now invade all Europe, and, in alliance with the people, bring down every throne to the dust. Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, a man of noble birth and large fortune, who had figured in the Constituent or first Assembly, and who had harangued and written largely for the abolition of all capital punishment, now, to save his own life, said, DEATH. Condorcet said, "THE GREATEST PUNISHMENT SHORT OF DEATH." Thomas Paine, who had previously urged his opinions with more courage than any of them, both in conversation and in writing, voted for IMPRISONMENT TILL THE PEACE, AND THEN BANISHMENT. Several members of the Mountain voted, like the majority of the Girondists, for DEATH, WITH THE SURSIS. As every member had to answer to his name, to ascend the tribune, to deliver his sentence *vivâ voce*, and then to write it and sign it in a *procès verbal*, the dismal business proceeded very slowly. Some of the deputies fell asleep in their places, and had to be roused by the ushers when their names were called. Others, choosing their time, ran out of the House to get dinner or other refreshments. The people in the galleries brought their refreshments with them, and were seen drinking wine and brandy as in a common tavern. One particular gallery set aside for distinguished visitors was occupied by Philippe Egalité's mistresses, and by other rouged and splendidly dressed dames, some of whom, with cards and pins, pricked down the ayes and noes as if they had been at the roulette-table or playing at rouge-et-noir. Deputies of the Convention carried ices, and bon-bons and other condiments, to these proper priestesses of that temple of liberty; and love-making of the French fashion, and gallantry, and assignation, went on even as if the harlots and scoundrels had been at a merry play. From time to time some fellows went over to the neighbouring coffee-houses, where other cold-blooded scoundrels were betting upon the results of the appel nominal. Marat voted, DEATH WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS; Danton, simply, DEATH; but Robespierre accompanied his vote of DEATH by a long comment, in which he said that the

very reasons which had formerly induced him to call for the abolition of capital punishment now made him demand the death of the tyrant, and in him the death of all royalty. When the turn of Sièyes came, that ex-abbé said, shrilly and briefly, LA MORT SANS PHRASES (Death without phrases). But the vote which made the most sensation, was that delivered by the ex-Duke of Orleans, who mounted the tribune between night and morning, and with a hollow, shaking voice said, "Solely occupied by my duty, convinced that all those who have made attempts, or shall hereafter make attempts against the sovereignty of the people, merit death, I vote for DEATH." There was a universal murmur, a sort of subdued groan; but this was all, and with the vast majority there collected, the feeling of horror was transitory. All through the next day, the 17th of January, this voting continued. At eight o'clock at night, when Chazal the younger gave the last vote of all, the president announced that he had received two letters, one from Louis's counsel, the other from Lebrun, the minister for foreign affairs, who enclosed a note about the king from the Spanish ambassador. Garan-Coulon, and a great many more deputies, Girondists as well as Jacobins, shouted that the letter from the Spanish minister was an insult, and that it ought not to be read. Danton exclaimed, "I am astonished at the audacity of any power pretending to exercise an influence over our deliberations. If everybody was of my opinion, we would this instant declare war against Spain, were it only for this letter." Gensonné said he thought like Danton, and he moved the order of the day, which was carried unanimously. The note of the Spanish ambassador, who offered, in the name of his sovereign, not only the neutrality of Spain, but her friendly mediation with the other powers, if they would only spare the life of Louis XVI., was thrown over the table and sent back unread to the foreign office; and, if all the courts of Europe had sent similar notes, they would all have been treated in the same manner. They then read the note from Louis's counsel, who begged to be heard once more at the bar. Robespierre

insisted that the counsel could not be heard until the appel nominal had been scrutinized, and the result of it made known; and, after some debate or clamour, the House agreed with him. At this moment Duchâtel, a farmer from the neighbourhood of Thouars in Poitou, who had been returned to the Convention by the department of Deux-Sèvres, and who had generously exerted himself in favour of the king, was carried into the hall in blankets, and with his head wrapped up. He had been lying on a sick bed, but had risen from it in the belief that one humane vote more would turn the balance. Draper Lecointre, Duhem, and some other Jacobins, contended that he could not vote, as the appel nominal was over, and the result of it known; but Valazé, who was acting as one of the secretaries, said that the scrutiny was not over, and the majority decided that the House could not refuse to any member his right of voting. Duchâtel crawled up the steps of the tribune, and gave his vote for BANISHMENT. Charlier, a member of the Mountain and a close adherent of Marat, demanded that the president should interrogate the sick member in order to make him confess who had sent to bring him there in that state; but this proposition was rejected with murmurs. The secretaries then presented the lists to the president (Vergniaud), who, putting on a solemn countenance, said, "Citizens, I am going to proclaim the result of the scrutiny. You are going to perform a grand act of justice. I hope that humanity will induce you to maintain the most profound silence: when justice has spoken, humanity ought to have its turn." After this preamble he read the result of the third appel nominal.—The number of members absent on commission was 15, 8 were absent through real or feigned sickness, and 5 had refused to vote. Of the 721 that remained, 2 had voted for the galleys; 286 for imprisonment and banishment at the peace, or for immediate banishment, or for an imprisonment which was to end in death if France should be again invaded; 46 had voted for death with the *sursis* either after the expulsion of the Bourbons, or at the peace, or at the

ratification of the constitution; 26 had voted for death, but had subjoined the recommendation of Mailhe; and 361 had voted for death without any condition, restriction, or recommendation. Taking the 26 shuffling Girondins (Mailhe and those who had voted with him) as being on the side of mercy, the majority for Death was only a majority of *One;* but throwing Mailhe and his crew on the other side, as they must be thrown, the blood majority will stand at 53, or 387 against 334. When he had gone through these enumerations, Vergniaud said, in a sorrowful tone of voice, "Citizens, I declare, in the name of the National Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is DEATH."

The very next instant the king's counsel came to the bar. Desèze read a protest signed by Louis, who, besides protesting, claimed to be permitted to appeal to the people. Desèze pleaded eloquently for the helpless sovereign, dwelling upon the smallness of the majority and the anxiety which the large majority of the Convention had so lately shown for the ratification by the people. Tronchet spoke with equal eloquence; and the tears and sobs of the white-headed Malesherbes, which scarcely allowed him to speak one uninterrupted sentence, were more eloquent than any rhetoric or any pleading. Many members seemed overcome by the old man's tenderness; but Robespierre rose and delivered one of his freezing speeches. Guadet demonstrated that it was impossible to allow the king's appeal to the people, and the House forthwith determined that there should be no such appeal, but that the *sursis*, or suspension of execution, should be debated on the morrow. They then adjourned amidst hootings and hissings, for, though it was near midnight of the 17th, and they had been sitting ever since nine o'clock of the morning of the 16th, the galleries were furious at their adjourning without settling the *sursis* question like all the rest, and leaving the king for immediate execution.

On the fourth morning after this dismal midnight, the *sursis* having been refused, Louis was dragged to the scaffold, which was erected between the garden and

palace of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées. He died like a Christian hero, the last words heard from his lips being, "I pardon my enemies; I pray for France; I die innocent; I ever desired the good of the people!" As his bleeding head was shown to the bloody rabble, both people and troops put their hats and caps upon their bayonets and their pikes, and waved them in the air, with prolonged and re-echoing shouts of "Vive la République!" "Vive la Nation!" "Vive la Liberté!" It was twenty-four minutes past ten o'clock of Monday morning, the 21st January, 1793. Louis was only in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He had reigned nineteen years all but four months and a few days.

The patriots standing near the scaffold dipped the heads of their pikes in the king's blood, and others pressed forward to dip their handkerchiefs, but not, as we are assured, "out of any royalist superstition." The roar of cannon announced to the captives in the Temple that the King—the husband, brother, father—was no more; and a little later in the day the mob paraded with their bloody pikes before the windows of the queen's prison, and sang and shouted, and danced their infernal carmagnole.

The day that the death of Louis XVI. was made known in London, that immense city looked as if a great national calamity had happened. The news carried grief and consternation to other populous capitals, in many of which reigned the blood relations or the close connexions of the unfortunate monarch, who might command the outward signs of mourning, grand masses for the dead, and pompous funereal services; but in none of those cities was the sadness so universal and spontaneous, so much the uncontrolled and undisguised feeling of the mass of the people, of all classes and conditions of men, as in London. The general conviction had been that the Convention would stop short of death; and at first the report of the execution was scarcely credited; but a moment's incredulity, or stupor and bewilderment, gave way to indignation and horror; and, except in the case of some incurable political fanatics, the French people and their present rulers were execrated for the deed by

every man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms. So vehement was this feeling that there rose a cry of War from every part of the island.

Parliament had met on the preceding 13th of December, several weeks earlier than had been intended, the government having by royal proclamation called out the militia on the 1st of December. The speech from the throne was much longer than usual, and full of alarm—alarm at the spread of French principles, not only on the Continent, but at home. It attributed the calling out the militia to seditious practices which had already been discovered, and to a spirit of insubordination, tumult, and disorder which had manifested itself in various places. It declared that there was some fixed design against the constitution, and that this design was evidently pursued in connexion and concert with persons residing in foreign countries. It declared that his majesty had observed the strictest neutrality in the present war on the Continent, and had uniformly abstained from any interference in the internal affairs of France; but that it was impossible for him to see without serious uneasiness the increasing indications which appeared there of an intention to excite insurrection in other countries, to disregard the rights of neutral nations, and to pursue schemes of conquest and aggrandisement. It mentioned the fate with which Holland was threatened by the French armies which had overrun the Netherlands; and it said that, under all these circumstances, his majesty had thought it right to adopt precautionary measures, and to make some augmentation of his naval and military force. Fox, who was not yet disenchanted of his dream and idolatry of French liberty, and who perhaps had some reason to say that ministers were exaggerating the dangers to be apprehended from popular disaffection at home, made a brilliant speech, condemning every part of the address, and every sentiment that had been uttered in support of it. He declared it to be his firm opinion and belief that every fact asserted in the king's speech was false, that all its insinuations were unfounded, that no improper spirit existed, and that the alarm had only

been raised by the artful designs and practices of ministers. He rejoiced in the triumph of men fighting for liberty over the invading armies of despots, and said that when there had been a probability of the triumph of the armies of Austria and Prussia over the liberties of France his spirits had drooped, and his heart desponded. He bitterly condemned the calling out of the militia; he taunted government for daring to assume a power or control over the minds and speculative opinions of men; and he said, not without some foundation, that the ultra-loyal and Tory clubs and societies had been going to as great extremes in one direction as the reforming societies could have gone in the other. He did not think that England was in a state to go to war; he did not think that anything which had occurred in France, or in Belgium, or in Savoy, or anywhere else, would justify us in going to war with the French republicans. He condemned ministers for not sending *a new ambassador to treat with the present executive government of France.* Pitt was not there to answer him, but the reply came with more force from the lips of Windham, who had figured for so many years as one of the leaders and most eloquent chiefs of the Whig opposition, and who had been linked in such close friendship and fellowship with Fox. This eloquent and elegant man had been scared by the horrors perpetrated in France, and had followed Burke, whose political pupil and friend he had ever considered himself. He declared—and this was at the least as true as Fox's asseveration that the danger was exaggerated—that, whatever might be the amount of real danger, the real alarm was exceedingly great, was felt in every town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom, was agitating every man who had a veneration for the institutions of the country, or had property to lose, or had a proper English aversion to anarchy and bloodshed. For himself he believed that the alarm was not greater than the real danger. He knew of his own knowledge, and all men must know, that there had been and still was a constant communication between persons in Paris and persons in London, the object of which was the destruction of our

present form of government. The effect was already felt in an alarming degree; for in every town and village, and almost in every house, these worthy gentlemen had their agents, who regularly disseminated their pamphlets. These agents delivered these pamphlets gratis; a proof that there must be somewhere a society that defrayed the expense, for the agents themselves were poor men. The greatest pains had been taken with the poorer part of the community, to wean their affections from government, to make them dissatisfied with their lot, and eager to pull down and plunder all who were above them in fortune and station. Windham believed that the motives of the combined armies that had attempted to march to Paris and liberate Louis XVI. were good. The maxim that no country ought to intermeddle with the internal affairs of another might be true in a limited sense, but he could not admit it as an unvarying rule, as some countries might choose to set up principles that were subversive of the government and tranquillity of all their neighbours; and, even without stirring beyond their own frontiers, or openly intermeddling in the affairs of their neighbours, they might commit incalculable mischief, which would call for repression and suppression. But, he would ask, how had France observed the rule that no country ought to interfere with another? How had she abided by her decree that she abandoned for ever all ideas of foreign conquest? What had she done with Savoy? She had converted it into a department. She was now treating the little republic of Geneva still worse. Her decree that she would give liberty to all mankind was no better than an avowal of a design to disturb every power of Europe. They talked, indeed, of giving to the people of every country where their arms were victorious a free choice of the form of government; but did they ever wait to take the sense of the majority? Not they. Mr. Grey, who remained an unchanged Foxite, replied to Windham, and Dundas to him. Dundas declared that the utmost arts and industry had been used to circulate Paine's 'Rights of Man,' and other works of the same

tendency, among the poorest and most ignorant of the people; and that it was time for them to assert their own rights, to confound all distinctions, to seize and divide property, and, in short, to follow the example which the French had set them. The National Convention had been eager to countenance every complaint of grievance from the factious and discontented in this country; and, in proof of this fact, Dundas read addresses which the Convention had received with great applause, from several political societies in England. Was not this, on the part of the French, an unjustifiable interference in the internal affairs of another country? And had not leading members of the Convention repeatedly declared that they would look not to the sovereign, but to the people of Great Britain that they would appeal from the government to the republicans of England? Some might pretend to shut their eyes to the truth, but he would never believe that the passion of the French for conquest and aggrandisement had been changed by the change of their government from a monarchy to a democracy, or that the slightest trust was to be put in their decrees, manifestos, and proclamations, to which they had already given the lie by their conduct in Belgium, in Savoy, and at Geneva. He referred to the treaties which bound us to assist Holland, intimating that these alone imposed the necessity of our arming and preparing for the worst. The French, since their conquests in the Low Countries and the capture of Antwerp, had declared that they would open the navigation of the Scheldt. This must be ruinous to the commerce of the United Provinces, and England was a guarantee that this should never be allowed. Burke, who had seen many of his predictions already verified, and whose horror of the Gallic revolution was unbounded—Burke, who believed that, if Fox had been suffered to succeed in his project for the amendment to the address, he would for ever have ruined this nation, along with the rest of Europe, rose and spoke with extraordinary warmth. Considerations of party, he said, and all minor considerations, must now give way: he came forward not as the de-

fender of opposition or of ministry, but of the country. He believed the country to be in great danger; he knew that there was a faction in England who wished to submit to France, in order that our government might be reformed upon the French system; and he knew that the French corresponded with and encouraged this faction, and were preparing to aid them. The cabals and conspiracies, the practices and correspondences of this French faction in England, were of public notoriety. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Watt had been deputed from Manchester to the Jacobins: these ambassadors had been received at Paris as British representatives. Other deputations of English had been received at the bar of the National Assembly: they had gone the length of giving supplies to the Jacobin armies, expecting in return military assistance in England. A regular correspondence for fraternizing the two nations had been carried on by societies in London with the Jacobin societies in various parts of France. To prove the truth of these assertions, he read the addresses of the Englishmen and Irishmen resident at Paris; and of Joel Barlow and John Frost, deputies from the Constitutional Society of London to the National Convention. He declared that the question was not whether they should make an address to the throne, but whether they should have a throne at all. There would soon be no throne or settled government in Europe, if French arms and French principles were allowed to take their own course; and he recommended and prayed for unanimity and determination in England as the best means of stopping the progress of French arms. The division, which did not take place till three hours after midnight, exhibited the numerical weakness of the Foxites: 290 members voted for the address, and only 50 against it. The great majority of the Whigs, vexed at his imprudent conduct and alarmed at the tone held by men and societies which Fox frequented, had parted company with him for ever, and had followed the Duke of Portland and Burke. He, however, now gave notice that to-morrow he would move an amendment upon the report. And accordingly on

the 14th of December, when the Lord Mayor brought up the report of the address, he proposed the addition of a clause requesting that the king would enter into negotiations with the present Jacobin government of France. In his speech Fox threw the whole blame of the horrid scenes which had occurred in France upon the coalition, and eulogized the spirit and valour of the French republicans, who had taught the proudest men in this world that there was an energy in the cause of justice and freedom which nothing could defeat. "Thank God," said he, "Nature has been true to herself! Tyranny has been defeated, and those who fought for freedom are triumphant." He said that all the inhabitants of Europe sympathized with the French and wished them success, regarding them as men struggling with tyrants and despots. He could see no force in the objection raised by some men that France had actually no government to treat with. Surely that was a government which the people considered as such. Great Britain ought immediately to acknowledge that government and negotiate with it. He proceeded to contend that we could not go to war without the greatest hazard; that Ireland was disaffected, so that no man in his senses could expect any hearty support from that kingdom; that we could obtain no new allies on the Continent, and that our ally the King of Prussia could not be depended upon; and that no reliance whatever was to be placed on the Emperor. Among *some exceptionable characters* Burke had classed and reprobated M. Roland, a man *eminent for many virtues!* [The cant about this "eternally virtuous" individual had reached England, and Fox probably did not yet know to what a condition of discredit and insignificance Roland had by this time fallen in France, any more than he knew that these Girondist rulers with whom he would have negotiated were to be swept away in the course of a very few months by the "exceptionable characters" to whom he alluded as being the only bad men in this new republic.] He said that such invectives did not tend to conciliate France; that such gross insults and injuries could not be forgotten or for-

given by a spirited people like the French. He said that sooner or later we must acknowledge this French republic. Was not the republic of this country readily acknowledged at the time of Cromwell? Did not courts vie in their civilities to our commonwealth after the execution of Charles I.? If ministers' objection to receive an ambassador at present was that they did not know how to introduce a French republican minister into the king's drawing-room, he wished they would fairly confess it, to the end that the English people might see that their blood and treasure were to be sacrificed for a mere punctilio! [Many persons were hurt at this sarcasm, and none more than George III., who is said to have treasured it in his memory, and to have frequently repeated afterwards, that Mr. Fox would have presented to him Marat or Robespierre, or Samson the headsman.] He bestowed some pathos upon the unhappy prisoners of the Temple; but he soon passed from their sufferings to dwell more tenderly upon those of that "brave but unfortunate gentleman" Lafayette, whom the despots had locked up like a felon because he had always been a friend to liberty. Sheridan seconded the amendment as being calculated to rescue the country from a war with France. Burke again arose to declare that he saw a spirit at work that would leave England no option between war and peace. Considering it as admitted that France must not be permitted to open the navigation of the Scheldt, and that she must be induced by negotiation or compelled by arms to restore the conquests she had made, he thought it a very extraordinary way of effecting either purpose to represent our internal situation as rotten, and all our allies as powers not to be depended upon. Would Mr. Fox make a choice of friendships and enmities, and renounce all former alliances with established governments to contract a close alliance with a country that had no government at all—with an anarchy? And were we sure that the French republicans, even if courted, would come to any reasonable terms with us? Yet this was the contingency for which we were to renounce our present allies, the ancient and established governments

of Europe. The French republic had not yet been recognised by any power whatever. And what was the peculiar time when England was to be the first to recognise it, and to send over an ambassador to Paris? Why, it was the very moment, perhaps, when the merciless savages had their hands red with the blood of a murdered sovereign! To follow the course proposed would look like giving a sanction to a bloody act—like giving currency to regicide, and affording a preliminary to the murder of our own sovereign. He shattered at a blow the argument that Fox had drawn from the conduct of Europe towards Cromwell and the English commonwealth. The French republic, he said, was *sui generis*, and bore no analogy to any other republic or system of government that had ever existed in the known world. The English commonwealth did not attempt to turn all the states of Christendom into republics; it did not wage war with kings merely because they were not democrats; it professed no principles of proselytism. The same might be said of the republic of the United States of America. But France wanted to make all the world proselytes to her opinions and dogmas—France was for turning every government in the world into a democratic republic. If every government was against her, it was because she had declared herself hostile to every government. This strange republic might be compared to the system of Mahomet, who, with a Koran in one hand and a sword in the other, compelled men to adopt his creed. The Koran which France held out was the Declaration of the Rights of Man and universal fraternity; and with the sword she was determined to propagate her doctrine, and conquer those whom she could not convince. Wilberforce, though deprecating war, if war could possibly be avoided consistently with justice, concurred with the speech from the throne and the proposed address; and Fox's amendment was rejected without a division.

On the very next day—December the 15th, which was a Saturday, a day when parliament did not usually sit—Fox came forward with a third proposition, moving, "That an humble address be presented to his majesty,

that his majesty will be graciously pleased to give direction that a minister may be sent to Paris to treat with those persons who exercise provisionally the functions of executive government in France, touching such points as may be in discussion between his majesty and his allies and the French nation." Mr. Grey seconded the motion, declaring that an immediate embassy to Paris was the only means of averting the greatest of calamities, the most dangerous war that England had ever undertaken. Some gentlemen expressed a hope that Fox might be prevailed upon to withdraw his motion; some said that that motion was a palpable encroachment on the royal prerogative; and some bitterly censured him for his conduct during the last three days. Fox, however, pursued his object with so much heat and perseverance as to cause the House to sit into Sunday morning, a thing not known in parliament for many years.* Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool) was of opinion that the motion did encroach on the prerogative, and was otherwise improper and dangerous. He believed that there were disaffected persons in the country whose activity made them dangerous; but he thought that war, instead of increasing their power of mischief, would greatly lessen it. The King of Sardinia had endeavoured to negotiate and conciliate the French, and what had he gained by it? Ministers were blamed for not having taken the same course—for not having some months ago treated with the French; but for many months there had been nothing in France with which they could treat. And now, when persons and things were every day changing, when all rule belonged to a mob of robbers and assassins, where could we apply? What government could we acknowledge where there was actually no government? How could England recognise a constitution which the French themselves were every day violating? How could we negotiate with men who had declared a universal war to all governments? "On this

* Burke, Letter to the Duke of Portland, on the conduct of the minority, &c.

very day," he exclaimed, "while we are here debating about sending an ambassador to the French republic; on this very day is the king to receive sentence, and, in all probability, it is the day of his murder! What is it, then, that gentlemen would propose to their sovereign? To bow his neck to a band of sanguinary ruffians, and address an ambassador to a set of murderous regicides, whose hands are still reeking with the blood of a slaughtered monarch?" The Master of the Rolls thought that Fox himself ought to be sent on this embassy. Perhaps he might be as well received as Frost or Joel Barlow; perhaps not. The French rulers might say to him, "Do you come from the *King* of Great Britain? If you do, you can have no business here, as we have sworn eternal enmity to all kings: you had, therefore, better be gone!" Mr. Windham contended that not only experience, but higher principles, and the dictates of humanity, forbade any present recognition of the French republic. If Great Britain gave that recognition, which had been given by no other power, what would be the consequences? Some of those consequences would be the alienation of all those powers with whom she was at present allied, and a universal discouragement on the Continent: for, by giving the whole weight of her character to France, she would place all the rest of Europe in a situation truly deplorable,—she would arm every subject of every kingdom against the powers that governed that kingdom,—she would recommend and facilitate the imitation of what had been done, or was still doing, by the sans-culottes of Paris; and all this could not be otherwise than fatal to the future interests of the world. Mr. Grant, who had studied the law of nations, and who was well read in what the French now styled "the worm-eaten writings of Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel," replied to some gentlemen who chose to think that the forcible opening of the navigation of the Scheldt was not of sufficient importance to justify any loud complaint on the part of the Dutch. Not only the trade, but also the internal security and independence, of Holland depended upon that river. All the celebrated

writers on the law of nations had laid it down as a clear and indubitable principle that rivers belonged to those who inhabited their banks, just as far and no farther than those banks extended. If the banks belonged to different peoples or nations, then the dominion over the river was divided, each people possessing the part of the river that was contiguous to their domain; and such was the policy of this distribution, that, if it had not been laid down by the law of nature, it would have been a positive stipulation under the law of nations, for without it no state traversed by rivers could be secure. If, as the French were now contending, the course of rivers was as open and common to all mankind as the sea itself, a fleet of French or Spaniards might sail up the Thames, and we should have no right to molest them until they actually began hostilities.

We can neither follow up the long and complicated debates (which did not end with the present session) upon the justice and propriety of England's engaging in this war, nor enter upon an adequate detail of the facts and reasons which justify the belief that the choice of peace or war no longer rested with the British Government; that the direct provocations to hostilities did not originate with us; and that, whatever complaints may justly lie against the unwise manner in which the war was for a long time conducted, the government of the day must be wholly freed, by every candid mind, from the charge of heedlessly and wantonly running into hostilities.* In the incurable madness of party it is still

* For the true diplomacy of the time, and for a very clear recital of the course of events, supported by documentary proofs, we refer the inquiring reader to the 'History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the time of the Conference at Pilnitz,' by Herbert Marsh (the late Bishop of Peterborough), 2 vols. 8vo. This able work, in which no fact is stated without full and convincing evidence (taken chiefly from French decrees, manifestos, declarations, and other state-papers, and memoirs), was originally written in the German language—a language which a long residence at the University of Leipsic had rendered as familiar to the author

vociferated that Burke drove us into a crusade against the French republicans; but, in sober truth, there was, on our part, no crusade at all: we raised our bucklers to prevent the French republicans from crusading over all Europe; we went to war because neither our duty to our allies nor our duty to ourselves, neither our honour nor our interest, allowed us to remain longer at peace. Unlike his father, the Earl of Chatham, Pitt was essentially a peace minister; his pride, his hope was centred in measures which could be realized only in peace. The great aim of his life was to extend the industry and commerce, and improve the financial condition of his country; and he shrunk from the aspect of war so long as he could do so without absolute dishonour and unequivocal danger. No amount of neutrality and silence on his part could have long delayed the declaration of hostilities by the Convention. The English people were prosperous, and wedded to the arts of peace; the French people, armed to the teeth, had little to put into their mouths; their industry had ceased; they looked to war and invasion as means of living; and their rulers looked to their constant employment in foreign conquest as their only safeguard. "*Peace,*" said the *virtuous* Roland, "*is out of the question; we have* 300,000 *men in arms; we must make them march as far as their legs will carry them, or they will return and cut our throats!*" And this dread of an armed multitude must have existed and have led to the same decision, of making them march as far as their legs would carry them, if Prussia and Austria had never given refuge to the emigrants, or remonstrated against the acts of violence and encroachment that were committed,—if they had reduced their armies to the peace establishment, and quietly assented to all that France was doing at home and abroad; for the popular masses were armed long before there was any talk of foreign invasion; they were armed, not to contend

as his own—and was first published at Leipsic, in February, 1799. He translated it himself into English in the course of the same year; and it was published in London in 1800.

with Prussia and Austria, but to put down, destroy, or drive out the aristocrats, by which term was understood every Frenchman that differed in opinion with the majority, and had property and a name. Before the conference at Pilnitz the principle had been adopted of arming the sans-culottes, as the class that was the most interested in the progress of the revolution, and best prepared for the privations and risks of war. Before there was any intimation of foreign interference France was converted into a great drill-ground, and the shock and convulsion which had taken place, the flight of the opulent and luxurious classes, had created a dearth of employment, which drove men to the army as their only resource. These legions, after doing the work of their rulers and legislators at home, would have demanded a proportionate reward, and their rulers would have sent them to glean it in the neighbouring countries, in the circles on the Rhine, in the rich fields of Belgium and Piedmont and Lombardy. This they would have equally done to save their own throats. Such an army could neither have been reduced nor maintained by any government in France; but, in the national passion for war and conquest, these troops would have been ready at any signal to throw themselves upon their neighbours to obtain not only free quarters, but excitement, fame, and the chances of high promotion, the highest ranks in the army being now not merely open to, but almost exclusively reserved for, men of the lowest conditions. Thus, whatever course the European sovereigns and governments had pursued, there would still have been a European war.

In the conferences of Pilnitz, where, in the month of August, 1791, the Emperor and the King of Prussia signed a declaration that they would take certain measures to rescue the King of France, provided other powers would support them, England took no part whatever; and when the Conferences were over, and the Emperor had returned to Vienna, she declared she was resolved to preserve the strictest neutrality. Besides the letter of the Emperor, whom the British government could have no interest in deceiving, there are various other proofs that

Great Britain, at that period, took no part in the coalition against France. It was an afterthought of the French republicans to charge Great Britain with being a party to that coalition: *they did not mention the charge in their present long declaration of war;* and before issuing that declaration they had repeatedly declared, in the Convention and elsewhere, that Great Britain had nothing to do with the conferences at Pilnitz. Brissot, a bitter enemy to England, said she acted the part of a mediator on that occasion, and laboured to calm the effervescence of the German princes. Before the revolution had made so awful a progress, and even during the time of the first Assembly (when Lafayette was in the ascendant, and was devising how to federate and fraternize with the Irish) many gross insults had been offered to, and wisely despised by, the British government. But, between the month of November, 1791, and the month of February, 1793, there had been an accumulation of outrages, each of which, singly, would have provoked a declaration of hostilities from a testy nation, or from a government eager for war. And every time our silent submission or contempt was interpreted into fear and helplessness, and was followed up by some new and grosser outrage.

At the beginning of the year 1792 the British government reduced the number of sailors and marines to 16,000 men, made a reduction in its very inconsiderable army, and gave up, or rather did not renew, the treaty of subsidy with Hesse-Cassel; Pitt, in his confidence of peace, abolishing taxes to the annual amount of 200,000*l.* At the same time the French not only augmented prodigiously their land forces, but also increased their navy, declaring that they would have 80,000 sailors and marines, and that the thunder of their ships was ready to roar in all seas. They must have contemplated a war with England, for Prussia and Austria had no fleets whatever. When those two powers moved their armies towards the French frontier, the great naval preparations were of necessity suspended: but, as soon as those armies were in retreat, the preparations were resumed; and three months before they declared war they had 21 ships of the line, 30

frigates, 18 sloops, 24 cutters, and 10 sloops armed *en flûte*, not only in commission, but actually at sea. The brutal bombardment of Oneglia, and the impunity with which they had been allowed to scour a part of the Mediterranean and to insult the helpless Italian states, had wonderfully elated their sailors. Upon war being declared by the Convention against Austria (in April, 1792), Chauvelin notified the event to the English court, and received another positive assurance that England would persevere in her neutrality. Chauvelin, an observing and an acute man, expressed his conviction that there was every reason for relying on these assurances of the English government; stating that Pitt was solely occupied with his schemes of finance and home improvements; that he had formerly assured a deputation of merchants that England would not meddle in the affairs of France; that the nation had no taste for war; that no preparations were making either in the ports or in the arsenals. A few days after Chauvelin delivered a note to Lord Grenville, the secretary for foreign affairs, requesting that all British subjects should be forbidden to serve under any foreign power at war with France; and with this request the court of Great Britain promptly complied, issuing a proclamation on the 25th of May. Nearly at the same time that this proclamation was issued at Chauvelin's request there appeared the proclamation against seditious writings; but this was a mere act of national police, which had no relation to the government of France, and which no more concerned that government than the measures taken in France relative to the emigrants concerned the English government. Chauvelin never pretended that any injury or insult was intended against his government or country in this proclamation. Nearly a month after its appearance he, in the name of his government, thanked His Britannic Majesty for his pacific intentions; and a month after that, or on the 17th of July, 1792, he acquainted his government that the British court remained steady to their friendly disposition.

The insults heaped personally upon Lord Gower, our ambassador at Paris, were numerous and excessive. But

for great temper on his part he would have withdrawn from Paris long before the terrible 10th of August, and but for the real anxiety of his government to avoid a war, he must have been recalled. He remained when assassination was *à l'ordre du jour*; he remained when the sanguinary clubs and mobs were the arbiters and real masters of France; he remained when his life was scarcely to be considered as safe, and he came home just in time to escape the sight of the monstrous September massacres.

On the 17th of August, 1792, after Louis XVI. had been dethroned and his Swiss Guards butchered, the British government recalled their ambassador; but, in his letter of recall, Lord Gower was instructed to take especial care not to neglect any opportunity of declaring that his majesty meant to observe the principles of neutrality in everything which regarded the arrangement of the internal government of France. Lord Gower communicated this letter to Lebrun, and that French minister returned an answer to it in the name of the new republican government of France, expressing, indeed, some regret at his recall, but at the same time their great joy at the continuance of the friendly assurances of Great Britain. They did not affect to consider the recall as a violation of neutrality; they left that gloss to be put upon the affair by Mr. Fox and his friends. In ordinary circumstances the recall of an ambassador precedes a declaration of hostilities, but ambassadors had often been recalled without that step being followed by any war, and in itself it never amounts to a declaration of hostilities. When hostilities are intended the ambassador takes no leave; but Lord Gower had taken leave in a friendly note. In the present case a recognised government had been overthrown, and no regular government had been substituted for it. No one yet knew what manner of government might be set up by the plotting Jacobins and Girondins who had made the revolution of the 10th of August, but who had scarcely begun to make the constitution which was to take the place of the one they had all sworn to—no one yet knew whether there might not be a fresh popular

insurrection and a new revolution within a month, a week, a day. Lord Gower had been accredited to Louis XVI. as to the person invested by the constitution with the executive power of France, but Louis was now a prisoner in the Temple, and his authority was transferred to a *provisional* executive council. His lordship's letters of credence were, therefore, no longer valid. For him to remain at Paris it would have been necessary to have sent him new credentials. But to whom could he be accredited?—Not to the executive council, for that was only provisional and temporary, and liable to be changed every hour—not to the National Assembly, for it had pronounced its own dissolution, it had ordered the election of a Convention, and it had decreed not that the king was actually dethroned, but that he was only provisionally suspended from his functions until the Convention should meet and decide what was to be done with him. As all authorities, or semblances of authorities (for there was no real one except that of the armed and bloody mob), were at that time merely transitory; as there was nothing that a regular government could recognise, the most prudent and the most moderate step which England could take was to withdraw its ambassador, and wait at least till the new constitution should be determined by the Convention. There was, indeed, an incessant haranguing and writing about *the nation*, which was said to be distinguishable and recognisable apart from any *government* it had adopted or might hereafter choose to adopt. But governments can only treat with governments; Lord Gower could not take the sense of the French people by appel nominal. In the Assembly he saw one party succeeding another, and each pretending that it represented the whole nation. If he had asked the Girondins, they would have told him that *they* were the nation, and their adversaries a mere faction; if he had put the same question to the ultra-Jacobins, he would have been told that *they* were the nation, and the Girondins a faction. Every man in France foresaw that very soon these parties would make a relentless war upon one another, but as yet few persons could be certain

which of the two would remain masters of the field. It was even more necessary to be neutral between these two parties than it was to be neutral between France and the Coalition. If the British government had treated with the party now in power, they would have been accused by the succeeding ruling party of having treated with a faction—of having intermeddled unwarrantably in the internal affairs of France. The recall of our ambassador was positively the best and the only means of preserving both neutralities.

No complaint was raised by the executive Council of France upon the recall of Lord Gower until *after* the Duke of Brunswick had been defeated, and the French troops had commenced their career of conquest. Then murmurs were heard, then decrees intended to produce social insurrection and social war throughout the civilized world were promulgated one after the other, and then, too, more open and flattering countenance was given to those deputations of scoundrels, fools, or madmen that carried over to the foot of the National Convention the congratulations of the English societies and clubs—and then, too, fresh thousands of secret agents and propagandists received their missions to penetrate into every quarter, and to preach the rights of man, and blood, plunder, and anarchy to the poorest classes of society. Gregoire, the Jacobin priest, called these agents "missionaries," Camille Jordan called them "apostles of rebellion," and Chaussard, who declares that London abounded with them at the end of November and beginning of December, 1792, called them "revolution professors." They were furnished with money for the purpose of bribing and seducing the needy, and paying interpreters and other assistants. According to Brissot himself, the executive council was authorized to take, under the head of army extraordinaries, *unlimited sums for these secret operations*. He also intimates that a great deal of this money was sent over to London, although the greater part of it was embezzled and appropriated by the patriotic executive.* At this moment,

* Brissot à ses Commettans.

too, Lafayette's cherished plan for revolutionizing Ireland was taken up with vigour; and, a month or six weeks before the Convention declared war against England, Lebrun, the minister for foreign affairs, most confidently asserted that the French were quite sure of Ireland, and that a revolution must take place in England. This conviction was so strong and so universal, that no line of conduct which the British government could have adopted would have prevented their declaration of hostilities. And certainly there were some subjects of the King of Great Britain and Ireland who laboured with all their might to confirm Lebrun and his colleagues in their mistake. On the 18th of November, the very day before the Convention issued its formal decree that France was ready to assist every nation which was ready to rebel against its own government (a decree which was translated into all the languages and sent to all the countries of Europe), a grand dinner, or fête civique, was celebrated at White's Hotel in Paris. The company was composed of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen, with some few republicans from other countries. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and other men of some name and consequence in the world, sat down to table and fraternized with Santerre, Thomas Paine, and other characters of the same notoriety. Among the toasts that were drunk were "The National Convention of France" —"The Patriotic Societies of Great Britain and Ireland, with those men who have contributed to inform and enlighten the people—Priestley, Fox, Sheridan, Barlow, &c."—"The approaching National Convention of Great Britain and Ireland"—"May Revolutions never be made by halves." Eight or nine days after the publication of the decree for universal insurrection, deputies from certain British societies appeared at the bar of the National Convention, and signified their intention of adopting the republican form of government now so happily established in France. "We hope," said the orator of the first of these deputations, "that the troops of liberty will never lay down their arms so long as tyrants and slaves shall continue to exist. Our wishes, citizen legislators, render

us impatient to see the moment of this *grand change.* Nor are we alone animated by these sentiments; we doubt not that they would be equally conspicuous in the great majority of our fellow-countrymen if the public opinion were consulted there, *as it ought to be,* in a National Convention." In replying to this address, the president of the Convention said, "Citizens of the world, royalty in Europe is either destroyed, or on the point of perishing on the ruins of feudality; and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, placed by the side of thrones, is a devouring fire which will consume them all. *Worthy republicans,* congratulate yourselves on thinking that the festival which you have celebrated in honour of the French revolution is the prelude to the festival of nations." Chauvelin and his picked and rather numerous legation, who came over to London shortly after France had declared war against Prussia and Austria, came with strange instructions, and acted in a manner altogether unbecoming and irritating. It was observed that, as soon as they arrived, they eagerly sought the acquaintance of literary men and opposition journalists. The English public, therefore, took them for revolution professors or apostles, who came to propagate their system, and make proselytes and disciples. This view of their real functions is borne out by the instructions they received from their government:—"1. To embrace every opportunity of assuring the English *nation* that, notwithstanding the ill-humour of its *government,* the French desired nothing more ardently than to merit the esteem of the English *people.* 2. To threaten the British *government* with an *appeal to the people.*" Their reception at court was of course not very cordial. They soon seemed to shun all intercourse with ministers and the friends of ministers, and to seek exclusively the society of Fox, Sheridan, and men of that party. Nothing could well be more indecent, or contrary to the rules which regulate diplomatic intercourse, than this conduct on the part of the Frenchmen. The conduct of the English opposition would merit still harsher language; and, taken in connexion with Fox's behaviour towards the Empress of Russia, it

looks almost like the adoption of a settled system, that the party, besides opposing ministers by national and legal means, should resist and thwart them by foreign means, and by connexions and correspondences with governments that were on the very brink of war with us. Chauvelin, before negotiations really commenced, communicated his secret instructions to an intimate friend of Mr. Fox. On one occasion he wrote to his government, "that, though he was not well with the English minister, yet he was perfectly so with Mr. Fox, and some other members of opposition; and that it would not be prudent in France to lose the fruit of his labours with these gentlemen, and their subsequent services, for any vague form of diplomatic etiquette." No government would have allowed such a diplomacy to be continued, or such diplomatists to reside in their country.

Moreover, the extreme offence had been given and repeated: on the Malabar coast a French frigate had fired upon an English man-of-war, and the National Assembly had never condescended to make any apology; and at the beginning of the present year, 1793, just as the French were sending an ambassador to the United States of America in order to engage them to join France in a war against England, the garrison of Brest made an attempt to sink a British sloop which was cruising outside the harbour; and they poured a cross-fire into her, and hoisted a blood-red flag over their tricolor. If these things had occurred when Chatham was minister, and at the height of his warlike ardour, it can scarcely be doubted that hostilities would have been proclaimed immediately by England.

There was one condition—and only that one—by which England might for the present have preserved herself from the declaration of war by the French, and that was, by concluding a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the republicans and Jacobins. That the French had the audacity to propose such a treaty is an indisputable fact, although French historians pass it over in silence. In July, 1792, Chauvelin gave Lord Grenville clearly to understand that what they required was

an English armament and an effectual and decisive co-operation on our part with France against our ancient friend and ally the House of Austria, and against our present closest ally the King of Prussia! Mr. Fox and his opposition, who had made so terrible an outcry against our Russian armament, and who had defeated the object of it, could hardly have expected the government to comply with this strange request. Moreover, a naval armament against two powers who had neither ships nor ports would have been of no more use than an armament against the moon: to adopt effectual and decisive measures, England must have sent a land army to the continent to co-operate and fraternize with the thoroughly Jacobinized and sans-culottized armies of the French republic. But the whole proposition is too gross and monstrous to deserve a thought or a word, were it not that the Foxite opposition pretended that the French had never made any very unreasonable demands, and that by continuing our friendly negotiations with them we might very well have kept out of the continental war.

Under the influence of Dumouriez it had, however, been secretly determined to amuse England a little longer with some feigned attempts at negotiations; and, on the 26th of January, M. Maret had been again sent across the channel to ask Mr. Pitt if he would treat with General Dumouriez. On the road between Dover and London, Maret, who evidently was not admitted into the whole secret, met Chauvelin returning to Paris, and, fancying he himself might yet be the means of preventing the war, he wrote to his employers in very pressing terms for fresh instructions, intimating that he would not request an interview with the English minister until he had received some fresh instructions. Maret remained eight days in London, but no instructions came for him. At the end of that time, or on the 4th of February, the declaration of war, which had been made by the Convention on the 1st, was known in London, leaving nothing for Maret to do but to get back to France as quickly as possible. So much truth is there in the harangues of the parliamentary opposition and in the

narratives of party writers, who asserted at the time, and continued to assert long after, that Maret had come with full powers to treat and to offer extensive concessions and securities; and so perfectly true was the declaration of Pitt in the House of Commons, that M. Maret, during his whole stay in London, had proposed to his majesty's ministers no question of state whatever.

The real motive of Dumouriez in sending Maret arose out of that General's discovery that the conquest of Holland presented more difficulties than he had contemplated; and that Miranda, whom he had ordered to begin the attack before the 22nd of January, was not in a condition to move so soon. And therefore, also, it was, that on the same day on which Maret was despatched for London, de Maald was hurried off to the Hague again with a letter from Dumouriez to Lord Auckland, the British ambassador, intimating that he (Dumouriez) would be very happy if an opportunity presented itself of conferring with his lordship on the frontiers of Holland. Lord Auckland consulted the Grand Pensionary, Van Spiegel, and, after some deliberation, both these ministers consented to confer with Dumouriez. Dumouriez, quitting Paris in the last days of January, before the Convention issued the declaration of war, and not being informed by the Girondin ministers, who all feared and suspected him, of their fixed determination to issue that declaration on the 1st of February, went down to Dunkirk, and thence proceeded to Antwerp, examining the country and the French army on his way, and finding everything in confusion, everything in a condition that boded ill for the success of his next campaign, unless he could gain time to remedy the disorder. It was the 2d of February when he arrived at Antwerp. It was agreed that, as soon as Lord Auckland could receive his instructions from his court, conferences should be opened at Moerdyk on board a yacht. Though they could scarcely have been blind to the real motives of Dumouriez, the British government, to avoid the reproach which would have

resulted from a refusal, immediately consented to the hollow negotiation, and authorized Lord Auckland to treat with the French General. On the other side, it was on the very day that the overture was made to Lord Auckland at the Hague by de Maulde that the French executive issued the order to lay an embargo on all British vessels in the French ports. On the receipt of his instructions from London, Lord Auckland despatched a courier to Dumouriez, who was still at Antwerp, and proposed the 10th of February for the day of holding the first conference. But now Dumouriez knew that the Convention had declared war on the 1st, and this rendered further thoughts of negotiation impracticable. Two capital and evident consequences attended this manœuvre of the French Proteus and its failure: the one was, that it showed a willingness on the part of the English government to negotiate even down to the last moment; the other, which followed on the failure of the scheme for delay, was a series of failures and defeats on the side of Dumouriez, who, instead of taking Holland in the ensuing campaign, lost nearly the whole of Belgium, and saw the war carried once more to the frontiers of France.

If, in England, there was a small minority desirous of continuing friendly relations with the revolutionists, there was no party or section of a party in France willing to continue in friendship with England. The declaration of war was the unanimous vote of the National Convention. Although the decree was drawn up by the hated Girondists, and presented by Brissot, the personal and deadly enemy of Robespierre and Danton, both those Jacobin chiefs and all the Mountain enthusiastically concurred in it; not a man of any party opposed it, not a single man in the House offered a remonstrance or amendment, or so much as a remark on the decree—all cried impatiently, "Vote! vote!" and it was put to the vote and carried instantly, with a unanimity which had hardly ever been seen before on any subject, and which was never seen again in that Assembly. When it was carried, they voted an address or appeal to

the *people* of Great Britain, and the creation of assignats for 800,000,000 of livres.

Such are a few, and only a few, of the particulars of the diplomacy which preceded the breaking out of this most memorable of wars; and the reader may judge from them whether it was possible for England to have kept out of the contest, or to have treated with a set of anarchists who were determined upon the war from the beginning. But neither these facts (and there were others quite as decisive), nor the strongly pronounced sense of the vast majority of the nation, could prevent the Foxites from moving resolutions against our taking up arms. These resolutions were negatived by parliamentary majorities of more than 6 to 1, or were negatived without a division. A Bill was passed for preventing traitorous correspondence with the enemy. A number of petitions for parliamentary reform were quashed in the Commons, and a drag was for some time put upon Mr. Wilberforce's project for emancipating the negro slaves. A Bill to relieve the Roman Catholics of Scotland, who were uniformly loyal and much oppressed, was passed without the slightest opposition.

Burke had strenuously recommended that the war should be prosecuted with all the vigour of which the country was capable; but here the great statesman was never properly listened to. To those who deplored the interruption of our commerce with the French, Burke replied, "We ought not to enable France to carry on war out of resources drawn from the bowels of Great Britain! We must not allow Englishmen to fight against their own country, and make contracts to its ruin!" "Let us not," said he, "sacrifice everything—the love of our country, our honour, our virtue, our religion, our security—to mere trade and traffic: let us not estimate these high things by the scale of pecuniary or commercial reckoning. The nation that goes on that calculation destroys itself!"

On the 6th of March some lamentable evidence was given of the weak and ineffectual manner in which ministers intended to begin the great struggle on the Con-

tinent. Pitt acquainted the House, in the form of a royal message, that his majesty had engaged a body of Hanoverian troops to assist his allies the States-general; and on the 11th, the House being formed into a committee of supply, the minister made a statement of ways and means, making it appear that a loan of four millions and a half, and an issue of four millions of exchequer bills, would, in addition to the ordinary revenue, carry him through the year. Resolutions were passed for the loan and for the exchequer bills.

The king prorogued parliament on the 21st June, with a hopeful and confident speech.

We pass to the seat of war. On the 17th of February Dumouriez moved from Antwerp, and attacked the Dutch town of Breda, which capitulated immediately. On the 26th Klundert surrendered upon summons, and on the 4th of March Gertruydenburg capitulated, after a short and slight bombardment. The Dutch garrisons behaved in a manner which proved that they were disaffected, or infected by the new doctrines of the Rights of Man, and the proselytism of their countrymen of the Batavian legion. They made little more than a show of resistance; and, after capitulating, a great many of them joined the French or the Batavian legion. Dumouriez's plan was to penetrate rapidly into the heart of the United Provinces, where he expected to be joined by Miranda, his second in command, whom he had sent to the right to reduce the important town of Maestricht, on the Maes or Meuse. Without counting his Dutch partisans, he had between 20,000 and 30,000 men; but his army was badly provided, because all parties in the Convention suspected him, and because the republican commissaries sent to supply clothes, provisions, &c., were the greatest and most barefaced thieves that had been seen in modern days. The shifty Dumouriez might, however, have made up all these and other deficiences in the country he had been allowed to advance; but at the fortress Williamstadt, which commanded the passage of an arm of the sea called Bies Bosch, he was brought to a pau

Williamstadt was occupied by a brave old Dutch general, Count Botzlaer, with some Dutch troops that were not Jacobinized, and by a strong detachment of the English guards, who had just arrived. Moreover, there was a small squadron of gun-boats on the Bies Bosch, which had been fitted out by Lord Auckland at the expense of Great Britain; and this flotilla, manned by British seamen taken from our merchant-ships in the Dutch ports, and ably commanded by Captain Barkeley, not only presented a formidable obstacle to the passage of that water, but greatly annoyed Dumouriez's troops as they prepared for the siege of Williamstadt. While Dumouriez was thus brought to a stand on the wrong side of the Bies Bosch, Miranda, who was at Maestricht, and Miazinski, who was at Aix-la-Chapelle to defend the passage of the river Roer and cover Liege, were both defeated and compelled to give ground. On the last day of February the reinforced Austrian army, commanded by General Clairfait, passed the Roer under cover of night, attacked Miazinski by surprise, and defeated him. On the following day the Archduke Albert, with a portion of the Austrian army, carried several French batteries. On the 6th of March the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, with the Austrian van, gained a complete victory over Miazinski's main body in front of Aix-la-Chapelle, drove the French entirely out of that town, and followed them almost to Liege, inflicting on them a loss estimated at 4000 killed and wounded and 1000 prisoners, and taking from them 20 pieces of cannon. And on the same day Prince Frederick of Brunswick, with a detachment of the Prussian army, gained some important advantages near Ruremonde. Miranda had invested Maestricht, and had commenced a pitiless bombardment, for the French, who had made such an outcry against the Austrian bombardment of Lisle, never hesitated at having recourse to that destructive operation of war whenever they thought it suited their purpose. But the repeated defeats of Miazinski now compelled Miranda to retreat precipitately from Maestricht, to abandon a good part of his artillery and baggage, to recross the

Meuse, and to seek shelter, and a junction with the scattered troops of Miazinski, in the heart of Belgium. The Archduke reinforced Maestricht, crossed the Meuse, and followed Miranda as far as Tongres, where he obtained another advantage. Dumouriez now returned from Holland into Belgium, and, placing himself at the head of the French army there, he on the 18th of March attacked the Imperialists at Neerwinden. The battle, which lasted from morning till night, ended in the entire defeat of the French. About 10,000 republicans deserted the army, and scarcely paused in their flight until they had got on the other side of the French frontier, where they spread a fresh panic, which, as usual, led to fresh atrocities at Paris. Dumouriez soon fell back as far as Tournay, and thus the Austrian Netherlands were recovered as rapidly as they had been lost. Being menaced by the Jacobins, and disgusted with the incompetent Girondins, he now formed a design of marching to Paris to effect a counter-revolution, and he secretly entered into negotiations with the Austrian generals. It is conjectured that Dumouriez proposed setting young Egalité, or Duke of Chartres (now Louis Philippe), on the constitutional throne of France, and re-establishing, with some modifications, the constitution of 1791. The young prince of the Orange branch was with him, and had bravely fought under his eye at Neerwinden. To some Jacobin emissaries who came to his camp, Dumouriez somewhat prematurely declared that neither their horrible club nor the National Convention could be tolerated any longer. "The Convention," said he, "is composed of two hundred brigands and five hundred fools! As long as I have three inches of steel at my side, I will never suffer it to reign, to shed blood by means of the revolutionary tribunal they have just established! As for your republic, I only believed in it for three days. Ever since the battle of Jemappe I have regretted every advantage I have gained in the field for so bad a cause! As for your Jacobins, if they wish to expiate all their crimes, let them save the unfortunate prisoners in the Temple, and

drive out the seven hundred and forty-nine tyrants of the Convention, and they shall be pardoned." The emissaries spoke of his own personal risk and danger, and of the terrible fate which might befall him in case of any failure. "Oh," said Dumouriez, "I shall always have time enough to gallop over to the Austrians." "But, how! will you fly to be thrown into a dungeon, like Lafayette?" "I shall go over to the enemy in a very different manner from that of Lafayette," quoth Dumouriez; "and, besides, the foreign powers have a very different opinion of my talents, and cannot reproach me, as they do him, with having had part in the 5th and 6th of October at Versailles." The general's proceedings and intentions were soon revealed to the Convention, who sent off four of their members. The archivist Camus, Quinette, Lamarque, and Bancal, arrived, together with Beurnonville, the new minister-at-war, to arrest Dumouriez and to bring him to their bar. These deputies were in camp on the evening of the 2nd of April. Archivist Camus began, in his prim starch manner, to read the decree of the Convention; and the other commissioners united in the solemn lie that no harm was meant in calling him to the bar. Dumouriez replied that the tigers of Paris were yelling for his head, but should not have it. The ultra-republican deputies endeavoured to represent to him, by force of old Roman examples, that it was his duty to submit to the republic. "Gentlemen," replied Dumouriez, "we are constantly committing mistakes in our quotations from the classics; we parody and disfigure Roman history in citing their virtues to excuse our crimes. We are plunged in anarchy; we are wading in blood!" "Citizen General," said Camus, "will you obey the decree of the National Convention, or not?" "Not exactly at this moment." "*Eh bien!*" rejoined the archivist; "I declare in the name of the Convention that you are no longer general of this army; and I order that your papers be seized and that you be arrested!" "*Ceci est trop fort*—this is rather too strong," cried Dumouriez: "hola, hussars!" (*hussards à moi!*) The Berchigny men, who were

nearly all Germans, trooped in with ringing spurs and rattling sabres. The general said a few words to them in the German language, the French of which would be, "*Arrêtez ces gens-là, mais qu'on ne leur fasse aucun mal,*" and the plain English, "Arrest these people, but do not hurt them." The hussars surrounded the deputies. War-minister Beurnonville begged to share their fate. "Be it so," said Dumouriez; "and I believe that, in packing you off with the deputies, I shall render you a great service, and snatch you from the revolutionary tribunal." As they had been travelling all day, and might be hungry, he ordered some supper to be served up for them; and when that was over, the four deputies and the war-minister were put into two chaises, and whisked away to Tournay as fast as the post-horses and the horses of a detachment of the Berchigny hussars could go. On the route Beurnonville made an attempt to escape, for which one of the rude Germans cut him over the pate. The Prince of Saxe-Cobourg passed them on to Maestricht, and they were kept as hostages in different Austrian fortresses till the end of November, 1795, when they were exchanged for the princess royal, the only survivor of the captives in the Temple. During the night Dumouriez drew up a proclamation to his army and to all France. With some eloquence and effect—for he was a good penman—he recalled his past services,—his exploits at Argonne, which had obtained for him the name of "The Saviour of France," his ever-memorable battle of Jemappe, and his rapid conquest of all Belgium. He attributed his reverses to the enmity of Marat and the Jacobins, who had devoted him and all honourable men to destruction. He drew a frightful picture—but not less true than frightful—of the prevailing sanguinary anarchy; and he called upon all Frenchman to rise and rally round him and the monarchical constitution of 1791. On the following morning the army were informed of all that had happened; they expressed no dissatisfaction; the troops of the line seemed steady and devoted to Dumouriez, as did also the artillery. At an early hour on the 4th of

April the general with the Duke of Chartres and the staff mounted their horses to keep an appointment with the Archduke Charles, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and Colonel Mack—afterwards the hero of Ulm. The party had not gone far when they met two battalions of volunteers, who shouted "Treachery, treachery!" "Arrest these traitors!" And anon these cries were mingled with a crash of musketry. Quitting the high road, Dumouriez and his companions struck right across the country, and over hedge and ditch, as if they had been riding a steeple-chase. They rode nearly the whole day through a rough swampy country, where their horses frequently sank to the saddle-girths; some of the horses were abandoned, some of the servants were killed; but, some on foot, and some mounted, and all covered with mud from the tip of the spur to the top of the feather, General Dumouriez, the Duke of Chartres, his brother the Duke of Montpensier, and all the rest of the officers, reached an Austrian position in safety as the sun was setting. Nothing daunted by the narrow risk he had run, and believing that his regular troops would still stand by him, Dumouriez, with the Duke of Chartres and the staff officers, and with an escort of only 50 Austrian horse, returned towards his own camp on the very next morning. But, quick as he was, he came too late—the Jacobin emissaries had been quicker than he. Some of these emissaries from Valenciennes had assured his troops that he was killed or drowned; and during the night the artillery had risen upon their officers and had marched off with all their guns, ammunition, and baggage for Valenciennes, and the troops of the line had followed or were following their example. Dumouriez turned towards the head-quarters of the Imperialists, and, with the Duke of Chartres and his brother the Duke of Montpensier, Colonel Thouvenot, and the rest of his numerous staff, he rode away from St. Amand. The entire regiment of Berchigny, 1500 strong, and some fragments of some French regiments, followed him and the sons of Orleans; but these were all; the rest, taking care to secure the military chest (said to contain

two millions of livres), joined General Dampierre, who had been appointed by the Convention to the command of the army, and who established his head-quarters in Valenciennes.

The fugitives who would not serve with the Austrians received friendly passports, and were allowed to go wherever they chose. The Duke of Chartres, who performed a good part of the journey on foot, went into Switzerland, where he arrived with hardly any worldly property except the clothes on his back and the good stout stick in his hand. General Dampierre, who had succeeded to the command of the republican forces, threw himself into the fortified camp of Famars, which covered Valenciennes. The Duke of York having landed at Ostend with a small English army, it was resolved to make a vigorous attack along all that part of the French frontier, and to reduce Valenciennes and Condé (if not Lisle also) at any price; and to this end General Clairfait, who—not without jealousies and dissensions—held the supreme command of the armies of the Coalition, where Austrians and Prussians, English and Dutch, were mixed without being amalgamated, reinforced Saxe-Coburg, who was commanding at Condé, and advanced towards Valenciennes. On the 8th of May Dampierre issued from his camp and made an attack on the allies; his volunteers soon fell into confusion, his best troops were beaten at all points; he was driven back to his camp with terrible loss, and a cannon-ball carried off his leg. Dampierre died the next day under the hands of his surgeons, thus escaping the guillotine, which the Parisians kept in permanence for all unsuccessful commanders. The Duke of York displayed much personal bravery, and the success of the battle was materially promoted by the British troops. On the 23rd of May the camp of Famars was attacked and carried by the allies; and, Valenciennes being thereby laid open, the siege of that town was committed to the Duke of York, who reduced it by a bombardment on the 28th of July. Condé surrendered to the Austrians a few days earlier. Many circumstances, besides the old

Austrian slowness, contributed to retard operations. The King of Prussia, who had undertaken to open in person the campaign on the Rhine, to drive in Custine, and to invade France by the valley of the Moselle, was slow in coming, and when he came he did not bring with him anything like the number of troops he had promised, having found it necessary to send a considerable part of his army into Poland to secure the territory which he had so unjustly seized in that country.

And here it will be proper to mention a few facts connected with that dark transaction, which, in many ways, acted as a spell and curse upon the Coalition. At the beginning of the year, when all minds were occupied about the French revolution, Frederick William sent some Prussian troops into Great Poland, and seized upon Thorn and Dantzic, justifying his proceedings in a manifesto which declared that the Poles had behaved very ungratefully to his ally the Empress of Russia; that they had disquieted his own dominions by repeated excesses and violations of territory; that they had imbibed the French democracy, and the principles of that detestable faction who were seeking to make proselytes everywhere, and who had already been so well received in Poland, that the enterprises of the Jacobin emissaries were not only most powerfully seconded, but even revolution societies were established that made an open profession of Jacobin principles. "His majesty," continued the memorable manifesto, "being necessitated, in common with the allied courts, to continue the war (*against France*), and being on the eve of opening a campaign, thought it proper to concert measures with the courts of Vienna and Petersburg; and their imperial majesties could not forbear owning that, from sound policy, it could not be allowed that the factions should be suffered to have their way in Poland, and expose his majesty to the danger of having an enemy in the rear, whose violent and wild enterprises might become a source of fresh troubles." The miserable Polish diet, or confederation, assembled at Grodno, issued, on the 3rd of February, a long and solemn protest against the

Prussian invasion; but this was nearly all they could do. On the 14th of February the Emperor Francis put forth a declaration importing that, inspired by the love of peace and good neighbourhood, he would not interfere with the plans of the King of Prussia and the Empress of Russia, or permit any of his subjects to counteract them. The Poles at Grodno appealed to the generosity and magnanimity of Catherine, whose army occupied all the country that was not in the hands of the Prussians or overawed by Austrian troops in Gallicia; and Catherine answered their appeal in the month of March by a ukase, in which she declared that thirty years' experience had proved that all her generous efforts to put an end to the innumerable quarrels and the eternal disputes which tore the Polish republic had all been thrown away; that, latterly, some unworthy Poles, enemies to their country, had been sent to the ungodly rebels in the kingdom of France, and to request their assistance to involve their country also in bloody civil wars; and, finally, that for these and other considerations she had been pleased now to take under her sway, and unite for ever to her empire, certain specified parts of Poland, with all their inhabitants, who, from the highest to the lowest, within one month, were to take the oath of allegiance to her before witnesses whom she would appoint. On the 25th of March his Prussian majesty put forth another manifesto, in which, speaking more plainly than he had done before, he told the Poles that, in *conjunction* with her majesty the Empress of Russia, and with the *assent* of his majesty the Emperor of Germany, he had resolved to take possession of certain districts of Poland, and also of the cities of Dantzic and Thorn, for the purpose of incorporating them with his own states. Frederick William also called upon the Poles dwelling in the said cities and within the line of demarcation he had drawn, to take the oath of allegiance to him, or abide the consequences; but (in this more delicate than Catherine) he did not command them or their priests to pray to God for him and his line. This was followed, on the 29th of March, old style, or the 9th of April new style, by a Russian

declaration from de Sievers, Catherine's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, who was residing at Grodno. In this public document fresh vials of wrath were poured upon the constitution of May, 1791, and upon the secret machinations which had followed the victories of the Russians and the overthrow of that constitution. De Sievers finished his declaration by inviting the Poles to assemble, as soon as possible, in a special diet, to agree to an amicable arrangement, and to concur with the salutary intentions of Russia and Prussia. The general confederation, including and mainly consisting of the same Polish magnates who had invited the Russians into Poland to overthrow the constitution of 1791, expressed, in a note to de Sievers, their astonishment and dismay at these propositions for a fresh partition of their country. King Poniatowski, after in vain petitioning Catherine, and offering to abdicate the throne, was compelled to assemble a sort of diet; and this diet, though not without coercion and violence, the threat of exile in Siberia, and the actual arrest of some of its members by Russian soldiery, was compelled to ratify a fresh partition which made over to Russia a territory containing a population of more than three millions and a half, and to Prussia a territory containing nearly one million and a half of inhabitants, together with the navigation of the Vistula, and the port of Dantzic on the Baltic, which she had so long coveted. The leavings were secured to Poniatowski, but he was bound to govern according to the old crazy constitution; and, to keep him in the right path, a strong Russian garrison was fixed permanently at Warsaw, and the Russian ambassador gave the law in all things. Prussia was obliged to employ a large part of her army in garrisoning Dantzic and Thorn, and in keeping down insurrection in Great Poland; and Austria was obliged to keep one large force in Gallicia, and another on the Turkish frontier, as, in case of any renewed attempts on the part of the Poles to recover their independence, they would be sure to attempt an insurrection in Gallicia, (which was their country until the time of

the first dismemberment,) and to try to bring their old allies the Turks into the war.

In consequence of these transactions, which were not terminated when he took the field, but which continued to distract his attention all through the campaign, it was the month of April before the King of Prussia crossed the Rhine and invested Mayence; and then he only brought with him some 50,000 men, including Saxons, Hessians, and Bavarians, who served under their own princes. Even when joined by 15,000 or 20,000 Austrians under Wurmser, and by 5000 or 6000 French emigrants under the Prince of Condé, his force was insufficient for the work he had undertaken to do; for in their fortresses alone the French had between 40,000 and 50,000 men, while their army on the Rhine was at least 50,000 strong, and their army on the Moselle more than 30,000; and garrisons and armies had it in their power to draw continual reinforcements from the interior of France—that vast fermenting camp. Moreover, the French had 20,000 men within the walls of Mayence when his majesty of Prussia and Wurmser began to invest it in the old formal and slow manner.

In the month of May, Custine, who had put himself at the head of the troops in the field, made an attempt to raise the siege, and was routed with great loss; but still the immense garrison held out, and it was not until the 22nd of July that Mayence surrendered to the King of Prussia, who, though the French were actually starving, and must soon have surrendered at discretion, allowed them to march out with the honours of war; and these 20,000 men, marching away into the Vendée, contributed very materially to the internal success of the republicans. If, instead of wasting their time, and exhausting the strength and spirit of their troops, in long blockades and sieges, *all* the allies—Austrians, Prussians, English, Spaniards, and Sardinians—had advanced boldly and simultaneously from the Belgian frontier, from the Rhine, from the Pyrenees, from Savoy, and from Nice, right into the heart of France, while the insur-

rection in the Vendée in the west, insurrections in Languedoc and Provence, and all through the south, and other troubles, were at their height, they might possibly have all met at Paris; but this bold way of making war had not yet been invented; it was still considered necessary that an army should leave no great fortresses in its rear in the hands of the enemy; and thus, before they had finished their sieges, the Vendéans were checked, the other insurgents were scattered, and an improved organization was introduced into the armies of the republic. Most of the allied powers, too, had their separate views, and were seeking how they could best turn the war to their own immediate advantage; and, even without this conflict of selfishness, there must have been a divergency of opinion and a want of proper concert among so many princes, chiefs, and generals, some of whom were separated from each other by the whole length or breadth of France, and with none but tedious or uncertain communications with one another.

In the month of August the Duke of York had to march back to Menin, to the relief of the Hereditary Prince of Orange, who was enveloped by a superior French force, and whose Dutch troops showed little stomach for fighting. Three battalions, headed by General Lake, liberated the prince, and afterwards drove the French from a strong redoubt they had thrown up at the village of Lincelles. The Duke of York then moved towards Dunkirk, and began, at the end of August, to lay regular siege to that place. Badly seconded, or not seconded at all, by the Dutch under the Prince of Orange, who remained posted at Menin, at the distance of three days' march—badly aided by Marshal Freytag, who ought to have been close at hand at Furnes, but who preferred keeping at a distance—disappointed in the arrival of an English squadron—harassed by a French flotilla of gun-boats and small vessels that came out from Dunkirk—vigorously opposed by a strong garrison under Souham and young Hoche—and threatened by a force more numerous than his own, which was manœuvring round him under

Houchard, the Duke of York, after some sharp skirmishing, found himself compelled to raise the siege on the 7th of September. In the mean time the Prince of Coburg defeated a strong body of republicans near Landrecies; and, in consequence of this victory, Quesnoy surrendered to him on the 11th of September. On the same day Houchard fell upon the Dutch at Menin, and, after two days' skirmishing, drove them from their positions; but on the 15th the Austrian general Beaulieu fell upon Houchard between Menin and Courtray, and defeated him with the greatest ease; for, at the unexpected apparition of a small corps of cavalry on one of their wings, the sans-culottes set up the cry of "Sauve qui peut," ran from the field like packs of yelping jackals, and never stopped until they got under the walls and guns of Lisle. Houchard was presently recalled to Paris to be guillotined.

By this time the French, who had put in requisition every species of vehicle in order to forward with more speed the regular troops they collected from various quarters, and from their garrisons which seemed safe from attack, had formed an immense overwhelming force on the Belgian frontier. Shortly after the retreat of the Duke of York from Dunkirk, the French attacked every post on that long frontier-line, but, in spite of their numbers, they were everywhere repulsed. On the 15th and 16th of October the republicans were more successful. General Jourdan, who had gradually collected an immense force in a fortified camp close to Maubeuge, sallied out against Coburg, who had been watching the camp, attacked him with great spirit, and, after two days' manœuvering and fighting, induced him to recross the river Sambre. The Duke of York, who had come up by forced marches to assist Coburg, was indignant at this retreat, and declared it to be unnecessary. The arrival at Ostend of a considerable English armament, under the command of Sir Charles Grey, enabled the allies to stop and head back the republican torrent, and to preserve the Low Countries during the rest of the year.

Having taken Mayence, and permitted the 20,000

republicans to march off for La Vendée, and having gained some trifling advantages in skirmishes on the Rhine, the King of Prussia quitted his army, and travelled with all speed into Poland, to look after his acquisitions in that country, and to patch up some differences and jealousies which had broken out between him and the Emperor of Germany. He left the command of his army on the Rhine to the Duke of Brunswick, who was to act in concert with the small Austrian army under Wurmser. These two generals, with some slow, cautious, but well-combined movements, drove the republicans from several strong posts, and about the middle of October expelled them from their fortified lines at Weissemburg, their great bulwark in that direction, and also from the fortified camp and triple lines at Lauter. The Prussians then laid siege to Landau; and the Austrians, invited by the noblesse and no inconsiderable part of the people of Alsace, which had once belonged to the imperial house, and which still was more like a part of Germany than a part of France, invested Strasburg, the capital of that province. The Convention, who always sent a pair of their most daring and desperate members to every point where the danger seemed to be great, despatched St. Just and Lebas to Strasburg; and these two worthies introduced the reign of terror into the town, and into the whole of Alsace, except only the narrow slips of it that were covered by Wurmser's arms. It was a facetious saying of Lebas, that, with a little guillotine and a great deal of terror, the republicans might do everything. Custine was wanted at Paris to be beheaded. St. Just called young Hoche from Dunkirk, and gave him the command of that army, which was now reinforced by nearly the whole of the army of the Moselle, which had done little, and hitherto suffered nothing, in this campaign. Wurmser was obliged to retreat before these overwhelming numbers, and Strasburg was left to the sans-culottes, the two commissioners of the Convention, and the guillotine. Hoche made a bold attempt to get between Wurmser and Brunswick, but the commander of the Prussian army

was on the alert; the ground was difficult and unfavourable to the French; and Hoche, after skirmishing and fighting all the three last days of November, was repulsed, beaten, put to flight, with the loss of 3000 or 4000 men, and with scarcely any loss to the Duke of Brunswick. The republican general then effected a junction with all that was left of the troops that Lebas and St. Just had collected in Alsace; and, crossing the heights of the Vosges, and taking Wurmser by surprise, and then outflanking him with his vast superiority of numbers, he defeated the Austrians, made many prisoners, and took a considerable portion of Wurmser's artillery. Besides their numerical superiority, the French had the incalculable advantage of being animated by one spirit and guided by one will; but many recent circumstances had revived the inveterate national animosities between the Austrians and the Prussians, who now rarely met except to quarrel, and who, when separate, seemed to care little about acting in concert or aiding one another. Those who suffered most by Wurmser's retreat were his unfortunate Alsacian partisans. On the 26th of December, Hoche, aided by Desaix, Pichegru, and Michaud, made a tremendous attack upon the lines of Weissemburg, and was on the point of driving the Austrians from those lines when the Duke of Brunswick arrived in force, beat back the French, and kept them at bay for the remainder of that day. On the morrow Wurmser withdrew his army in good order, and the French obtained repossession of their old bulwark. The Prussians, who had now raised their siege of Landau, wished the Austrians to remain on the left bank of the Rhine until all the Duke of Brunswick's artillery and stores should be well advanced on the road towards Mayence; but the Austrians would not consent to stay a single day, and they crossed the Rhine on the 28th, leaving the Duke of Brunswick to shift for himself. The Duke got his army safely into Mayence, but soon afterwards resigned the command of it, with many bitter accusations against the Austrians, to which Wurmser and some of his friends replied with counter-accusations

and reproaches just as bitter. By the end of the year the French had not only recovered their old frontier-lines in this direction, but they had also the whole of the Palatinate at their mercy. It was in the Palatinate that Hoche chose his short winter-quarters.

The Convention had issued a declaration of war against Spain on the 4th of March. The Spanish government was not in a condition to set on foot a very large land army; but the troops she had brought into the field acted for some time with considerable spirit and intelligence. Instead of waiting to be invaded, the Spaniards set their foot on French territory, and soundly beat the republican general Deflers in his fortified camp, about the middle of May. They then advanced upon Perpignan, taking several fortresses: but Deflers, being greatly reinforced, gained a victory on the 17th July, and obliged the Spaniards to abandon their conquests and retire towards the frontiers of Catalonia, just as the great royalist insurrection of the south of France broke out, and just as the British and Spanish fleets obtained possession of Toulon. At the other extremity of the Pyrenees the Spaniards made a good beginning, and gave for many months employment to one of the numerous corps d'armées of the republic.

While La Vendée, in the west, from end to end, continued in a blaze, the hot royalists of the south armed and confederated. Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon were at the head of this formidable confederation. The republican general Cartaux defeated the Marseillese royalists in a hollow on the road between Aix and Marseilles; the sans-culottes of Marseilles fell upon their flying townsmen, and opened the gates of their town to the republicans and the Commissioners of the Convention, who came to make the guillotine permanent. From Marseilles to Toulon was no very long march; and the Toulonese were warned by the fugitives from the former city of the terrible fate which must befall them if Cartaux should pay them a visit, and find them undecided and unprepared. There was no time to be lost; and on the 29th of August these royalists concluded a treaty, which

they had begun some time before, with Admiral Lord Hood, who agreed that the town should be held by the English for Louis XVII., and that the ships and forts should be restored at the conclusion of peace. Lord Hood had scarcely landed 1500 men, under the command of Captain Elphinstone, when General Cartaux arrived with his victorious army from Marseilles, and cantoned in the villages and bastides round about, calling upon all the four corners of France for reinforcements, and upon every patriot in it for aid and assistance. Kellerman detached Lapoype to his assistance with 4000 or 5000 men; and volunteers and other corps gradually collected. On the other side, Lord Hood, sensible that the most desperate efforts would be made to recover the place, and that his sailors and the French royalists would be unequal to its defence, applied in all directions for troops and other reinforcements; and, with rather unusual activity, our allies in the Mediterranean sent ships and troops to Toulon. The Spanish Admiral Langara, who was nearest at hand, took on board 3000 men of the army of Roussillon, came up with his fleet, and joined Hood. The Bourbon King of Naples, whose wife, Caroline of Austria, was sister to Marie Antoinette (now no more), had declared war against the French republicans, and at the first summons he sent down his small fleet and some land-troops to co-operate. The King of Sardinia sent another detachment, and 5000 men were promised from the Austrian army in Lombardy; only these last never arrived. In several sorties made by the English and a few Spaniards, the republicans were well beaten; but sans-culottes re-inforcements poured in from all quarters, and Cartaux was succeeded by Dugommier, a much abler man. Moreover, Dugommier brought with him from Nice, where he had been serving during the summer, a little Corsican, a young officer of artillery, who was worth more than many thousand men. This was Napoleon Bonaparte, who displayed an activity, and, above all, an intelligence and a quickness, which commanded attention. At first he had been received almost with insolence by Cartaux and Doppet; but Dugommier,

a veteran soldier, had a better sense of his merits, and he was strongly supported by the Jacobin Commissioners of the Convention, one of whom was the brother of the then all-powerful Robespierre, with whose party the young officer had recently identified himself by writing and publishing a political pamphlet entitled 'The Supper of Beaucaire.' Under such patronage he got the command of the whole besieging artillery, amounting to two hundred or more pieces; and he was pretty certain that in the councils of war, which were now frequently called, any opinion he might emit would be listened to, at least, with respect. Batteries were erected to sweep the harbour and the roadstead; and from 30,000 to 40,000 men were now collected round Toulon. Our expected succours had arrived from Gibraltar, but they consisted merely of two foot regiments and a few artillerymen, under the command of General O'Hara, who took the command of the place and of all the land-troops of the allies, which did not even now exceed 11,000 men, counting all nations, and including some corps that had nothing of the soldier but the name. To keep all that wide range of hills (some of which commanded the two harbours, and the fleets in them, as well as the town) would have required, at the very least, 30,000 troops of the best quality. Some of the Neapolitans behaved very badly; yet the French never made an advance without sustaining great loss. On the 30th of November General O'Hara was wounded and taken prisoner in a sortie, in the course of which Bonaparte received a bayonet-wound, and was carried off the field fainting. On the 17th of December Lord Hood called a council of war. It was readily agreed that Toulon and both its ports should be evacuated as quickly as possible; that such of the French ships as were rigged and fit for sea should be carried off, and that all the rest, on the stocks or in the dock, should be destroyed; that all possible exertions should be made for carrying off the other French royalists. On the morning of the 18th the sick and wounded, and the British field artillery, were sent off; and in the course of that night nearly all the troops

were embarked on board the fleet, which had come to anchor in the outer harbour. Then, at a given signal, commenced one of the most terrible scenes that even war has ever presented: then Sir Sidney Smith—who had recently arrived at Toulon, and who had volunteered to conduct the perilous operations of blowing up and destroying all the French ships of war which could not be removed, the powder-magazines, the stores and arsenal—set to work, having previously made some hurried preparations. Then followed a series of terrific explosions, each resembling the eruption of a volcano. Unhurt, Sir Sidney and his exhausted men joined in the outer road Admiral Lord Hood, who embarked all the English forces without the loss of a man. The fleet remained for some time in the roadstead, all eyes on board fixed on the mighty conflagration; and then they steered for the Hesperides of France, the beautiful islands of Hières, which, lying close under the coast of Provence, and covered with groves of orange, and citron, and myrtle, look like a piece of Italy dropped there by mistake.

The English had destroyed one ship of 84 guns, one of 76 guns, seven of 74 guns, and two of 24 guns; and they brought away with them more vessels than they burned—one immense ship of 120 guns, two of 74 guns, one of 40 guns, four frigates, and seven corvettes, brigs, &c., following Lord Hood to Hières. The Spaniards brought away one vessel of 18 guns, the Sardinians one of 32 guns, and the Neapolitans one of 20 guns. Yet the whole blow at the French navy was not so decisive as had been expected; fourteen sail of the line and five frigates escaped destruction, or were only so partially destroyed that it was found possible to repair them afterwards. Nearly 15,000 men, women, and children, inhabitants of the town, or royalists from other parts of the south, who had taken refuge in it as the last asylum they had in France, were carried safely away by the allied fleets. It appears that hardly any were left behind who had committed themselves by counter-revolutionary deeds, or by correspondence and connexion with Lord Hood and his allies; but what M. Thiers styles "the

revolutionary vengeance" would not submit to be disappointed of its prey and its victims. Upon the first entrance of the republicans into the half-ruined town they massacred every one they met, not excepting even some two or three hundred Jacobins who went to meet and welcome them. The released *galériens*, whose exertions in saving the shipping had converted them from felons into patriots, joined in the excesses of the soldiery; and for twenty-four hours there was a sabbath of crime and horror in which every possible monstrosity was committed. And after these abominations the slaughter was continued for a long time in a regular, organized manner. Several hundreds of poor workmen and labourers, who had been employed by the English and their allies in improving the fortifications of Toulon, were condemned in a mass, and were executed in the same manner, the executioners being cannoneers who fired upon them with grape-shot. The guillotine, which always followed in the wake of the victorious republican armies, was then set up and made permanent: the possession of money or lands, or of a respectable station in society, was guilt and proof enough to the improvised revolutionary tribunal, and to the military commissions, which were presided over or directed by the younger Robespierre, Barras, and Fréron, the three commissioners from the Convention.

While Lord Hood was in possession of Toulon, he had detached a squadron to Corsica to carry assistance to the anti-republican and anti-French party in that island; and another, commanded by Admiral Gell, to call to account the republic of Genoa and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or his authorities at Leghorn, who, under the mask of neutrality, had for some time pursued a system almost openly hostile to the allies. The French army in Nice had been supplied from Leghorn with provisions and stores, although the Grand Duke's government had refused a small supply of bullocks to the English fleet. Genoa was for the present overawed by our demonstrations; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, beset not merely by the minister of Great Britain, but also by the

ministers of all the allied powers and by the messages and agents of the King of Sardinia, the King of Naples, and of nearly every prince in Italy, not only agreed to break off all intercourse with the French republic, but further engaged to unite with the grand European coalition. But the Genoese senate already stood in terror of the Jacobinized Genoese democracy; and the traffickers and speculators of that ancient republic continued the contraband trade with the French armies. The republic of Venice followed the same line of conduct as Genoa, but derived less pecuniary advantage from her neutrality. Efforts were made by the English resident minister, and by the representatives of other powers, to draw the Venetian senate into the league against France; but they failed for the present, and Venice became on the Adriatic what Genoa was on the Mediterranean side of the peninsula,—a centre of intrigue and a sort of head-quarters for revolution-professors and proselytising Jacobins. Chauvelin and his comrades, flourishing under the protection of the Lion of St. Mark, which had become as timid and crouching as a cur—which was trying to fawn on all parties, with the certainty of being kicked by all—preached the sacred duty of insurrection in all the Venetian states and dependencies, and excited the Grisons on one side and the Dalmatians on the other to take up arms against the poor old and decrepid republic, while other agents from the Convention were labouring hard at Constantinople to entice the Turks into the war as allies of the French, by showing how easy it would be to profit by the present weakness of the Venetians, and by the over-occupation which the Austrians had given themselves on the Rhine.

The head of the unfortunate Louis XVI. had scarcely been struck off ere the Gironde and the Mountain renewed their death-struggle with an increase of fury, each party striving to send their adversaries to the guillotine, and each feeling convinced that their only hope of life lay in the wholesale destruction of the other faction. Having remained in office just long enough to witness the trial and execution of the king, the virtuous Roland,

harassed to death by the Jacobins, and evidently alarmed at their increasing power as well as rage, retired from the ministry with certain moral reflections which he might have made several months before. The ministers remaining were absolutely under the dictation of Brissot, who had no place, and who had provoked the mortal hatred of the ultra-Jacobins. Marat set his fangs into Brissot's side, and nearest to the heart; he was accused of the most detestable peculation, and the scarcity of provisions and the dearth of money were attributed to Roland, to those who remained in office after him, and to Brissot. In the mother-society, Robespierre invoked the destruction of the whole of the Gironde, and with great art and address made sure of the means of accomplishing their ruin. That wretched party wanted the revolution to stop where it was; but Robespierre still repeated that he did not believe that the revolution was finished yet. The Girondins could count only upon the timid respectabilities, or upon that middle class which is least fitted for daring action and great personal sacrifice; the Jacobins appealed to the popular masses, to the indigent shopkeeper, the ill-employed mechanic, the common soldier, the hard-toiling peasant—to every man that might hope to gain, and that had nothing to lose, by the continuance of revolutionary troubles, and these Jacobins, by holding the sovereignty of the clubs, must inevitably become for a season the masters of France. For one man that would dare raise hand or voice for the much-talking, philosophical, pragmatical Gironde, five hundred greedy, infuriated, desperate men would be sure to draw the sword or raise the pike for Robespierre and his party. Beaten entirely out of the clubs, beaten in the Convention itself, and subjected daily to the insults and menaces of the Parisian mob, the Girondins, in secret conclaves, deliberated on the means of striking a *grand coup d état* by which they might dissolve the Convention or forcibly expel the Jacobins. These consultations became known to the Jacobins, who had spies everywhere; and the Girondins revealed their own secret by demanding a body of troops to act as guard to the Con-

vention and Government, and to be composed of *respectable men* drawn from the Gironde departments; or from the very towns and villages of the south which had given birth to these select republicans and perfectibilians. Moreover the same weak faction ventured to affirm that Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and the rest of the powerful Jacobins, were and had been all along in an infernal plot with Philippe Egalité, or his Highness of Orleans; that they intended to make that débauché a king, and that all the atrocities which had already been committed, or which were proposed as the means of securing liberty and equality, had for their object and end the restoration of the abjured monarchy in the person of Philip. When these and other denunciations had been made in the Convention, the Jacobins felt that this was a quarrel for life and death, and that they must guillotine the Girondins, or wait and be guillotined by them. Nor, from what we know of the character and doings of these men, are we inclined to doubt that the Girondins would have been as pitiless in the hour of victory towards their political adversaries as ever were the Jacobins. But they had no chance of victory, they had not so much as the means of offering combat. Being convinced of this fact, they conceived the absurd project of removing the seat of Government from Paris, and of splitting up France into a number of confederating republics! It is still an incurable fashion with certain writers even in this country to represent the Gironde party as an interesting company of virtuous and unfortunate reformers, as men of vast genius and acquirements, and as great political philosophers; but their utter inaptitude as politicians is demonstrated by every step they took and by nearly every project they entertained. Under the name of *Federalists* they now became quite as odious as the royalists had been at the commencement of the revolution. The clubs put themselves in permanent session; the mob was appealed to; the barriers were closed; a new insurrection was organized; the trembling Girondins hid themselves in garrets and cellars; and on Sunday, the 2nd of June, while the tocsin and alarm-guns were firing, the Con-

vention was surrounded by 163 pieces of artillery, and by 80,000 armed men (the pikemen being included), who shouted "Death to the Gironde!" and who demanded from the legislators that were in the house an immediate vote of arrest or proscription against the leaders of that party. Under the dictation of Marat, the list of proscription, which contained thirty-two names, was soon settled, and scarcely one of the moderate or anti-Jacobin members present had courage to vote against it or to offer any remark offensive to the sovereign people.

The Girondins, who had themselves trampled upon the constitutional inviolability of Louis XVI., called upon heaven and earth to witness the monstrous crime of their adversaries in trampling upon their inviolability as representatives of the people. The simple truth was, that, as they had got rid of the king because he stood in the way of their republic and of their personal aggrandisement, so the Mountain had got rid of them because they stood in the way of their sans-culottism, and because they had declared war to the guillotine-axe against them. The common calamity which had befallen them did not produce any unanimous plan. They separated into small companies, or endeavoured to escape singly. A little sooner or a little later nearly all these thirty-two Girondins perished miserably, those being the least unfortunate who perished first. Some were caught by the Jacobins and guillotined, and some destroyed themselves to avoid that fate. The virtuous Roland drove a sword through his heart and was found by the road side, together with a note in which he declared he could no longer remain in a world that was soiled by so much guilt. Virtue Pétion was found in the south, dead in the fields, and half eaten by wolves; and his friend Buzot was discovered near him and in the same condition: it still remains doubtful whether they were assassinated or died of hunger. Nowhere—not even in their native places—could any of these miserable men find shelter and hospitality: all France was either madly Jacobinized, or overpowered by dread of the Jacobins. The fury of that triumphant faction was augmented by the assassination of the mon-

ster Marat, who fell under the knife of Charlotte Corday, on the 14th of July. On the 1st of August the Convention voted that Marie Antoinette, the hapless and long tortured Queen, should be brought to trial. Not a single charge was proved against her; but the revolutionary tribunal, declaring that they were going to give a grand example to the universe and satisfaction to the holy doctrine of equality, pronounced her guilty. She died on the scaffold like a heroine, on the 16th of October, amidst shouts of "*Vive la République!*" The execution of the Queen was followed, on the 31st of October, by that of twenty-one Girondins. Included in this list were the eloquent Vergniaud; the active and pragmatical Brissot; Lebrun, ex-minister for foreign affairs, with whom our Foxite opposition would have treated for a peace only a few months before; Sillery, the husband of Madame de Genlis and the friend and adviser of Philippe Egalité; Fauchet, the socialist, and others of the like revolutionary celebrity. The guillotine, and Samson the well-practised executioner, worked with such rapidity that in *thirty-one minutes* their heads were all off.

There was now no single day on which the guillotine was idle; but six days after the execution of the twenty-one deputies, a victim appeared on the scaffold who demands some more particular though brief notice: this was Philippe Egalité, ci-devant Duke of Orleans, who had been alternately accused by the Girondists of being an ultra-Jacobin, and by the Jacobins of being a Girondist. As soon as the flight of his sons with Dumouriez was known in the Convention, certain messengers, who found him playing at whist in his splendid residence of Palais-Egalité, late Palais Royal, were despatched to tell him that he was wanted at the bar. He went, appealed to his inviolability as a representative of the people, to his past services to the revolution, and protested that he was entirely ignorant of the causes which had led to the defection of his eldest son. "If," said he, "my son is really a traitor, I see here the image of Brutus, and I know how to follow that Roman example." But all this availed him nothing; and a

decree was presently passed which sent him a state prisoner to Marseilles. On the 3rd of November, he was brought back to Paris; on the 6th of the same month he stood before the revolutionary tribunal, and on the same afternoon he was sent to the scaffold in company with four other victims. He perished on the same spot as the king and queen, and the twenty-one Girondins. It is said that he complained neither of his friends nor of his enemies, and that, when he was told he might be respited till the next day, he refused the favour, saying that, as he was to die, the sooner the better. The mob expressed their "lively satisfaction" when Samson exhibited his head. He was forty-five years old when he died—if not the very worst, then the most defamed man of his bad times.

Next followed Madame Roland. She had been released from the Abbaye on the 27th of June, but had been arrested again on the very same day by order of the commune, and carried to Sainte-Pélagie, a far worse prison. A day or two after the execution of the Girondins, she was transferred to the Conciergerie, through which there was now no exit except through the Tribunal Révolutionnaire and the gates of death. She was not permitted to see her young daughter, her only child, who remained with her in Paris when her husband fled. If she really wrote the *last* part of her Mémoires which were published under her name (the fact has been doubted, and with some appearance of reason), she consoled herself in her misfortune by comparing her life and conduct to that of the flower of Roman republicans, by vaunting the purity and patriotism of her party and the wisdom of her husband's or her own administration, and by uttering rhapsodies against the Mountain, and Pache, and all the ultra-Jacobins, without expressing any penitence for political or other faults committed; without bestowing one word on the fate of the king, or even upon the fate of the queen, a woman and a mother like herself; without, in fact, admitting that her party had committed any fault except that of being over-lenient, and too mild, generous, and confiding. She was tried by the

revolutionary tribunal on the 8th, and was guillotined on the 9th of November. Astronomer Mayor Bailly was executed the day after Madame Roland. There followed in the long death-dance republican generals who had been defeated by the enemy; public servants who had incurred suspicion; and journalists who had not used the liberty of the press so as to please Robespierre and the Jacobins. Political theorists and experimentalists of the most opposite views and parties were guillotined together; heads that had never thought alike meeting in the same sack which received the loppings of the guillotine; and fierce political antagonists, who could scarcely have met in life except to tear each other to pieces, being deposited in the same grave, with one layer of quick-lime (their common winding-sheet and only shroud) to consume them all together.

During the two months of November and December, one hundred and twenty-six persons were condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and executed by that great revolution-professor, Citizen Samson. Not a man or woman was brought before the court but was condemned, and after condemnation not one was pardoned or even reprieved. The Parisians' appetite for blood seemed truly to grow with what it fed upon: the place of execution was the commonest place of rendezvous; the executions, as most exciting, were the most popular exhibitions of the day; women and children, as well as men, ran eagerly to them, and, unless the weather was exceedingly cold or exceedingly rainy, the Place de la Révolution, which continued for many months to be the principal slaughter-house, was constantly crowded. Nor was this crowd composed solely of the rabble, and faubourg sans-culottes. As the property of all who were condemned was confiscated, the guillotine was an effective instrument even in finance. Thus Barrère is said to have remarked facetiously, that the guillotine was an excellent mint—that they coined money in the Place de la Révolution!

Those who had been ministers under the Gironde were pursued with still more fury than those who had

held office under the precious Lafayettist constitution. Clavière, the Genevese minister of finance, whose wife was said to have rallied and recovered from a consumption from her enthusiastic joy at his promotion,* escaped the guillotine by committing suicide in his prison on the 8th of December; his poor wife poisoned herself two days after, and their only child, a daughter, fled penniless to Geneva. The Convention passed a law that the property of those who killed themselves, either before or after trial, should be confiscated to the republic, even as if they had been regularly condemned and executed.

Before the year ended, the legislators of Paris voted that there was no God, and destroyed or altered nearly everything that had any reference to Christianity. Robespierre, who would have stopped short at deism, and who would have preserved the external decencies, was overruled and intimidated by Hébert and his frowsy crew, who had either crept into the governing committees, or had otherwise made themselves a power in the state. The way, however, was made plain and easy to Hébert by the preceding labours of the philosophers; by the rapidly-growing unbelief of the Parisians and the majority of town-dwelling Frenchmen; by the contempt for a long time cast upon everything that was old, and by the cool and deliberate proceedings of the Convention itself. All popular journalists, patriots, and public bodies, had begun dating *First Year of Liberty*, or *First Year of the Republic;* and the old calendar had come to be considered as superstitious and slavish, as an abomination in the highest degree disgraceful to free and enlightened Frenchmen. Various petitions for a change had been presented; and at length the Convention had employed the mathematicians Romme and Monge, and the astronomer Laplace, to make a new republican calendar for the new era. These three philosophers, aided by Fabre d'Eglantine, who, as a poet, furnished the names, soon finished their work, which was sanctioned by the Convention and decreed into uni-

* Dumont.

versal use as early as the 5th of October. It divided the year into four equal seasons, and twelve equal months of thirty days each. The five odd days which remained were to be festivals, and to bear the name of *Sans-culottides*. Thiers calls this national festival of five days at the end of the year a beautiful idea, and says that the name of Sans-culottides, which belongs to the times, is not more absurd than many other names which have been adopted by different peoples. The term scarcely needs translation: Mr. Carlyle renders it into English by "Days without Breeches," and it means that, or the Days of the Breechless.

In leap-years, when there would be six days to dispose of, the last of those days or Sans-culottides was to be consecrated to the Revolution, and to be observed in all times with all possible solemnity. The months were divided into three decades, or portions of ten days each, and, instead of the Christian Sabbath, once in seven days, the *décadi*, or tenth day, was to be the day of rest—which Thiers, who admires, or pretends to admire, every part of the new calendar, thinks a very excellent arrangement. The decimal method of calculation, which had been found so convenient in money and in weights and measures, was to preside over all divisions: thus, instead of our twenty-four hours to the day, and sixty minutes to the hour, the day was divided into ten parts, and the tenth was to be subdivided by tens, and again by tens to the minutest division of time. New dials were ordered to mark the time in this new way; but, before they were finished, it was found that the people were puzzled and perplexed by this last alteration, and therefore this part of the calendar was adjourned for a year, and the hours, minutes, and seconds, were left as they were.

In the abolition of religious worships (*l'abolition des cultes*) Hébert was patiently assisted by his official superior Chaumette, procureur of the commune; by l'Huillier, procureur of the department; by nearly all the notables of the commune, and present leaders of the Cordelier Club; by the majority of journalists and

pamphleteers, and by the orator of mankind, Anacharsis Clootz, whose madness had not diminished in the midst of the increasing insanity of others. But the fierce atheism of these men (it was fiercer, more intolerant and persecuting, than any religious bigotry) must, like the cruelty of the pro-consuls or commissioners in the departments, have been powerless and ineffectual, or only effectual in bringing about their immediate overthrow and destruction, if there had not been in the dogmas they taught something very acceptable and captivating to the French people, or if that people had not been prepared for the reception of their doctrines. It is in vain attempting to throw the bloody crimes and monstrous follies of the Revolution upon a few scapegoats; the crimes and follies were *national*, and the great body of the people must bear the weight of them. Another great labourer in the vineyard of atheism was Fouché. This man was a native of Nantes, and had there been educated for a priest. While *en mission* in the department of L'Allier, he, as member of the Convention, took upon himself to regulate and reform the public burying-grounds, which he and his guillotine-man were filling at a rapid rate; and, knocking down the cross and the text from Scripture which stood over the gate of a cemetery, he set up a statue of sleep, to intimate that death was but an everlasting sleep. Fouché's device was considered pretty and poetic, and, before the Convention, or the commune of Paris, which was the great active agent in this new reformation, legislated or decreed upon the subject, the example was followed in various parts of the country. Where they could not readily obtain statues in stone or wood, the people satisfied themselves with inscriptions, painted in large black letters, such as "Death is Sleep," "Here one sleeps," "Death is an eternal Sleep," &c.* Chaumette, who took in hand all

* At the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, traces of these inscriptions were visible in many parts of France. When the bigoted atheists were outvoted they had been merely covered with a little plaster or whitewash, and this covering had fallen of, and had left the letters beneath visible.

the cemeteries of Paris, and entirely changed their appearance, was a sentimental atheist, who was wont to say that he should like to inhale the soul of his father in the sweet breath of flowers. Anacharsis Clootz was a political atheist, who considered religion as the only obstacle to the establishment of a universal republic, and of the worship of pure reason all over the earth. In his eyes deism was as detestable as catholicism, and a God was as much out of place in a republic as a king. There was, he said, no God but the people; the God-People could not kneel before its divine self—could only worship pure and immortal Reason. Therefore, as he told the Convention (not without applauses from house and gallery), the sooner they put their God among the *ci-devans*, among the things which had been, but were no more, the better for France, the better for all mankind.

Little need be said of the course of this year's war in other parts of the globe. In the East Indies, Pondicherry, and all the other French establishments, were seized by the British without the slightest difficulty; and the republican flag disappeared from that continent. In the West Indies, Tobago was taken by us; but we failed for the present in an attempt on Martinico. The French planters of St. Domingo, suffering from the terrible insurrection of the negroes, and the not less terrible tyranny of the commissioners sent out by the National Convention, implored our protection, and received English garrisons.

A.D. 1794.—On the 21st of January, when the British parliament met, the speech from the throne and the arguments of ministers urged the necessity of continuing the war with an increase of vigour, inasmuch as the wild and destructive system of rapine, anarchy, and impiety, which the French had adopted, had displayed itself fully to the world, and made it more than ever impossible to think of treating with such an enemy. On the other side the opposition urged that the constant failures of the armies of the coalition, and the victories and triumphs of the French republicans, rendered the prosecution of the war hopeless and ruinous; and that, as we must recognise their government and negotiate with it at last, the best

thing we could do would be to acknowledge it and treat with it at once, leaving the other powers of Europe to follow their own course.

On February the 2nd, the minister laid before the House an account of the supplies necessary for the prosecution of the war, and the ways and means for raising them. On this occasion he stated the interior strength of the kingdom at 140,000 men, and the foreign troops in our pay at 40,000. The total of the requisite supply he calculated at nearly twenty millions; and the ways and means included some new taxes, and a loan of eleven millions. The double taxation to which the Roman Catholics had been long subjected was liberally cancelled.

On the 17th of February the Marquess of Lansdowne introduced a motion for an address, praying his majesty to declare immediately his readiness to enter into a negotiation with France. This was negatived by an immense majority, the numbers being 103 against only 13. Other motions met with no better success; and parliament and the country called for a vigorous prosecution of the war as the only means of preserving our honour and safety.

The subsidiary treaties concluded with the Princes of the coalition, were a subject of discussion in parliament; and, on March the 6th, Mr. Grey moved in the House of Commons for an address to the king, for the purpose of expressing their concern that his Majesty should have formed an union with powers, whose apparent aim was to regulate a country wherein they had no right to interfere. In the subsequent debate, and in a debate in both Houses consequent upon a message from the king, informing them of a treaty concluded with the king of Prussia, by which a larger subsidy was stipulated with that monarch for carrying on the war, many observations were made by the opposition relative to the objects and prospects of the contest, and the small confidence to be placed in subsidized powers who were chiefly attentive to their own interests. Ministers, however, were supported by the usual majorities.

At this juncture a quarrel arose with the United States of America, who objected to our right of search and our laws of blockade. If they had been strong enough they would have joined the French republicans, and have declared war against us; but as their national navy was as yet in embryo they sent over Mr. Jay to negotiate, and the quarrel was compromised for the present.

Some sentences for political offences and clubbism had been passed, the most important being those in Scotland against Messrs. Muir and Palmer, who had been transported to Botany Bay; but the government was still in a state of suspicion and alarm, which the tone of some of the clubs was not calculated to remove. In the month of May it was resolved to pursue some of the principal members of the Corresponding Society and the Society for Constitutional Information in London; and in the month of May Thomas Hardy, Daniel Adams, the Reverend Jeremiah Joyce, private secretary to Earl Stanhope, and tutor to his son, Lord Mahon, John Thelwall, a political lecturer, the celebrated Horne Tooke, and three or four others, were seized and committed to the Tower, charged with high treason. On the 16th of May Pitt produced to the House the report of a Committee of Secrecy, and upon this foundation demanded, as necessary to the salvation of the country from internal revolution, the immediate suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Nor did the great majority of the House consider the demand dangerous, irrational, or excessive. Burke maintained that it was the best means of preventing the vast and imminent dangers with which we were menaced; Windham said that, if these evils could not be averted by the laws in being, other laws more stringent must be framed; and the Suspension Bill was carried through all its stages in the shortest time possible, and by overwhelming majorities. This was the last session that Burke sat in the House of Commons, and some of the last words of that philosophical statesman were words of warning to the country to beware of the fate of France. The king prorogued parliament in person on the 11th of July, congratulating

the Lords and Commons on the glorious victory obtained over the French at sea on the 1st of June, and the acquisitions made in the East and West Indies, and exhorting them to firmness, notwithstanding the successes of the French in the Netherlands.

The dawn of the 1st of June disclosed to Admiral Lord Howe the French about three or four miles to leeward in order of battle, under an easy sail. They had twenty-six line-of-battle ships, while the English had but twenty-five, the 'Audacious,' 74, Captain Parker, having separated in a shattered condition. In the size of their vessels, in their aggregate number of guns and men, and in their weight of metal, the French had a considerable superiority. Lord Howe immediately stood towards them. Being abreast of them at about seven in the morning, he wore to the larboard tack, while the French waited his approach in the same position. Having made the necessary arrangements in his line for opposing his large ships to the large ships of the enemy, bethinking himself of a good English proverb, he lay-to, and intimated by signal that there was time for the men to breakfast before going into action. At about half-past eight he made the signal for the fleet to close, to pass through the French line and engage them to leeward, van to van, rear to rear, every ship engaging her opposite in the enemy's line. A little after nine o'clock the action became general in the centre. After behaving manfully for about an hour, the French Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse gave way and stood off to the northward, and was followed by all the ships in his van that could carry sail. He left ten of his ships, almost all of them totally dismasted, to the windward, nearly surrounded by the English. Seven of these ships of the line soon struck their flags, and were taken possession of by our sailors. One of them, the 'Vengeur,' filled and went down in deep water almost as soon as the English flag was hoisted on her. The number of killed in the British fleet was 279, of wounded 877. But the carnage on board the more crowded French ships was far more dreadful. In the six captured ships which re-

mained afloat, the killed were 690, the wounded 580. Above 300 were supposed to have gone down with the 'Vengeur.' The number of prisoners removed is stated at 2300. Several of Lord Howe's captains, more anxious for prize-money than for hard fighting, scandalously misbehaved themselves; but still, with every deduction, "The Glorious First of June" was a day honourable to the British navy—was a most seasonable victory, proper to keep up the national spirit, and to lead to greater exploits hereafter. It is impossible to comprise in our narrative all the frigate fights, or even the contests between small squadrons, which took place in these first years of the war. There was a variety and inequality in the spirit displayed in some of these numerous engagements; but, in general, the superiority of the English, as sailors and combatants on their own element, was maintained and enhanced; while many of the actions showed a combination of skill, coolness, and bravery, which will never be surpassed. These engagements took place in the Channel, on the coast of France, in the Mediterranean and Archipelago, in the East Indies and in the West; for the French had ships enough to show in all these seas, and in some places they had for a time a decided superiority of force. During the whole of the present year the British lost only one ship of the line, the 'Alexander,' 74, and she did not surrender until she had sustained the assault of three French ships of the line for two hours. Nothing was more evident than that the spirit of our officers and men was incomparably higher than it had been during the American war.

A curious triumph attended our arms in the Mediterranean, where Corsica, the native island of the man who was so soon to be the master and despot of France and arbiter of Europe, annexed itself to the British crown. The cruelties committed by the French, under Louis XV., in their subjugation of the island, were of too recent a date to be forgotten by a very brave but very revengeful people. To the Corsicans the French settlers were aliens in blood, in language, in manners, in interests, in

everything; and a very large part of the population, including all the mountaineers and most of the peasantry, were incensed at the changes introduced into the isle, and the disrespect shown to their priests since the revolution. At the dawn of that mighty change, which deluded so large a portion of mankind with false and extravagant hopes, many of the better educated Corsicans fondly believed that their country would be improved and rendered happy by the political reforms in progress at Paris, and by remaining a portion of the French empire, a realised Utopia. In 1789, on the motion of Mirabeau, in the Constituent Assembly, all the Corsican patriots, who had bravely fought against the French twenty years before, for the independence of their country, and who had been living in exile ever since, were recalled with honour, and invited to concur in the new order of things. Pasquale de Paoli, who had gallantly fought the Genoese for twelve years before they ceded the island by an iniquitous treaty to Louis XV., who had been a sort of king or president under the title of "General of the Kingdom and Chief of the Supreme Magistracy of Corsica," who had afterwards struggled hard with the French, and defeated them in more than one terrible battle, was the most eminent of all these recalled Corsican exiles. He had passed nearly the whole of his exile, from the year 1769 to the year 1789, in England, living in familiar intercourse with the noblest, the most enlightened, and best of our countrymen. Every English reader is acquainted with him as the friend and frequent companion of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who held him in high estimation. With habits almost become English, Paoli repaired to Paris in the autumn of 1789: he was received with acclamations in the Assembly, and in their hall swore fidelity to France and the new and unfinished *monarchic* constitution. He was presented to Louis XVI., who made him lieutenant-general and military commandant in Corsica. After being entertained in Paris by the patriots and popular idols of that day, he proceeded to his native island, where he was received with enthu-

siasm, and placed at the head of the national guards that were then raised or in process of being raised in Corsica. He acted faithfully towards the constitutional monarchy so long as it existed; but when the Girondists and Jacobins united and destroyed that government, to which equally with himself they had all promised and vowed fidelity, when they had set up an anarchical republic, and destroyed or proscribed all those friends who had brought him back, he separated himself from the French party, and began to concert measures with the old Corsican patriots. He was presently denounced to the Convention, who placed his name on their lists of proscription. He assembled his countrymen, explained his danger and their own, held up to execration the cruelty and impiety of the French, and was forthwith appointed general-in-chief and president of the council of government. Paoli knew that the island was not strong enough to defend itself against France; his predilections made him look towards England; and, as soon as war broke out between this country and France, he put himself in communication with our government, and with the English commanders cruising in the Mediterranean. Lord Hood, who commanded the Mediterranean fleet, instantly gave him some assistance; and at the appearance of a few English ships the insurrection became general, and the French were driven out from all the places they held, with the exception of San Fiorenzo, Calvi, and Bastia. This was in the summer and autumn of 1793, when the mother of Bonaparte and all of that family who remained in the island fled in sad plight for Marseilles, to call upon the triumphant Jacobins there for succour and for vengeance upon Paoli and the English.

Thanks to the activity, skill, and gallantry of Captain Horatio Nelson, Bastia, or the French in it, surrendered on the 22nd of May. Calvi was reduced on the 10th of August. The representatives of the Corsican nation unanimously voted the separation of Corsica from France, and its union to the crown of Great Britain.

The management of the great armies of the coalition on the continent was, by many degrees, worse and more

inexcusable than during the preceding year. The rising of the Polish patriots under Kosciusko distracted more than ever the attention of the Emperor and the king of Prussia, and induced his Prussian majesty to send a large army into Poland to secure the territories which had been allotted to him in the last partition, and to set up a pretension to more. Frederick William went into Poland to take the command of his army there, and the Duke of Brunswick, dissatisfied with his conduct, and discouraged by the bad termination of two campaigns, threw up the command of the Prussian army and its contingents on the Rhine. The king of Prussia even authorized some secret negotiations for a separate peace with the National Convention, and, when these manœuvres became known, he frankly intimated that he would abandon the coalition unless he were retained by a liberal subsidy. A bargain—as bad a one as ever was struck—was concluded in the month of April: 2,200,000*l.* was to be paid to his Prussian majesty, who was to furnish an army of 62,400 men; the money to be provided by Great Britain and the States-General of the United Provinces (the only subsidizing powers in Europe), but not in equal proportions, for Great Britain was to pay more than five times as much as the Dutch. A great part of this subsidy went to Poland, where Frederick William remained. As more and more troops were required in that country, his army on the Rhine fell short of the stipulated number; and the gentlest thing that can be said of the conduct of this latter Prussian army in this year's campaign is that it was loose and spiritless.

In the Netherlands, where Austrians, English, Dutch, Hanoverians were to fight together, the campaign scarcely opened under better auspices: a great many of the Dutch, both officers and men, were lukewarm or democratic. The Duke of York quarrelled with the Austrian commanders, and refused to serve under General Clairfait. It was at length adjusted that if the Emperor Francis should personally assume the supreme command, the duke would serve under him; and accordingly the

Emperor repaired to Brussels in April, whence he proceeded to the army. The siege of Landrecy was soon after commenced. Several attempts for its relief by the French were defeated with great loss on their part, and the place was obliged to surrender; but in the meantime Pichegru had forced the encampment of Clairfait, and had taken Courtrai and Menin. General Jourdan, in the beginning of March, entered the province of Luxembourg, where he was opposed by the Austrian General Beaulieu. On April the 17th, Jourdan made an attack upon the Austrian lines, which, after a conflict of two days, he carried. In May, the French attacked the army under the Duke of York near Tournay, and were repulsed with loss. They afterwards marched in great force from Courtrai against Clairfait, whom, after a very obstinate engagement, they put to the rout, and followed across the Sambre. A variety of other well-fought actions ensued, attended with much slaughter on both sides; but, upon the whole, the forces and the confidence of the French seemed to increase. Jourdan was engaged in the siege of Charleroy, when, on June 26th, a general attack was made on his posts by the allies on the plain of Fleurus. Its result was the total defeat of the assailants, who retreated in confusion as far back as Halle; and the success of this day decided that of the French for the remainder of the campaign. Charleroy fell; and some time before, General Moreau, after defeating Clairfait, made himself master of Ypres. Bruges submitted to the victors on June 24th. The Duke of York found it necessary to retreat to Oudenarde, thus leaving Tournay exposed, which came into the possession of the French without resistance. The duke then drew back to the vicinity of Antwerp, where he was joined by Lord Moira with ten thousand British troops.

Ostend being left without any garrison was taken by the French. Throughout the Belgic provinces the people, if not decidedly Jacobinized, were furious against their old masters the Austrians. Ghent opened its gates to the republicans on the 5th of July, and on the 9th of that month the Prince of Coburg was compelled

to abandon Brussels. On the 15th of July the French took Louvain, after obtaining a victory over General Clairfait. Antwerp surrendered on the 23rd, and thus the whole of Austrian Flanders and Brabant fell under the French dominion. Shortly after the Austrians were driven from Liege and its territories. Moreau, advancing into Dutch Flanders, reduced Cadsandt and Sluys.

Early in the year, while the German potentates were disputing with each other, and discouraging, in many ways, the army on the Rhine, which stood in need of every encouragement after their unfortunate campaign of 1793, the French advanced, and took the fort of Kaiserslautern, the town of Spire, and several other towns and fortresses. Adhering to the routine of long winter quarters, and to the principle that armies were not to take the field until the season of snow and frost was over, the German commanders had no forces on foot at all equal to contend with the republicans; nor was it until the month of May that they got a-field in earnest. The Prussians, who did not exceed 50,000 effective men, were now commanded by Count Marshal Möllendorf. Besides this force there was an Austrian army on the Rhine of about the same strength, some small contingent forces furnished by the lesser circles of the empire, and the emigrant army of Condé, which was still 12,000 strong—*upon paper*. Towards the end of May, Möllendorf, taking them by surprise, drove the French out of their entrenchments at Kaiserslautern, with slaughter, and took a good many of their guns. But from this time till the beginning of July, when the republicans were greatly reinforced, the Prussians and their allies did nothing of the least consequence. With a superiority of numbers which gave them the assurance of success, the French, who were moreover cheered by the intelligence of the successes obtained in the Netherlands, and the news of the battle of Fleurus, sought out Möllendorf, and on the 12th of July began a battle which was desperately maintained, at different points, during four whole days. On the night of the 15th, when both sides had suffered tremendous loss, the allies

made a hasty retreat. The Imperialists crossed the Rhine, and the Prussians retired down the left bank of that river to Mayence. Neither of these armies was of any further use during the remainder of this campaign. A territory sixty miles in length was abandoned to the republicans, who marched to the easy reduction of Trèves, and then poured down in great numbers to the Netherlands, to help to finish the war there, and after that to conquer Holland; for there was no intention of stopping short at the Scheldt and Roer, as Dumouriez had done in 1792.

The Duke of York assisted the Hereditary Prince of Orange in covering the United Provinces; but their force was miserably insufficient: the democratic party was again on tiptoe, corresponding with the French, giving every encouragement and assistance in their power to those liberators; and the Dutch army, infected by the same principles, or disheartened by toilsome retreats and many defeats, was, in more senses than the military one, *demoralized*. Masses of men were thrown upon the retreating columns of Clairfait, who, after standing another battle, left Juliers and Aix-la-Chapelle to Jourdan. Clairfait rallied once more, and fought a battle, or a succession of battles, which lasted from the 29th of September to the 3rd of October; but this was the last effort his exhausted army could make, and his continued retreat left Cologne open to the French. Bonn and other towns on the left bank of the Rhine, in the electorate of Cologne, submitted to the conquerors. These places were defenceless or weak; but Coblentz, a dependence of the electorate of Mayence, had been strongly fortified and contained a considerable garrison; yet here, too, scarcely any resistance was made; the Imperialists retired to the other side of the river, and the republicans took possession of the place with exceeding great joy; for it had long been the head-quarters of the emigrant princes and nobles—the *foyer* of royalism and counter-revolutionism. Worms and several other towns threw open their gates. With the exception of Mayence, the French remained absolute masters of every

place on the left bank of the Rhine between Landau and Nimeguen. On the Maes the strong fortress of Venloo had been allowed to be taken by a *coup de main;* and Bois-le-Duc, from which an obstinate resistance was expected, was surrendered by its Dutch garrison after a very short siege. The Duke of York, now stationed near Nimeguen, was cut off from all hope of reinforcement from Germany; for if the allies had meant to support him, which they certainly did not, they could not have sent their troops to him without making a circuitous march. He resolved, however, with such force as he had, to cover that important place, the possession of which by the French would greatly facilitate their advance into the heart of Holland. On their side the republicans resolved to drive him thence, hoping, by a decisive blow, to compel him and his English troops to retire from the defence of the United Provinces. To this end they attacked the duke on the morning of the 19th of October with 60,000 men, and compelled him to retreat from his covering positions. As the duke, however, took up another position which equally prevented their investing Nimeguen, they attacked him again, with still greater numbers and fury, on the 27th of October, and finally compelled him to withdraw entirely, and leave the town to the chances of a siege. As Nimeguen was exceedingly strong by situation, and well garrisoned, it was expected that it would prove an exception to the general rule, and make a vigorous defence; but there were traitors within its walls in intelligence with the French, and the place was allowed to be surprised and carried a very few days after the Duke of York's retreat. Nearly at the same time Kléber, after a siege of only five weeks' duration, obtained possession of the formidable fortress of Maestricht, which was garrisoned by 8000 Dutchmen and Germans in the pay of the States-General, and which was abundantly supplied with provisions, stores, and all things necessary—except fidelity and courage. The Duke of York, with the wreck of his army, retreated across the Waal and the

Rhine, and stationed himself at Arnheim in the province of Guelderland, with but a faint hope of stopping the progress of Pichegru, who had been appointed by the Convention to complete the conquest of Holland.

The Spaniards seemed to have spent their strength and spirit in their Roussillon campaign of the preceding year. Their finances had long been in a ruinous condition, and at present they husbanded such resources as they could command, from a belief, which other powers shared in, that the sway of the Jacobins was drawing to a close; that public opinion fermenting in France would soon pronounce itself against the promoters of anarchy; in short, that a reaction was on the point of breaking out, and that the salutary crisis must be hastened by the first check the French might experience in this campaign. They have, however, been censured too severely; for, after all, they kept their banners on the soil of the republic some time longer than any other power, and they fought on when the most terrible reverses were befalling the armies of the coalition on the side of Italy, on the Rhine, and in the Netherlands. The brave Spanish generals, who had repeatedly beaten the French in 1793, were carried off by sickness and death, or were removed by court intrigue. Early in April the republican General Dugommier succeeded in weakening the Spanish centre; and on the 1st of May he drove them out of their fortified camp at Boulon. Many reverses followed. The French fortress of Bellegarde was recovered in September, and in October Dugommier began to pour his columns into Catalonia.

On the Western Pyrenees, on the side of the Biscayan provinces, the Spaniards had, on the whole, fought very manfully, and generally against superior forces. If, now and then, they had been beaten, they had also on several occasions chastised the pride and confidence of the republicans. They had driven the strong invading columns down the pass of Roncesvalles; and the French, instead of wintering pleasantly in the city of Pampeluna, on the banks of the Ebro, were obliged to take up their can-

tonments in the part of Guipuscoa of which they had obtained possession, in the valley of Bastan, and at Saint-Jean-Pié-de-Port.

On the side of the Alps there was hard fighting all through the year, the army of the King of Sardinia, assisted by Austrian troops, manfully contending to keep the French republicans out of Italy. Forts were taken and retaken; mountain passes were carried by the French and were evacuated by them; sanguinary combats took place among rocks and precipices, and on the crests of mountains covered with eternal snow; parts of the country were Jacobinized; grave errors were committed by the court of Turin; the neutrality of the republic of Genoa was disregarded by the invaders; dense columns were marched through the Genoese territory to turn the position of the Sardinians and Austrians, and to attack the weakest part of Piedmont; and by the end of September the French, conducted by Dumorbion, Masséna, Laharpe, Napoleon Bonaparte, Saliceti, and Albitte, established themselves on the edge of the rich Italian plain which the Po waters. Nothing more was done this year; but the republicans had done much: the bulwarks of the Alps and Apennines were in their hands, the road was opened into Italy, and an excellent basis laid for future operations. It had taken them three years, enormous sums of money, and prodigious sacrifices of life to achieve these great objects; but the work was done at last.

In Paris, meanwhile, the different factions had waged a fiercer war upon one another than that which the armies had carried on in the field. No sooner were the Girondists exterminated than jealousies and deadly hatreds broke out among the victorious Jacobins themselves. Hébert became the head of a party which put itself in direct opposition to Robespierre. These Hébertists were for some time all-powerful in the commune, exceedingly popular in Paris, and with all the extreme sans-culottes: they shared in the executive power by holding places in the *Salut Public* and in others of the governing committees: they had the 10,000 men of the

armée révolutionnaire of Paris completely at their bidding, Ronsin, the general of that army, being one of the chiefs of that party; and in the Convention they for a season could command a majority of votes—a fact which first made Robespierre determine that that legislature should be purged anew, and that the Hébertists should be treated like the Girondists: but, as Hébert and his friends were so powerful, it was necessary to proceed against them slowly and with extreme caution. In installing atheism and the worship of the Goddess of Reason the Hébertists well knew that they were declaring mortal war—a war without quarter—against Robespierre, who by speeches and by writings, by declarations repeatedly made both in the Convention and in the Jacobin Club, had pledged himself to the support of a pure deism, and who (if any one thing is clear in his mysterious character) was really a determined and fanatical deist. With bitterness of soul he had yielded for the moment to the preponderance of Hébert, Chaumette, Clootz, and that atheistical herd: but he believed that a large portion of the French people still retained a respect for Christianity; that a still larger portion, though rejecting all revealed religion, clung to the belief of a God and to the hope of the immortality of the soul; and he nicely calculated that the strength of these opinions would come to his aid in his death-strife with Hébert. The battle was chiefly fought in the clubs, the Jacobins promising and vowing that they would stand by Robespierre now and for ever. On the 13th of March all the leading Hébertists were arrested; they were condemned on the 24th, and nineteen of them were guillotined in the afternoon of that day. It seems to be universally allowed that this was the most spiritless batch that perished during all the Reign of Terror. Ronsin, however, consoled himself with saying that Robespierre and his friends would soon perish in the same manner.

Having thus disposed of Hébert and his obscene crew, the Incorruptible immediately directed his destructive energies against Danton, who had been guilty of gross corruption, and who had lost even his orator courage

and audacity. On the night of the 30th of March Danton, Camille-Desmoulins, Philippeaux, Lacroix (Danton's brother-commissioner and plunderer in Belgium), and several others, were seized. One of them took corrosive sublimate and so died, but Danton and fourteen more of them were executed on the 5th of April, only twelve days after the execution of the nineteen Hébertists. On the 13th of April the widow of Hébert, the fair young widow of Camille-Desmoulins, General Dillon, and sixteen others perished on the same scaffold. In the course of this month of April some two hundred heads fell under the guillotine knife, and in the whole month of May the number of lives sacrificed in the Place de la Révolution reached the fearful amount of 324. Among the more distinguished victims that perished between the middle of April and the end of May were d'Espréménil, the old parliamenter and the hero of the earliest stage of the revolution; Chapelier, once the popular president of the Constituent Assembly; the venerable Malesherbes, who had so nobly defended Louis XVI., and who was now condemned and executed, together with his daughter and his grand-daughter, his sons-in-law, the noble Lamoignons and Châteaubriands; Lavoisier, the eminent chemical philosopher; the Marchioness de Crussal, and the Princess Elizabeth, the innocent, amiable, ever-exemplary, and almost angelic sister of Louis XVI.

All this blood was poured out to the accompaniment of long drowsy harangues about the necessity of public morality and republican virtue. In presenting one of his most terrible reports, Saint Just had moved that morality and virtue should be declared the order of the day—a vote which the Convention passed unanimously. Robespierre, since the fall of Chaumette and Clootz, and all that gang, had repeatedly declared that atheism was so foul a thing that it could not have been thrown into France except by Pitt; that there could be no security even for republican virtue unless they voted the existence of a God, or of some Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul. At first there seemed, at least

in the Convention, a pretty general disposition to sneer at both these dogmas, as unworthy of the enlightenment of France, and as tending to revive the old superstitions; but when Robespierre and Saint Just, Couthon and others of that party, held up atheism as the greatest of all the crimes of which the Hébertists and Dantonists had been guilty, proclaimed it to be an importation from England, and intimated that its propagators and abettors must expect nothing less than that a virtuous republic would take off their heads; these mockers all took the cue, learned the short and easy lesson, and professed themselves (what Saint Just and Robespierre really were) determined and fanatical deists, and implicit believers—without any revelation, but by the light of reason alone—in the soul's immortality. The reformed commune assembled in the Hôtel-de-Ville (which in Chaumette and Hébert's time had been the high altar of the goddess of reason, and very Vatican of the atheist world, the place whence all the destroying, desecrating bulls had emanated) now sent up a deputation and an address to represent to the august representatives of the people, "whose policy was wholly founded on virtue and morality," "whose sublime meditations were directed exclusively to the happiness of mankind," that it was at length time "to proclaim those useful opinions, disfigured by fanaticism, the natural idea of the existence of a God, and the consoling notion of the immortality of the soul." These virtuous municipals declared that Hébert's goddesses of reason were more abominable even than the old superstition and the priests of the Catholic church; and they petitioned that the inscription put upon all churches, "TEMPLE CONSECRATED TO REASON," should be obliterated, and its place supplied by the words "TO THE SUPREME BEING."

The deputies, the representatives of the French people who had so recently made their profession of faith to the goddess of reason, who had so lustily declared that a God or a king was alike incompatible with a republic, now voted by acclamation all that Robespierre proposed. The mother society, too, instantly voted and adopted the

new profession of faith. It was even proposed in the Jacobins to banish every man from the republic that did not believe in the Divinity: but Robespierre thought it expedient to reject this proposition.

A grand fête, for the overthrow of the goddess of reason and the installation of the Supreme Being, was decreed for the 8th of June. Painter David, who had got up so many pomps and ceremonies, and who last summer had arranged that festival and made that statue to mother Nature, before which handsome Hérault de Sechelles, now headless and buried deep in quicklime, had made libations of pure emblematic water, and prayed his pagan prayer, presented a programme and plan for this festival voted to the Supreme Being—an elaborate production, a conceited, pedantic conglomerate of execrable taste, which revolts the mind more than Hébert's atheistical masquerades, but which the legislators adopted with unanimity, as they now adopted everything that was moved or sanctioned by Robespierre. As if intoxicated by his success and power, and the praise and incense that surrounded him, Robespierre, who had hitherto played the retiring, modest part, resolved to officiate as high-priest to the divinity he had got decreed. Long historical doubts, and speculations ingenious but interminable as to the motives and objects of this Apollyon of the Revolution, may be settled by the simple assumption, warranted by a hundred facts, that he was, from first to last, insane—possessed by a reasoning madness of the worst kind, a maniacal vanity, which grew and increased with his successes and the facility he found in bending a frantic nation to his will. No other hypothesis will explain his character and his doings; no researches among contemporary evidence will ever explain or reconcile half the facts of his public life; in him, many a circumstance which has been set down as a mystery, deep, unfathomable, becomes simple enough if considered as a freak of madness. On the morning of the fête, as he looked out from one of the windows of the Tuileries upon the immense multitude assembled or assembling, and es-

pecially upon the crowds of elegantly-dressed women that ran to this novelty, as to everything else that was new and showy, he gesticulated, acted, and spoke in a frantic manner. In a universal frenzy such as reigned in Paris his insanity is scarcely so apparent; but it seems to us that Masaniello, on that day when he triumphed over the Spaniards and rode on the beautiful charger before the cardinal-archbishop and the viceroy, in scarlet raiment and with gold chains round his neck, was not madder than Robespierre on this day of the festival *à l'Etre Suprême*. He had dressed himself in a splendid manner; his hair was frizzled and powdered; he carried in his hand a brilliant bouquet of flowers mixed with ears of wheat; for the first time his countenance was irradiated with joy; but the joy was mingled with pride and triumph, and everybody remarked his moral intoxication. The celebration took place in the Tuileries garden. Under the creative genius of David a mound or monticule surmounted by hideous statues of Atheism and Anarchy, made of combustible materials, and by a pure white incombustible statue of Wisdom, had risen in the garden. The deputies of the Convention followed Robespierre, who walked quite alone and several yards a-head of them, to this mound, where he was to '*Pontifier*,' or play the Pontiff. The spectators honoured the great man with many applauses, and shouted most joyously, the day being uncommonly fine and exhilarating. But some satirical sallies and murmurs were heard amidst the crowd from men who preferred the Goddess of Reason to his Etre Suprême, or who were irritated at his unwise glaring departure from the lines and levels of equality. "Only see," said one, "he wants to make himself a god!" "Or the high priest of this Etre Suprême," said another. "Yes," cried a third, applying to him one of the grossest of epithets, "not satisfied with being our master, he wants to be our god!" Even the Convention, which had been so timid and submissive, betrayed symptoms of discontent; nay, several of his old partisans and present colleagues in the committees either put on a sullen countenance, or plainly expressed in coarse and

energetic words their disgust not merely at his pomp and pride, but at the whole celebration, and especially at his Etre Suprême. Barrère, Collot d'Herbois, Prieur, and Carnot seemed greatly dissatisfied; Billaud-Varennes, and the principal members of the Committee of General Security—Vadier, Amar, and Vouland—were fanatics in atheism, and disposed to be excessively jealous of all such public honours or distinctions as those the Incorruptible was now assuming. Bourdon de l'Oise was equally disgusted, and, being a man of a rough temper and tongue, he abused the whole performance, while Tallien, Fréron, and other Montagnards more quietly sneered at it. David handed Pontiff Robespierre a lighted torch; the Pontiff, after delivering an oration in honour of the Supreme Being and the French Republic, set fire to the pasteboard statues of Atheism and Anarchy, which, as they blazed, ignited a veil or screen which concealed the statue of Wisdom. It was intended that the last-named divinity should burst upon the eye in all its pure original whiteness; but in the combustion of Atheism and Anarchy, and the canvass screen, it got sadly smoked, and when poor Wisdom appeared she was as dingy as a blackamoor, and this was considered as a very bad omen! Robespierre, standing forward in his sky-blue coat and white silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, then delivered a second discourse, which was not audible to the multitude, but which announced that atheism, "the monster which kings had vomited on France," was now annihilated; and which concluded with a prayer to the Supreme Being. "*Avec ton Etre Suprême*," said Billaud-Varennes, "*tu commences à m'embêter*—with thy Supreme Being thou beginnest to stupify me." A very large portion of the spectators indisputably entertained the same notion as Billaud. In the end the fête was considered as a miserable failure, even by such as preferred Robespierre's Etre Suprême to Hébert's Déesse de la Raison. The celebration certainly hastened the fall of Robespierre. On the 9th of June, the very day after the fête, he went to the committee of *Salut Public* and ranted and raved against all

those who had misconducted themselves at his great celebration. He called them the impure remains of the parties of Hébert and Danton—indulgent, corrupt, mendicant, destitute of every virtue, whose *moderation* was only a portion of a conspiracy, whose heads ought to fall. Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois now ventured to dispute with him over the council table, and the dispute became so loud and violent that a cautious member of the committee thought it expedient to shut all the windows. Billaud said that the ceremonies of yesterday had made a very bad impression on the public mind; that the people thought all this fuss and ceremony, about the Etre Suprême and the immortality of the soul, superstitious and counter-revolutionary. Robespierre said he would soon show them that his intention was to make the Revolution go on faster and farther than it had hitherto gone; and in his wrath he uttered words which might very well be construed into a threat of the guillotine against every one of them. Moreover, for some time past, he had been rendering the guillotine unpopular by sacrificing true *sans-culottes*. All manner of men, and of women too, were handed over by the revolutionary tribunal to Samson and his assistants; the poorest and most essentially sans-culottic classes now began to figure on the scaffold—a pretty sure sign that Robespierre's death-dance could not last many months longer. Ex-nobles, aristocrats, respectabilities, men and women who had cast off their rags and become rich and luxurious in the Revolution, the *citizens* of Paris could see perish with pleasurable emotions and joyous cries about liberty and equality; but the case was altered when they saw the bleeding heads of journeymen tailors, sempstresses, cobblers, carters, and other poor artisans and labourers, held up with increasing frequency as the heads of traitors and conspirators. This convinced them that poverty and obscurity would no longer be a safeguard—this made them think of their own necks.

In order that trials and executions might move at a quicker pace, Robespierre now proposed that there should be four revolutionary tribunals at Paris instead of

one; that the punishment, in every case, should be DEATH, and that the power of sending persons to trial before these tribunals should be given to the two committees of *Salut Public* and *Sureté Générale*, to the individual representatives employed on missions, and to the public accusers. As a climax of atrocity, it was proposed that if the tribunal should possess either *material* or *moral* proof of guilt, it should be relieved from the necessity of hearing *witnesses;* and that no counsel or advocates should be allowed to prisoners, *because* calumniated patriots would find their best defenders in the patriot jurors, and conspirators could have no claim to any indulgence!

But the strangest part of the story of this decree of the 22nd Prairial, or 10th of June, is, that Robespierre, after getting it carried, made no visible use of it, and from that moment ceased attending the committees. His enemies in those committees, who had dreaded that the decree was to be the instrument of their own destruction, were left to employ it against others, and awful was the use that they and the revolutionary tribunal made of it. In the course of forty days that the framer of the decree absented himself from their council, *eleven hundred and eight* victims were tried according to the new forms, and executed, in Paris alone! The committee-men, however, and all the other enemies of Robespierre, who felt, as every party or faction had done in France, that they must destroy or be destroyed, laboured hard to make the world believe, even in the presence of their own bloody pranks, that Robespierre and his colleagues Saint Just and Couthon were the only cruel men in France. Both parties employed their spies and secret agents. Those of the committees gave their employers alarming accounts of lists of proscription drawn up by Robespierre; those who were employed by Robespierre made reports quite as alarming as to the intentions and preparations of the committees. By degrees it began to be reported that Robespierre's perruquier, in dressing his hair, had caught sight of his death-list—that some of the committee-men themselves, who had not

yet broken with the Incorruptible, had discovered by some lucky chance or other that he had drawn up such a list, and that their own names were in it—that Robespierre himself, overtaken by wine, which he rarely drank at all, had blabbed—and that, in short, it was perfectly well-known that he had set down the names of forty individuals, members of the Mountain, committeemen, &c., who were to form the first batch, but not the last.

As early as the beginning of July, Henriot, who had now the command of the National Guards, had intimated that he was fully prepared to strike a blow for Robespierre, and to make a *coup d'état* like that which he had managed last year, when the Convention was purged of the Girondins; other friends, partisans, or colleagues, who were so identified with Robespierre, that they must either conquer with him or die with him, urged him to be up and doing, or to give the signal and let them act for him with the Parisian artillery, muskets, and bayonets: but the Incorruptible hesitated, faltered, and most wretchedly paltered about respect for the laws, and the propriety of doing the business in a calm and constitutional manner; and it was not until the return of Saint Just from his mission to the army of the North, that he began to gird himself up for his last wrestle. "Only *dare*," said Saint Just. "That one word contains all the secret of revolutions!" But still Robespierre could not *dare* in this style; and instead of settling himself in the Hôtel de Ville, and calling out Henriot and his cannoneers at once, he allowed several days to pass, and then re-appeared in the Convention, from which he had absented himself so long that the deputies had lost the habit of fear. He found courage where he expected none, and insult and defiance from men who had crouched and trembled before him. Cambon gave him the lie direct to his face. Billaud-Varennes, Panis, Bentabole, Charlier, Thirion, Amar, all followed in this onslaught, while not a voice except that of the paralytic Couthon was raised on the side of Robespierre. The trimming middle party declared against the dictator. Humiliated,

discouraged, but not yet giving up the game for lost, Robespierre passed over from the Convention to the Jacobin Club. Here his spirit was revived by an enthusiastic reception. "I have seen to-day," said he, "that the league of the wicked against me is so strong that I cannot hope to escape it. I shall die without regret!" "You shall not die!" cried the Jacobins. "There is nothing to fear!" Henriot, Payan, Dumas, Coffinhal, and others, surrounded him, declaring that they were all ready to act. Henriot, alluding to his exploit of last year, said, "Courage, Robespierre! the cannoneers of Paris are steady, and I still know the road to the Convention!" When Saint Just had joined Robespierre in the Jacobin Hall, Payan, procureur of the commune, a man of action rather than of words, proposed that they should go forthwith and arrest their enemies, who were all assembled in the committee-rooms of the Tuileries. Nothing would have been more decisive, nor could anything have been much easier to do, for there was only a weak guard at the palace, and that guard would that night have obeyed the orders of Henriot rather than those of the committees. But Robespierre shrunk from the decisive step, thinking that the committees and the Convention ought to be purged with the same medicine, and precisely the same doses as had been administered to the Girondins. That night, while Robespierre was doing nothing, his adversaries treated and negotiated with the leading patriots of some of the sections, and even tampered with the terrible Parisian cannoneers, upon whose guns must depend the final decision of the tremendous conflict that offered no hope of quarter to the defeated party.

On the following morning—the 9th Thermidor, or 27th of July—the combatants met betimes in the Convention. Tallien led the attack against the Incorruptible, and there was soon a universal shouting of "Down with the tyrant!" "Death to the Triumvirs!" Barrère moved, and the House voted, that the Convention should be declared in permanent session, and that a decree of arrest should be issued against the enemies of the

country. Saint Just, one of the triumvirs, stood motionless and pale; Couthon, another, sat looking at his paralytic limbs silently, or ejaculating "Triumvir, indeed!" Only Robespierre struggled—and desperately did he struggle—with the impending doom. He ran to and fro, foaming at the mouth like a tiger taken in the toils. He tried to speak from his place, he climbed to the tribune, he rushed to the table of the house—to the president's chair; but Collot rang his bell until it seemed to crack, and speech or word they would allow him in no place. This was but the measure he had often meted out to others. Vadier, Bourdon de l'Oise, and Tallien again, all fell upon the fallen dictator; but not as a terrorist, not as a man of blood, not as the perpetrator of wholesale judicial massacres, not as the hand which day after day touched the springs of the guillotine (for these, his accusers, had been his associates, the accomplices of his worst crimes; they had carried out his system during his secession from the government, they had made the guillotine play with more than a quadruple speed, and they did not mean that it should rest yet, or cease its labours with the Incorruptible and his *fournée*): Bourdon de l'Oise accused him of defending from the guillotine several heads; Vadier taxed him with having endeavoured to *save* the enemies of the people, and with having interfered with Fouquier-Tinville *to suspend the execution of conspirators!* But they spoke of the fate of Danton, and of the guilt and horror of sacrificing one's colleagues:—in short, they explained, as clearly as words could do it, that this was a personal quarrel between him and them, and that Robespierre had been guilty of none but venial offences until he entered into this quarrel. "President of assassins," shrieked the Incorruptible, "I demand speech of thee for the last time!" By this time Collot was exhausted by his exertions—by that almost incessant bell-ringing—and vacating the presidential chair, he was succeeded in it by Thuriot, who hated and feared Robespierre as much as Collot did, and who now told him that he could not be heard. Robespierre's mouth foamed no longer; his tongue seemed

to cleave to his dry palate, his voice to die away in the throat. "The blood of Danton is choking him," exclaimed Garnier de l'Aube. This remark made him recover voice and courage, and he exclaimed indignantly, and with a terrible truth, "Danton! Is it, then, Danton you would avenge? Cowards! Why did you not defend him?" But Thuriot, with a fresh arm, rang the bell, the house drowned their recollections, and kept up their courage by renewed vociferations, and Louchet demanded an instant decree of arrest against Robespierre. In the brief space of time five decrees of arrest were passed, and Robespierre, his younger brother, Couthon, Saint Just, and Lebas, were conveyed to five several prisons. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon; and the assembly rose for a couple of hours, in order that the members might dine. Henriot now collected some of the terrible Parisian cannoneers, and harangued the patriot mob, telling them that the traitors in the Convention had voted the arrest of the best and only true patriots remaining in that assembly. But, going to the committee-rooms of the Convention with only two or three aides-de-camp with him, Henriot was arrested himself, and corded and bound like a common felon. In the meanwhile the council-general of the commune, being still steady to Robespierre, ordered that he and his four friends should be instantly liberated, that the tocsin should be sounded, and the barriers closed. Within an hour after this Henriot was set at liberty by Coffinhal, who burst into the Tuileries, sword in hand, being followed by about one hundred fanatic Robespierrists.

In a trice the commandant-general Henriot was again on horseback; but he continued to act like a madman, and was believed to be drunk with brandy. The five prisons to which the five great men had been carried were situated in distant parts of Paris, and their keepers were not equally alert in obeying the orders of the commune; but by eight or nine in the evening Robespierre, his brother Augustin, Saint Just, and Lebas were at perfect liberty, and sitting in deliberation with the council of the commune; and Couthon joined them some-

what later in the evening. They called upon the Jacobins, who had declared themselves in permanent session; they sent round commissaries to the different sections, none of which had rushed to arms so eagerly as in former times; and they instructed Henriot to collect his Parisian cannoneers, and point their guns against the Tuileries, wherein some of the members of the Convention had re-assembled. But Henriot continued to do his part miserably; the triumvirate stayed where they were, and their enemies gained over some of the Parisian cannoneers and a considerable portion of the national guard and of the mob. Upon this the Convention grew bolder, and while more members flocked to take their seats in the Tuileries, others of them went among the troops and the men of the faubourgs. Intelligence was soon brought in that several of the best sections were arming and marching for the defence of the representatives of the people; that the pupils of the school of Mars were shouting "Down with Robespierre!" and that the cannoneers outside, instead of obeying Henriot's orders to let their grape-shot fly on the hall of the Convention, were turning the mouths of their guns the other way, forcing the commandant-general and his plumed staff to gallop off for the Hôtel-de-Ville. Hereupon the members in the House all vociferated "*Hors la loi! Hors la loi!*" and Barrère, who had been working in that sense, presently presented a decree of outlawry against Henriot, the Robespierres, Saint Just, and the rest. This was voted instantaneously, together with an order to silence the tocsin and prevent the closing of the barriers. At last, as night was giving place to morning, Leonard Bourdon, who had put himself at the head of several battalions, undertook to lead them to the Hôtel-de-Ville, and there seize the outlaws and bring them to the Convention, dead or alive. At his approach, the cannoneers, whom Henriot had placed in the Place de Grève for the defence of the Hôtel-de-Ville, wheeled round their guns and pointed them against that edifice. Henriot, who had been consulting within, and assuring the outlaws that their triumph was secure, that the cannoneers were steady,

and the section battalions coming, ran out into the Place to declaim and harangue, to implore, threaten, and cajole; but it was all in vain—he could not make them turn their guns again—he was threatened with some of their bitter grape—he rushed back, ran upstairs to the great council-chamber of the commune, and announced that all was lost. "Villain! and thy cowardice is the cause!" roared Coffinhal, a strong man made stronger by despair, who, as he uttered the words, seized light Henriot round the waist, and in the next instant hurled him out of an open window. The ex-commandant-general fell upon a dungheap, or, as others say, into an open sewer. The younger Robespierre, mounting one or two stories higher, threw himself head foremost out of window: Lebas shot himself effectually with a pistol, and fell dead; Saint Just clasped a knife or dagger in his hand, but made no further use of it; Couthon crept under a table, and with a weak hand and blunt weapon inflicted one or two insignificant wounds on himself; Robespierre put a pistol into his mouth to blow out his brains, but in pulling the trigger he changed the direction of the piece, and the ball broke his under jaw and went through his cheek, without touching any vital part. When Leonard Bourdon burst into the room, followed by some gendarmes (himself, according to some accounts, including his own, being disguised as a common gendarme), Robespierre was sitting bleeding on a chair, with a knife in his hand; Couthon was lying under the table as though he were dead; the municipal officers were throwing off their scarfs, and apparently preparing for flight. One or two pistols were fired by the gendarmes, and then all the conspirators quietly submitted to be taken and bound. Henriot, badly wounded, disfigured, and covered with filth, was discovered in the foul place where he had fallen; Augustin Robespierre was also found alive, though with limbs broken and a skull fractured. Some of the armed people, who were now crowding into the council-chamber and running over every part of the vast building, dragged out Couthon by the heels from under the table, and proposed

throwing his carcase into the Seine; but hereupon he opened his eyes and gave them to understand that he was not yet dead, nor so much as dying. The wounded were put upon brancards or stretchers, and, shouting "Victory! Victory!" Leonard Bourdon conducted them to the Tuileries. By this time it was between three and four o'clock in the morning. At four o'clock in the afternoon, after suffering insults, outrages, and tortures which proved that those who triumphed were as ferocious as those who fell, Robespierre, his brother Augustin, Saint Just, Couthon, Henriot, and sixteen others were carted at the Conciergerie to be carried through the busiest streets of Paris to the Place de la Révolution. The carts were followed by a countless multitude, and the windows and housetops are said to have been more crowded than ever they had been before. Jestings and laughing, filthy puns and quodlibets, were mixed with dire curses, shrieks, and anathemas. During a halt, a band of women, formerly his own *Tricoteuses*, or Furies of the Guillotine, executed an infernal dance round his cart, with clapping of hands and other demonstrations of joy. On arriving in the Place de la Révolution they laid him down on the ground at the foot of the scaffold, for he was to be executed last of the twenty-one, and he could not stand—indeed, he too was now almost dead, his face was livid, his eyes were sunk in his head. At the fall of each head the countless multitude shouted and waved hats and caps, and they shouted the loudest when Samson held up the heads of Saint Just and Couthon. At last, Robespierre's turn came, for the axe had clanked down twenty times, and there remained none alive but he. As his ghastly figure and well-known sky-blue coat (now torn, and streaked and clotted with blood) slowly emerged to the surface of the scaffold, there was another universal roar of voices, and a still more enthusiastic waving of hats and caps. Samson tore off his coat, brutally wrenched the foul linen bandage from his jaw; the broken left jaw fell, and then a horrible cry or scream proceeded from him, being the first sound of lamentation or suffering he had been heard to utter since

his arrest. This fearful cry was still ringing in the air, when the heavy axe, wet with the blood of his brother and his friends, clanked down once more. Samson held up the frightful head; the spectators shouted and applauded for several minutes, and then went away *singing*. It was towards seven o'clock in the evening of the 10th Thermidor, or 28th of July.

Before returning to the home affairs of England a few words must be said concerning the third partition of Poland, that deed which in its perpetration had weakened the armies of the coalition employed against France, and which, in its moral effects, threw a black cloud over the reputation of kings at a crisis when it ought to have been kept bright and spotless, and cast even a shade of obloquy over all who were attached to established governments. Among the much-divided Polish nobility, whose dissensions, jealousies, mad ambition, and political immorality had kept their country distracted and weak, in a confusion and anarchy worse than what had obtained in the old feudal days of Europe, while all its neighbours had been growing in strength and improving in organization and administration, was Thaddeus Kosciuszko, of an ancient but not wealthy family of Lithuania, a man whose bravery, humanity, and patriotism are equally indisputable, but whose abilities, whether as a general or a statesman, are liable to some questioning. In the dearth of truly great men in modern times, and in their enthusiastic and laudable admiration of his gallantry and entire honesty, the Polish patriots have been wont to attribute more greatness and genius to the gallant soldier than ever belonged to him (his amiable and generous qualities they could scarcely exaggerate); but at the same time it is but fair to state that, even had Kosciuszko been as great and able a man as he is represented, it may be doubted whether he would have succeeded in his grand enterprise of driving out the three great powers from his native country—a country, for the most part, open and ill-calculated for defensive war, and most of the strong places in which were occupied by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Kos-

ciuszko, in his early life, had resided a considerable time in France, studying the science of war. While yet a very young man, he had volunteered to accompany Lafayette to America: he served for some time as aide-de-camp to Washington, and his services to our revolted colonists had obtained for him the rank of a general officer, and, after the war, a pension from the United States. The school or schools in which he had studied had given him a preference for republican institutions, but he had no excessiveness or extravagance in his political opinions, and seems to have agreed that the government best suited to his country would be a representative monarchy, in which the aristocracy should have its due share and influence. With some of the patriot nobles who had adhered to the constitution of 1793, and had gallantly fought the overwhelming forces of the Empress Catherine, Kosciuszko had fled into Saxony. From Dresden and Leipsic these unhappy exiles corresponded with their friends who remained at home under the harsh rule of Russian ministers and Russian generals, and concerted with them the means of attempting one struggle more for the independence of their native country. What followed is variously told, according to the predilections of party or of private friendship: some accounts state that the fugitives and exiles, anxious to regain their homes, precipitated the plan; others state that the patriots who remained in their country, suffering under the insolence and arrogance, and oppressions of the Czarina's agents, who were instructed to drive matters to extremity, were the more impatient and imprudent party: one thing is perfectly clear—the plan *was* precipitated, and the insurrection broke out at an inauspicious moment, and before half the preparations it was really in their power to make had been made in Poland. After attacking some Prussian troops, Madalinski reached Cracow towards the end of March, and raised the standard of independence, which attracted fewer of the common people than the patriots had expected. Kosciuszko arrived from Saxony a day or two after; he had no troops to bring, but his fame,

and the magic of his name, made the standard of independence more attractive, and brought numbers of enthusiastic young men of the higher and middling classes to join the thin ranks of the patriotic army.

Early in April Kosciuszko marched from Cracow, at the head of 4000 men, who were for the most part armed with scythes and other agricultural implements;—yet when he encountered, at Raclawice, a village on the road between Cracow and Warsaw, an army of 12,000 or 13,000 men, he thoroughly defeated it after a bloody battle. This success immediately brought him a considerable accession of strength; and some of the nobles, who had hitherto been wavering, began to repair to his standard. On the 17th of April the Polish garrison of Warsaw, about 4000 strong, unfurled the banner of independence, attacked the Russian troops in the town, about 8000 strong, gained possession of the arsenal and magazines, and distributed arms and ammunition to the populace. After some murderous and long street-fighting—it lasted, with slight intermission, for two days and two nights—the Russians were driven out of Warsaw, with the loss of more than 4000 men in killed and prisoners. On the 23rd of April Kosciuszko's countrymen, the Lithuanians, burst into insurrection at Wilna, and, after a sanguinary contest, drove the Russian garrison out of that capital city. At this juncture Frederick William, who, but for Poland, might have doubled or even trebled his army on the French frontier (being aided by the liberal English subsidy), marched 40,000 Prussians into the Palatinate of Cracow. This force effected a junction with a large Russian corps, and within a few days his Prussian majesty arrived and put himself at the head of his army. Towards the end of May Kosciuszko, with 16,000 regular troops and about 10,000 volunteers and armed peasants, marched away from Warsaw to defend the city of Cracow. On the 5th of June he fought the united Prussians and Russians at Szezekaciny, and was defeated with the loss of 1000 men. Three days after this affair another Polish corps was defeated and almost annihilated at Chilm, and on the 15th

of June the ancient city of Cracow, the fountain-head of the insurrection, surrendered, after a short siege, to the King of Prussia.

The Emperor of Germany observed a strict neutrality down to the end of June, but on the last day of that month he announced his intention of sending an army into Little Poland—"to prevent," said his manifesto, "the danger to which the frontiers of Gallicia might be exposed, as well as to insure the safety and tranquillity of the other states of his imperial majesty." An Austrian army presently crossed the frontiers, meeting with no opposition and offering no molestation to any of the Poles. The united armies of the Prussians and Russians, counting in all 50,000 men, of which 40,000 belonged to his Prussian majesty, advanced from Cracow upon Warsaw, which city had been hastily fortified at the commencement of the insurrection. The besiegers suffered great losses, and on the night of the 5th of September the King of Prussia beat a sudden retreat from Warsaw, leaving his sick and wounded and a good part of his baggage behind him. Meanwhile a Russian army, led by the formidable Suwarof, was advancing. It was met by Kosciuszko on October 10th, and a bloody engagement ensued, which ended with the entire defeat of the Poles, of whom half were killed or made prisoners: their brave general was severely wounded and taken captive. Suwarof, after the victory, marched to Warsaw, and assailed it as he had done Ismail. The Russians, forcing their way after an obstinate resistance into the suburb of Praga, put to the sword all whom they met with, and it is computed that 20,000 perished in this horrid massacre. The fate of Poland was now decided. The independence of the country had really been gone long before, but now its name as a nation was blotted out, the co-partitioners resolving to appropriate every inch of the country to themselves, to govern it by their own laws, and to treat the whole of it as conquered territory. It was not, however, until the 24th of October, 1795, that this last partition treaty was finally settled, and certain minor arrangements between Prussia and

Austria, touching the Palatinate of Cracow, were not settled till the 21st of October, 1796. The unhappy Stanislaus Augustus, who had never been a king except in name, was obliged to go to Grodno, and there sign a formal but empty and invalid act of abdication. He accepted an annual pension of 200,000 ducats from the three partitioning powers, who further promised to pay his debts.

The British parliament opened on the 30th of December, but before proceeding to its debates a few interesting circumstances which had occurred since the prorogation must be briefly noticed. In the month of July some important changes in the cabinet took place. The old Whig or Portland party, the ornament and strength of which had been Burke, formed a coalition or junction with the ministry, whom, ever since the alarming progress of the French revolution, they had backed and supported against the new Whigs or Foxites. The Duke of Portland received the order of the garter and the office of third Secretary of State; Earl Fitzwilliam was made President of the Council, and, in December following, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Earl Spencer became Lord Privy Seal, and, in December, First Lord of the Admiralty (an office which was thought to have been rather incompetently filled by Pitt's elder brother, the Earl of Chatham, who now took the Privy Seal); Mr. Windham, who prided himself on being the political pupil of Burke, became Secretary-at-War, in lieu of Sir George Yonge; Loughborough, who had identified himself with this party, had already been for some time Lord Chancellor.

Notwithstanding the bad success which had in England attended the crown prosecutions, the government resolved to proceed against some other conspicuous members of political societies. On the 6th of October the grand jury of Middlesex returned true bills against Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, John Augustus Bonney, Stewart Kyd, Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwall, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter, for

high treason. Hardy, who had been secretary and a very active functionary to the Corresponding Society, was the first put upon his trial, which took place before Lord Chief Justice Eyre (a judge, even for his time, much given to hanging), Lord Chief Baron Macdonald, Mr. Baron Hotham, Mr. Justice Buller, Mr. Justice Grose, and others of his Majesty's justices, &c., under a special commission, at the Old Bailey. He was charged with nine overt acts of high treason. But it was made to appear that, however imprudent or illegal might have been some of the means they had proposed, the sole object of Hardy and his associates was a sweeping parliamentary reform. This reform would have thrown the constitution under the feet of the democracy; but the thing had not happened, nor was it likely to happen: the demagogic strength was contemptible, and a humane jury shrunk from the horrible penalty attendant on a conviction for high treason. The trial lasted eight days, ending, in a verdict of acquittal.

The trial of Horne Tooke, which next followed, and which commenced on the 17th of November, occupied six days, and was made remarkable by the perfect self-possession, the wit, the acuteness, and the dialectics of the accused, and by the quality of the persons he summoned as witnesses. The jury, on the 22nd of November, and at a late hour of the evening, brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

On the 1st of December, Bonney, Joyce, Kyd, and Thomas Holcroft, the well-known dramatic writer, and the author of one of the most interesting fragments of autobiography that exist in our language, were put to the bar; but the attorney-general stated that, as the evidence adduced on the two last trials and the evidence which applied to the prisoners was the same, and as, after the best consideration, those persons had been acquitted, he would submit to the jury and the court, whether the prisoners should not be acquitted also: and that for this end and purpose he would not trouble them by going into evidence. The Lord Chief Justice told the jury that, as there was no evidence, they must, of course,

find the prisoners not guilty; and the jury gave them a formal verdict accordingly. On the same day Thelwall was brought to the bar, and, it being assumed that there was evidence against him of a nature different from that which had been produced against the rest of the indicted, his trial was allowed to go on. It occupied less than four days, and also terminated in a verdict of acquittal.

In Scotland, however, there was one political trial that was followed by an execution. On the 14th of August, Robert Watt, late citizen of Edinburgh, and an embarrassed tradesman, was brought to the bar charged with eighteen overt acts of high treason. After having been employed as a spy, this wretched creature, feeling, as he said, that "his mind changed in favour of reform," had planned how to seize Edinburgh Castle, the Post-office, the banks, &c.; and had distributed seditious papers among some of the troops. The imbecility of his plans, the nullity of his means of execution, and the small number and mean condition of his proven accomplices, ought assuredly to have saved him from capital punishment. These accomplices were a poor schoolmaster or usher, a half-starved weaver, a cabinet-maker, and *three* others equally unwarlike, and apparently just as poor. But Watt was hanged, and then beheaded at the west end of the Luckenbooths, on the 15th of October.

On the assembling of Parliament (on the last day but one of the year), the speech from the throne, delivered by the king in person, insisted on the necessity of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and represented the resources of the French republic as in a state of rapid decline. It openly avowed, what there was no possibility of concealing, that the disappointments and reverses which we had experienced in the course of the year's campaign were great; but it maintained that there was no ground for despair; that France was exhausted by the unexampled efforts she had made, and that everything which had passed in the interior of that country had shown the progressive decay of its resources and the

instability of every part of that violent and unnatural system. The desperate condition of Holland and the United Provinces, which the Duke of York had vainly endeavoured to defend against the overwhelming force of Pichegru, was frankly admitted; and his Majesty informed the Houses that the States-General had been led, by a sense of present difficulties, to enter into negotiations for peace with the party now prevailing in that unhappy country, France.

The debates which followed, on the address, were very warm, but the ministerial majorities were immense, being in the Upper House 107 against 12, and in the Lower House 246 against 73. Mr. Canning, who was fast rising into reputation, particularly distinguished himself in these debates. He urged that our failures on the Continent had been occasioned by the misconduct and desertion of our allies; that the fall of Robespierre and the subsequent changes in the French government—changes which left untamed the rage for conquest—did not warrant this country to attempt a treaty of peace; that a pacification with that republic at present would bring so little security, that no diminution of our fleets and armies could possibly ensue, and our expenses must remain as great as though we were actually at war.

A.D. 1795.—On January the 5th, a motion by Mr. Sheridan for a repeal of the Act suspending the Habeas Corpus, gave rise to a prolonged debate. Sheridan's motion being negatived, the Attorney-General moved for a bill to continue the suspension; and this was finally carried in the Commons by 203 against 53. The debates in the Lords had a like issue.

On the 7th of January ministers called for an augmentation in the number of seamen and marines, stating that the service of the year, to be properly conducted, would require 85,000 sailors and 15,000 marines. In order to raise the deficient number expeditiously, and without the harshness and violence of impressing, Pitt proposed that a certain number of men should be furnished by each merchant ship on clearing out, in proportion to its

tonnage; and that every parish in the kingdom should be made to contribute one man; and, after a few alterations, this plan was adopted.

By this time it was visible that, besides the United Provinces, both Prussia and Spain were on the point of breaking with the Coalition, and concluding separate treaties with the French republic. Austria, too, our only steady ally, was in want of money, and thought herself entitled to call upon Great Britain for a supply. She did not, however, demand a subsidy, as the King of Prussia had done, but only a loan; and, whatever mistakes her generals had committed in the field, she had, unlike Prussia, made great and costly exertions in the common cause. On the 4th of February Pitt delivered a message from the king, stating the earnest intention of the Emperor Francis to make still more vigorous exertions in the next campaign, but intimating, at the same time, the urgent necessity of a loan of four millions sterling, on the credit of the revenues arising from his imperial majesty's hereditary dominions. It was impossible for the Opposition not to take notice of and denounce the foul misapplication of the subsidy granted to the King of Prussia; that money, as we have stated, had been chiefly employed, not on the Rhine or the Moselle, but on the Vistula,—not against the common enemy the French, but against the hapless and almost helpless Poles. Sheridan, Fox, and others dwelt upon this iniquitous transaction, and argued that the emperor was not more trustworthy than his Prussian majesty. The motion for complying with the emperor's demands was, however, carried by the usual great majority.

On the 23rd of February, the minister, in opening the budget, made a statement of the entire force required for the service of the year; it amounted to 100,000 seamen in all, 120,000 regulars for guards and garrisons, 56,000 militia, 40,000 regulars for Ireland and for the West Indies and other colonies, besides fencibles and volunteers, foreign troops in British pay, and embodied French emigrants. The supplies demanded for these

immense forces were 16,027,000*l.* To this sum was to be added 200,000*l.* annual subsidy to the King of Sardinia, whose strength and resources were nearly exhausted, and who would have required a subsidy of 2,000,000*l.* to enable him to reconstruct and increase his army and fortresses. There were also sundry deficiencies in taxes, &c. to be made up at home, so that the sum total required by the chancellor of the exchequer, including the interest on the debt, somewhat exceeded 27,500,000*l.* In order to make up this amount some new duties were imposed upon tea, coffee, raisins, foreign grocery and fruits, foreign timber, insurances, writs and affidavits, hair-powder licences, &c., and, to increase the receipts of the post-office, the privilege of franking letters was somewhat abridged. To the outcry raised against these additional burthens Pitt replied by triumphantly reciting the extraordinary increase of the national commerce, which in 1794 had exceeded what it had ever been even in the most flourishing year of peace.

In both Houses the Opposition made repeated efforts to drive the government into negotiations with the French republic, which they represented as much improved from what it had been during the reign of terror, which was true; and as well disposed to renounce conquest and propagandism, which was false. Ministers urged that there was still no government in France deserving of the name; that everything in that country was in a state of transition and change; that there was no power or party or body of men with whom we could safely or creditably negotiate; and he very justly observed that, though the guillotine had become less active in Paris, the reign of terror and tyranny was far from being over.

Mr. Canning had strong grounds for his assertion as to the alarming state of affairs and opinions in Ireland: that country was every day approaching nearer to the verge of open rebellion; but we reserve the narrative of events for the moment when the mask was thrown off and the

sword drawn, in order to compress in one clear view the circumstances which preceded, accompanied, and followed that unhappy outbreak.

On April the 8th, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was married to Caroline Princess of Brunswick, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. On the 27th of that month a message from his Majesty was delivered to the House of Commons, recommending the settling upon the Prince and Princess a provision suitable to their rank and dignity His Majesty at the same time expressed great regret in informing the House that such settlement could not be beneficial, if means were not provided to extricate the prince from the incumbrances under which he laboured to a large amount; but he said that he had no idea of proposing the payment of his Royal Highness's debts in any other manner than by appropriating a part of his income, and the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, to that purpose. Mr. Pitt having moved for taking the King's message into consideration, long discussions ensued in both Houses on the subject, which were closed by an Act passed on the 27th June, settling on the Prince an annual revenue of 125,000*l.*, together with the rents of the Duchy of Cornwall, estimated at 13,000*l.* Out of this income 73,000*l.* was appropriated to the discharge of his debts under the direction of commissioners appointed by Parliament, and regulations were made to prevent the accumulation of new debts.

On the same day (the 27th of June) the session was closed by the King in person, who expressed his hope "that the present circumstances of France might, in their effects, hasten a return of such a state of order and regular government as might be capable of maintaining the accustomed relations of peace and amity with other powers;" but he also said that our main reliance must be on our naval and military forces.

Long before this the wretched remnant of the fine but small and ill-commanded army we had sent to the Netherlands and the northern frontiers of France was collected in barracks at home, or drafted off to other quarters of the world. The Dutch democratic party—who

had done their utmost to facilitate the progress of the French, and discourage, thwart, and disorganise the forces which their stadtholder, the Prince of Orange, had collected after the fall of Nimeguen, and the retreat of the Duke of York behind the Waal—openly declared themselves everywhere for friendship and alliance with the Gallican republic, and for the entire abandonment of the old connexion with Great Britain and the forced connexion with Prussia.

Early in December, 1794, the Duke of York returned to London, leaving the command of the British and Hanoverian troops to Count Walmoden, a Hanoverian nobleman, said to be closely, though illegitimately, connected in blood with the royal family of England. Walmoden, and the general officers under him, seem to have been fully possessed of the old notion that war was not to be waged in winter, and to have slept over the fact that, in the north of Holland, the frost was often severe enough to convert the canals, and all the smaller rivers, into solid high-roads, capable of bearing any weight that men could put upon them. The troops were in cantonments here and there, when, in the middle of December, after one or two nights of very hard frost, the French crossed the Waal on the ice, drove in the few videttes that were on the alert, and carried all the posts in the Isle of Bommel. But on the 30th of December, General Dundas, who was serving under Walmoden, advanced rapidly from Arnheim with only 8000 men, almost entirely British infantry, and drove the French, in spite of their vast superiority of number, and the batteries they had thrown up or taken possession of, back beyond the Waal, with a considerable loss in men, and the loss of several pieces of cannon. This affair was in the highest degree honourable to the staunch infantry of England; but it could be of little service to the common cause, for Pichegru soon collected a force of 200,000 men, the people of the country continued to favour the French, and the English army, with a miserable, and in part fraudulent, commissariat, with an equally bad medical staff, was totally unprovided with

most of the requisites indispensable in their hard and trying circumstances: the sick and wounded had neither medicines nor able surgeons to attend them; and often wanted food, covering, and proper places of shelter to receive them. The indignation of the army was the greater as it was perfectly well known that the government had provided, with a lavish hand, for all their wants, as far as money, orders, and injunctions could provide for them, and that a variety of those comforts needed by the soldiery in a cold, inhospitable country had been furnished by private patriotic subscriptions raised throughout England. The standing orders of the army, and the orders of the day issued by the Duke of York, were humane, clear, and altogether excellent; but, unfortunately, there was generally not only a want of an active superintendence over the execution of these orders, but also a want of knowledge and method in our officers as to the means of carrying them into execution. Moreover, England had not at that time any very numerous body of able well-trained surgeons to draw upon, and the pay offered was scarcely sufficient to tempt good surgeons into the service. Both on the medical staff and in the commissariat a great many French emigrants and other foreigners were employed *pro tempore;* and, although there is no cloaking the iniquity of some of our own native-born subjects, it is easy to understand that most of these foreigners kept only in view the making of as much money as they could during the campaign. The medical department was improved more rapidly; but we never had anything like a good, honest, effective commissariat, until Sir Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington) was intrusted with the command of our forces in Portugal; and half of our military failures, and a very large portion of the excess in expense of all our expeditions, are attributable to this one great want. When the Duke of York quitted the army, and came home, matters became much worse, and the acts of cruel neglect and of peculation more flagrant and barefaced.

Five days after the French had sustained their un-

expected and inglorious defeat at the hands of General Dundas, Pichegru crossed the Waal upon the ice with an enormous force. It became evident that nothing but a hasty retreat could possibly save the remains of the British army; and, after spiking their heavy cannon and destroying all the ammunition they could not carry off, they retired towards the Lech on the 6th of January. They were attacked on the 11th in a defile between Arnheim and Nimeguen by 70,000 men, but they nobly fought through and made good their retreat. Their sufferings from the cruel winter weather, from the inhospitality of the inhabitants, and from the incessant attacks of the French, were as great as ever army sustained; but the unconquerable fragment reached the mouth of the Elbe and embarked at Bremen for England. Our ally the Stadtholder arrived in this country long before them, and as a fugitive, for the democrats at the Hague had made common cause with the Jacobin invaders, and had threatened destruction to the whole House of Orange. Thus Holland remained to France. But our ministers speedily took measures for preventing the wealth of the Dutch colonies from flowing to Paris. And before the close of the year the Cape of Good Hope, and all the places the Dutch held in the island of Ceylon, together with Chinsura, Malacca, Cochin, Amboyna, and Banda, were taken possession of, with scarcely any resistance, by British troops. Other plans of easy execution were arranged for the seizure of the Dutch colonies in the West Indies, and on the coast of South America; so that it was made evident that the Batavian republic would soon lose all those foreign possessions and plantations which had once poured a continuous stream of wealth into the United Provinces.

Such, for a long time, had been the equivocal conduct of the King of Prussia, that it excited little or no surprise, when, in the spring of this year, he concluded a separate treaty with the French, whom he had been the first of all the coalition to assail. By this treaty, which was definitely settled at Basle, in Switzerland, on the 5th of April, the king ceded to the republic all the Prussian

territory on the left bank of that river. In secret articles or overtures the pride and cupidity of the court of Berlin were flattered by prospective aggrandisements at the cost of its old enemy and rival, Austria; and, perhaps, England's best and steadiest ally—as Frederick William had been so often represented to be by our ministry—already anticipated the rounding of his dominions by the occupation and sovereign possession of Hanover.

A link of the chain once broken, other links of the coalition were soon snapped asunder. Spain was exhausted by the efforts she had made; the Walloons in her service had all deserted to the enemy; the republican columns again threatened to advance even to the gates of Madrid; and, dismayed and discouraged, and urged on by a strong French party, Godoy, the royal favourite and prime minister, humbly sued for peace. A definitive treaty was signed at Basle on the 22nd of July. Even as Prussia had done, the proud monarchy of Spain, with its Bourbon sovereign, fully recognised the French republic, and engaged to a reciprocity of friendship and good understanding. The French republic restored all the conquests she had made in the Spanish peninsula, and agreed to accept as an indemnity all the Spanish part of the island of San Domingo. Spain recognised the Batavian republic which the French had set up in the United Provinces, and stipulated that the same peace, amity, and good understanding should take place between the King of Spain and those allies of the French republic as between his Majesty and the French. As a testimony of amity to his Catholic Majesty, the French republic agreed to accept his mediation in favour of the King of Portugal, his relatives and allies the King of Naples and the Infante Duke of Parma, the King of Sardinia, and the other states of Italy; and also to accept his Majesty's good offices in favour of other belligerent powers that should apply to him in order to enter into negotiations with the French government.

In the hopes of saving himself from the republican armies, which now almost pressed upon his frontiers, the Grand Duke of Tuscany had negotiated with France. This

treaty with a prince of the House of Hapsburg, the near relative of the emperor, flattered the pride of the republicans; but it was otherwise of little importance to the interests of the coalition, while it was quite uncertain that it would be of no benefit to Tuscany, which would be overrun by the French just as soon as it suited their purpose to overrun it. Overtures were made through Spain to detach the King of Sardinia and the King of Naples from the league; but the first of these sovereigns was heroically true to his treaties and obligations; and the second, though much less firm, rejected the propositions for the present.

The court of Sweden and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland recognised the French republic, and its dependency, the nominal independent Batavian republic; and, in consequence of the defection of Prussia, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and even George III., in his quality of Elector of Hanover, were compelled to engage to furnish no more troops to the emperor. Although our diplomatists had not been idle, they had but little to set off against the breach of treaties committed by Prussia. Ever since the commencement of the war strenuous efforts had been made to bring into the coalition the Empress of Russia: that sovereign had professed the greatest detestation and a scarcely credible dread of the French revolution and of its principles and propagandists. Though she had at one time been the correspondent and professed friend of d'Alembert, Diderot, and others of the French *philosophes*, whose writings had helped to make the present state of things in France, and to furnish the principles and dogmas upon which that democracy was acting, she had now put her interdict upon the introduction of all new French books into her not very literary dominions; had expelled a number of Frenchmen from Petersburg, and had made difficult the entrance of any individuals of that nation except royalists and emigrants; but, having a tolerably clear foresight that Russia had little to gain by becoming a party to the war in the west of Europe, she declined becoming an active member of the coalition. But at last she was

induced to consent to a treaty of defensive alliance with Great Britain. This treaty, though not publicly announced or noticed in the British parliament till the next session, was concluded and signed at St. Petersburg on the 18th of February. To draw still closer the bonds which united us to the Emperor of Germany, a separate treaty of defensive alliance was concluded with him also, and was signed at Vienna on the 29th of May. Each power guaranteed to the other all its dominions, territories, &c., and engaged to succour its ally without delay in case of any attack. Added to these treaties with high Christian powers and crowns imperial—treaties which meant little more than that Russia might require the assistance of an English fleet, and Austria an English subsidy—there was, towards the close of the year, a treaty or agreement with the infidel and piratic Dey of Algiers! This last piece of diplomacy originated with Sir Gilbert Elliot, the viceroy of George III.'s new and transitory kingdom of Corsica, who wished to oblige a people whom he had in many instances disobliged and irritated.

The French had fitted out all the ships in dock or on the stocks at Toulon which Sir Sidney Smith had failed of destroying; some other vessels had stolen round by the Straits of Gibraltar from Brest; and on the 28th of February Rear-Admiral Pierre Martin quitted the outer harbour of Toulon and took the sea with fifteen sail of the line, six frigates, and three corvettes—a force which he believed to be superior to our Mediterranean fleet under Vice-Admiral Hotham. The Frenchman had positive orders to engage Hotham if he met him, and to drive the English out of Corsica: he had a powerful body of troops on board, and was accompanied to sea by the conventional deputy and commissioner Letourneur, who was to look to the proper execution of the orders which the Convention had given. On the 13th of March the English came up with this fleet between Genoa and Corsica. Admiral Hotham had thirteen sail of the line and four frigates, and he had been joined by a Neapolitan seventy-four and two frigates of the same flag. The

French would have borne away, but were prevented by accidents: in the end, after losing two ships of the line with 420 soldiers on board, they succeeded in escaping to Toulon.

On the 23rd of June, Admiral Lord Bridport with fourteen ships of the line and eight frigates encountered, off Port l'Orient, a French squadron of twelve ships of the line and eleven frigates, and engaging them close in shore, and assisted by their own batteries, captured three ships of the line, and greatly damaged the others, which with difficulty escaped into port.

Many encounters of detached ships took place in various parts of the world, and were generally to the advantage of the English. In the West Indies we were rapidly conquering all the French and Dutch islands, and annihilating the trade of our enemies.

The conflict of armies on the European continent, in which our troops had no share, may be briefly related. The old Austrian general, Bender, on the retreat and dissolution of the grand army of the coalition, threw himself into Luxemburg with some 10,000 men. The republican government at Paris was certainly less active and energetic in war than it had been in the days of Robespierre and Saint Just. Although Bender was entirely isolated and cut off from all succour, it was the 7th of July before he was reduced to capitulate, and then he and his numerous garrison were allowed to retire to Germany, upon condition of not serving against the French till exchanged. With the exception of Mentz, or Mayence, the republicans were now masters of the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, and of the estuaries through which the Rhine flows into the North sea, from Holland to Strasburg; and there was nothing on the right bank of that river to disturb this their *natural* frontier, except Manheim, and a few other weak places. In the month of August, Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland, undertook the reduction of Mayence, which was occupied by Imperial and Austrian troops: as preparatory steps, he crossed the Rhine, captured Dusseldorf, and occupied Manheim. The emperor had kept

his promise to England of making a great effort for this campaign; and old Wurmser, esteemed one of the best of his generals, was now advancing with a good army to effect a junction with Clairfait, succour Mayence, and drive the French from the left bank of the Rhine. Pichegru detached a division to prevent this junction: the division put a part of the Austrians to the rout; but, while the French were engaged in plunder, Wurmser's excellent cavalry advanced in full force, threw the French into confusion, and drove them back to Manheim. General Jourdan, who had followed Clairfait at the end of the last campaign from the Netherlands, came up to co-operate with Pichegru in the reduction of Mayence, and, crossing the Rhine, he established himself on the right bank opposite to the town, to cover the siege and assist in it. There was another urgent reason for Jourdan's movement: he had exhausted the country where he had been quartered during the winter, the treaty with Prussia forbade him to levy military contributions within the marked line of neutrality; and, Mayence being once reduced, he must push forward towards the heart of Germany to find food and forage for his army. Clairfait, who had been strongly reinforced early in the spring, made a rapid and skilful advance, took Jourdan by surprise, obliged him to decamp hastily and leave part of his artillery behind him—harassed him by continually skirmishing with his rear until he reached Dusseldorf, and there re-crossed the Rhine. Clairfait then threw a considerable part of his army across the river into Mayence, in spite of the French lines drawn round that place. On the 29th of October Clairfait ordered a general attack on the French lines: part of the garrison of Mayence made a sortie with the fresh columns that had been thrown into the place; and, while these forces, divided into two columns of attack, fell upon the lines in front and turned one of their wings, a flotilla of gunboats ascending the river began to cannonade the French in their rear. The whole plan of attack was beautifully conceived, was admirably executed; and, if Clairfait had only brought over all his forces from the opposite bank

and risked them all in this one great enterprise, nothing but a miracle could have saved the French army from entire destruction. As it was, the Austrians drove the republicans from their fortified lines with a terrible loss, captured their battering-train and most of their field-pieces, separated them into two divisions, and obliged one to retreat northward, while the other fled southward. The pride and confidence of the French were sadly damped; but if Clairfait had acted in force upon their retreating, disorganized columns, he might not only have annihilated them, but have cut off two other *corps d'armée* that were advancing by different lines of march towards Mayence. On the opposite side of the river old Wurmser, who was quite strong enough to have contended with Pichegru, without the aid of that large part of his army which Clairfait had left on the right bank, obtained many advantages over the republicans, (who never properly recovered from the beating they got from his cavalry,) gained by a simultaneous attack the bridge of the Necker, and drove Pichegru within the walls of Manheim. After the retreat of Jourdan, and the flight of all the French forces from the lines of Mayence, neither Manheim nor any other spot on the right bank of the river was a proper abiding-place for Pichegru: after strengthening the garrison, he quitted Manheim, recrossed the Rhine, and was allowed to effect a junction with Jourdan. Wurmser, who would have done better if he had followed Pichegru with his own and all the troops which Clairfait had left on that side of the river,—by rapidity of movement he might have rendered the passage of the Rhine a desperate or most costly affair to the retreating general,—sat down before Manheim, which did not surrender until the 22nd of November. Wurmser then formed a junction with Clairfait, and the two presently recovered the whole of the Palatinate, and of the country between the Rhine and the Moselle. The successes of the Austrians emboldened them to form the project of penetrating once more into Luxemburg, the loss of which weighed heavily on the emperor's heart. They made prepara-

- to this intent, but were, as usual, slow in collecting

and concentrating the necessary troops; and Jourdan and Pichegru advanced along the Rhine by forced marches, and kept them in check. Some obstinate and sanguinary encounters took place; but the winter was now setting in with great severity; both republicans and imperialists were much exhausted by a campaign which had commenced very late in the season, but which had been exceedingly active and fatiguing while it lasted; and it was thought expedient to agree to an armistice, which was not to be broken by either party without ten days' previous notice, and during which both belligerents were to confine themselves strictly to the positions they actually occupied.

On the side of Italy, where the French had gained such important advantages in the preceding campaign, their army, all through the spring and summer, was much neglected: the Austrians and Sardinians, or Piedmontese, now assisted by some troops from the south of Italy, comprising some brigades of Neapolitan cavalry that behaved very well, collected such a force in the passes of the Maritime Alps and the Apennines as gave them a decided superiority. Almost all that the republicans tried to do was to keep possession of the posts they had gained in 1794: and even some of these posts they lost; and they must have lost many more if the allies had been less sluggish and irresolute. Nelson, who had been detached with a small part of a fleet to co-operate with Devins, and who served on the coast of Nice, sometimes at sea, sometimes on land, doing soldiers' work (and much better than most soldiers did it), was driven almost frantic by the Austrian general to whom his Sardinian Majesty had mainly intrusted the salvation of his kingdom.

The pacification of the Vendée, effected during this year, was of inestimable advantage to the French republic: it stopped a drain of blood more copious than any that had flowed in her exterior wars, and enabled her to liberate a large army from a most wearying service, and to employ it next year beyond her frontiers against her foreign enemies. It also reduced to despair the royalists in all parts of France, and, coinciding with the fall and

discredit of Jacobinism, and the altered tone and system of the government, it reconciled not a few of the Royalists to the Convention, or to its successor, the Directory. The reverses and frightful slaughter which the Vendéans had sustained at the end of 1793 had not prevented their rising again. Impelled by the fierce spirit of revenge, and goaded to desperation by the cruelties of Carrier, Rosignol, and the "Infernal Columns," they began early in 1794 to collect again in arms, and to make themselves formidable to the republicans, who had fondly believed that they were all but extinct. England gave but a stinted assistance to these unfortunate Royalists, whose spirit expired with the death of their brave leader Charrette, who was taken prisoner and shot by the republicans. According to General Hoche, who finished the contest, the war of the Vendée cost the lives in all of 100,000 Frenchmen, and not a fifth part of the male population of the country was left alive.

In other parts of France the year 1795 was a red year. Though the guillotine was comparatively inactive in Paris, and though in that city the reaction against the Terrorists was not very sanguinary,* the retaliation was of a ferocious kind in many of the departments, and in some of the great towns of the south, murders and massacres were committed by the royalists and Girondins upon the overthrown Jacobins, almost as atrocious and as extensive as any that they had perpetrated during the Reign of Terror.

At Toulon the ultra-jacobin party were treated with the same inhumanity that they had meted out to the royalists in 1793. The worst proceedings of the Pari-

* The moderation of the Thermidoriens in the capital has, however, been much overrated. Five days after the execution of Robespierre, no fewer than *ten thousand* new arrests had taken place in Paris alone for imputed Terrorism. The same measures were applied to the rest of France, and generally the prisons were filled by new political offenders faster than they were emptied of the old ones. This could not have been done if pains had not been taken previously to disarm all the *poor* or *true* sans-culottes.

sian Septembrizers were imitated and repeated upon different objects; and, taking the whole of the south, the quantity of blood spilt must have been prodigious, for slaughters or assassinations were committed in every town, in every village and hamlet; and this fury of revenge raged, at intervals, for months, and even for years; leaving family feuds which have not entirely ceased at this day.

The Jacobin club in the Rue St. Honoré was now closed for good. Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d'Herbois, Thuriot, and thirteen other revolutionary chiefs, were thrown into state prisons, or were transported to the pestiferous swamps of Guiana.

The victory of the Thermidoriens, as the party called themselves, who had overthrown Robespierre and the measures he had adopted, secured by degrees the dominion of the middle classes. The terrible Parisian cannoniers and gendarmes, who were too closely connected with the poorer inhabitants of the capital and its faubourgs, were dissolved and completely disarmed; and a regular camp, with artillery constantly in battery, was established in the Tuileries gardens, under the windows of the Convention, and a strong garrison of troops of the line was cantoned in and round Paris; and, finally, the entrance to the galleries of the Convention was closed to the mob, who had made so fearful a use of their privilege.

While these things were doing, and while the Thermidoriens and restored Girondins were riding rough-shod over the prostrate democracy, that hapless boy the Dauphin, whom the royalists now fondly called their king, expired in the Temple, in the twelfth year of his age. He had been slowly dying for many months, but it was on the 20th Prairial, or 8th of June, that he was released from his sufferings. Reports were spread that he had been poisoned—idle reports—for the close confinement, and the affliction, and the frightful usage he had undergone, were more than sufficient to account for his death, and must have killed him long before if his constitution had not been a very strong one.

Monsieur, the eldest of the Dauphin's uncles, now assumed the title of king; and, in a religious ceremony which took place at the head quarters of the emigrant army of Condé, the Prince of Condé pronounced the ancient formula: "Louis XVII. is dead; long live Louis XVIII."

The Committee of Eleven, appointed to prepare organic laws, and modify and make fit for action the constitution of '93, soon produced a very new and a very different constitution; and this was accepted and decreed by the purged Convention on the 22nd of August. These philosophical statesmen had been brought, at last, to recognise the necessity of two Houses or Chambers; and therefore there were to be two elected Chambers: one of ancients or seniors to be called CONSEIL DES ANCIENS, and to consist of 250 members, of the age at least of forty full years; and one of juniors, to be called CONSEIL DES CINQ CENTS, and to consist of 500 members, all of the age of thirty years at least. All the powers of legislation were to be divided between these two elective Chambers or Councils: and there was to be no third estate, or president,* or any other authority with the faculty of confirming or rejecting laws. As if to place the two Councils in a state of direct antagonism and perpetual collision, the Cinq Cents were to have the sole right of proposing and discussing decrees and laws, or *seul l'initiative et la discussion des lois*; and the Anciens were to have the sole right of confirming or rejecting the decrees and laws: their negative being made as absolute as any royal veto. The Committees of Government were to be suppressed, and the executive power, separated from the two Councils, was to be vested in a Directory consisting of five members, who were all to be elected by the two Councils.

Assuming that the revolution could only be defended by the men that made it, and that this new constitution

* "If we admit a president," said Faublas Louvet, who was again figuring as a lawgiver, "some day a Bourbon might be elected to that office."

could be made to march properly only by its authors, the Convention issued two supplementary decrees, importing that two-thirds of the present members must remain or be re-elected; and that for this time the active citizens, sitting as electoral assemblies, should only have free choice of one-third; and that, in default of the re-election of those two-thirds, the Convention should fill up the vacancies themselves.

On the appointed day the constitution was accepted and ratified by the townships of France, the primary assemblies voting with overwhelming majorities for a thing they neither understood nor had examined. Oaths again volleyed through France—oaths to live or die by this glorious republican charter. But in Paris a very mixed opposition instantly began to show itself, for each party had hoped to gain something by a new election, and now there was to be only the third of an election! Ultra-Jacobin Republicans, men who continued the party or the principles of Romme, Ruhl, and Bourbotte; the shuffling middle men of the Convention, who never knew what party to be of, and who were of all parties by turns; the constitutional monarchists, and the disguised ultra-Royalists, all joined in shouting usurpation; in declaring that the supplementary decrees plainly showed that the ruling Conventionalists were determined to preserve their tyrannical power at all hazards—that they wanted to perpetuate themselves. Section Lepelletier beat to arms; and during the whole of the 12th Vendémiaire, or 4th of October, a committee sat in the convent of Filles St. Thomas, in the Rue Vivienne, surrounded by guards with fixed bayonets and muskets primed, and calling upon all the sections to arm and fight for the freedom of election, and the overthrow of a set of greedy, ambitious, bloodthirsty usurpers. With a consternation as great as that of the section, the Convention ordered Menou, the general of the interior, to march, disarm, and disperse the conspirators. Menou marched accordingly, and with a considerable force; but he was brought to a dead halt in the Rue Vivienne by seeing the muzzles of muskets protruding from every door, gate-

way, and window, and by hearing a terrible chorus of most resolute shouts: and after hesitating for a few minutes, during which a good many of his volunteers skulked away, he returned speedily to the Convention, who deprived him of his command, and ordered him under arrest as a traitor. Next they named Barras as a proper man to take the command of the troops and put down the insurrection. Barras had acted in this capacity before, and particularly on the critical night when Robespierre was extinguished in the Hôtel-de-Ville; but Barras, though he had served under the old régime, was no soldier, and had a decided aversion to exposing his own person; and this time most people thought that there would be hard fighting. Some deputies very opportunely thought of Napoleon Bonaparte, the young officer who had contributed so materially to the taking of Toulon, and who had since distinguished himself in the war of Nice and the Maritime Alps. This adventurous young officer, who had owed his promotion to the rank of brigadier general of artillery to the younger Robespierre, with whom he had lived in the closest intimacy, had fallen into disgrace, had been dismissed the army, and had even suffered a short imprisonment after the revolution of the 9th and 10th Thermidor, being then evidently judged by the Thermidoriens to be a decided ultra-Jacobin and Robespierrist.

After lying under arrest for a fortnight—which time, it is said, he chiefly occupied in studying the map of Upper Italy—he had been liberated by the Convention, and had been allowed to serve out the remainder of the campaign of 1794. But ever since the spring of the present year he had been in Paris vainly soliciting employment. He had been offered the command of a brigade of infantry in the Vendée; but that appointment he had refused. He had entertained some thoughts of going to Constantinople and entering into the service of the Sultan. At the critical moment—on the night of the 12th Vendémiaire—when Menou was dismissed, he was sitting in the gallery of the House. He was well known to Carnot, Tallien, and other members of the

Convention as a man of head and of action; and it is added that either Carnot or Barras himself said, "I have the very man we want for this business: it is that little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony!" The young brigadier was instantly called before the committee of Cinq Cents; and, after some hesitation and considerable embarrassment, he consented to accept the command under Barras, and to do all the needful work. There was no time to lose: he sent adjutant Murat to secure and bring up all the artillery which had been removed from the Tuileries to the camp of Sablons. Murat, with such men as he could most speedily collect, made a rush for the spot; section Lepelletier, with the same intention, was already in motion for the camp; but the brave and rapid son of the innkeeper and postmaster of Cahors got there first, and made sure of the guns. These were only guarded by some twenty men!—a few minutes, and Murat would have been too late! While the Convention sat in permanent session through the night, Bonaparte quickly drew his lines of defence round the Tuileries, and along the adjoining quays on the north bank of the Seine. He had about 5000 regular troops under arms, and the 1500 or 1800 patriots of '89; but his main reliance was upon the cannon, which he loaded with grape-shot and placed at the head of the various avenues through which the insurgents must advance. He sent 800 muskets, with ball cartridge, into the Convention, with the hope that the honourable members would make good use of them in case of extremity—a proposition which is said to have made the honourable members look very grave. Betimes in the morning of the 13th Vendémiaire—the 5th of October, and the anniversary of the march of the Parisian mob to Versailles—the sectioners were in motion; but many of the national guards did not answer the call to arms; several of the sections were altogether backward, and long delays ensued. At length, about the hour of noon, section Lepelletier seized the church of St. Roch, and drove in some piquets near the Pont Neuf. Then there was another pause, which lasted till near four o'clock in the afternoon, Bona-

parte wisely waiting to be attacked, and his adversaries hesitating as to how it was to be done, or waiting for more force. Having been anticipated by Murat at the camp of Sablons, they had no artillery—apparently not so much as a single gun; the number of their national guardsmen is variously stated at 20,000, 30,000, or 40,000; but it is doubtful whether half of the smallest of these numbers ever debouched and came into action, or near the scene of action. They were commanded, or at least headed, by General Danican, a brave officer of noble birth, General Duhoux, the Count Maulevrier, and Lafond-de-Soule, who had belonged to the garde du corps of Louis XVI. It is scarcely possible to believe that even a third part of the sections would follow such leaders. When section Lepelletier first came in sight of the Conventional troops, they waved their hats, and intimated by other signs and words that they wished to fraternize. Women with dishevelled hair ran between the two armies, crying "Peace! peace!" But none of these appeals made the smallest impression on the men that manned the guns; for things were not now as they were on the 10th of August, 1792, when the cannoneers stationed to defend the Tuileries turned, at the first call of the insurgent people, the mouths of their guns against the palace. A little after four o'clock a part of the sections began to move in several columns along the quays and the Rue St. Honoré. As soon as they were within musket-shot, they were ordered to disperse in the name of the law; they answered by discharging their muskets, and thereupon Bonaparte's gunners opened a murderous fire of grape-shot and canister. The effect was instantaneous and decisive, for, although some desperate men returned to the charge once or twice, and attempted to carry the guns, the mass of those who had come into action ran from the open ground under cover of the houses and churches, and into the side streets where the cannon shot could not reach them. The party which had occupied the church of St. Roch attempted to maintain themselves, although their position lay exposed to the fire of the artillery: it was here that the greatest number of

lives were lost, but when about two hundred had fallen the post was evacuated. A few hundred that clustered about the Théâtre de la République were dislodged by a few shells. According to Bonaparte's own account, the fighting, which had not properly begun till half-past four, was all over by six. Faint attempts to erect barricades in the streets were defeated by rapid movements; and the scattered and panic-stricken insurgents, being followed into their several sections, were disarmed during the night.

The victory was complete; the ill-combined sectioners, who would soon have turned their arms against each other if success had attended them, could never rise again. The victors, though not very moderate in their vengeance, were incomparably less sanguinary than any triumphant party had hitherto been.

The House now formed itself into an "Electoral National Assembly," to complete in its own bosom the two-thirds—that is, to name themselves the members that were to remain, and the members that were to go out to make room for the third who had been elected by the people, or by their electoral colleges. Next, they divided themselves, according to their several ages, into Council of Ancients and Council of Five Hundred; and all this being done, they proceeded to elect out of their own body or bodies the five directors. The directors thus chosen were Sièyes, La Réveillère-Lepeaux, Rewbell, Letourneur, and Barras. They were to preside, turn and turn about, each for three months at a time; and he who presided was to keep the great seals and sign for the whole Directory. Every year one fifth of this Directory was to be renewed; that is, one director was to retire annually, and make room for a new one. By this rapid rotation all the leading members of the convention might hope to be directors in their turns. A military guard and a sort of civil list were conferred upon them, and the palace of the Luxemburg was appointed for their residence. Sièyes, out of antipathy and hatred to his colleague Rewbell, or through calculation, or perhaps out of a vain desire to show that, if his perfect constitution did not work

quite so well as its admirers had anticipated, it was because those entrusted with its execution did not perform their duty ably or honestly, very soon resigned, and was succeeded by Carnot. Except La Réveillère-Lepeaux, all these first directors had been Montagnards and ultra-Jacobins.

Notwithstanding the confident predictions of ministers in the last session of parliament, the dearness of bread and general scarcity of provisions had increased in Great Britain, and the poorer classes had certainly suffered severe privations ever since the beginning of the year. The successes of the French, and the defections from the coalition, together with some harsh practices used at home for recruiting the army, had to some extent rendered the war unpopular. The common council of the city of London passed, by a vast majority, a petition for peace, wherein was contained a severe criticism on the origin and conduct of the war, and Southwark and various other cities and boroughs followed this example. Counter addresses were indeed procured by ministers, but their tone was thought to be but faint and languid. The political societies took advantage of the prevailing discontents, and laboured hard to give them growth and increase. At the end of June a numerous meeting was held in St. George's Fields to petition for annual parliaments and universal suffrage. A riot was apprehended, but the day passed over with nothing worse than some very bad speeches. The harvest, however, had been very abundant; bread was becoming comparatively cheap, and the worst cause of alarm was gradually subsiding by the month of October. On the 26th of October the London Corresponding Society called a general meeting in the fields between Islington and Copenhagen-house. The multitude that assembled was vaguely computed at 50,000; but it was a fine day, and it appears that the majority of those present were merely seeking a little amusement. The speeches, delivered by three professional demagogues, were excessively violent; but again there was no rioting. Ministers had, however, taken the alarm, and had convoked Parliament for an unusually early day.

On the 29th of October, as the king was going down to the House of Lords, to open the session in person, he was surrounded by a numerous mob who hooted and groaned at his majesty, and clamorously demanded peace and the dismission of Mr. Pitt, and cheaper bread. As the state-coach came opposite to the Ordnance Office, then in St. Margaret-street, a pebble or a marble thrown by a vigorous hand, or a ball discharged from an air-gun, went through one of the glasses and passed between the king and Lord Westmoreland, who was in the coach with him. On going back from the House to St. James's Palace, his majesty was again hooted and pelted.

In the meanwhile the Speech from the Throne had made the most of the check which the French had received from the Austrians on the Rhine. It also said that the ruin of their commerce, the diminution of their maritime power, and the unparalleled financial embarrassments of the French seemed to have induced them to have some wish for peace; and it gave the assurance that any disposition on their part to negotiate for a general peace, on just and suitable terms, would not fail to be met on the part of his majesty with an earnest desire to give it the fullest and speediest effect.

On the 6th of November, Lord Grenville introduced in the House of Lords a bill "for the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person and government against treasonable and seditious practices and attempts." And on the same day a bill was brought into the Commons by Pitt, "for the prevention of seditious meetings." These bills, which went to restrict the right of the people to assemble for petitioning the crown and the legislature, and for discussing political subjects, were warmly opposed in all their stages and in both houses, as violent and unnecessary encroachments on popular liberty and the privileges granted or acknowledged by our constitution, but they were both carried by majorities even larger than usual: for many men, without any rational link, had chosen to connect the meeting in the Copenhagen Fields with the outrages offered to the king; and others were of opinion that the unchecked harangues of

the Thelwalls and Hodsons, the Binnses and the Gale Joneses, might lead the people into excesses. In this frame of mind the majority would probably have voted the bills in perpetuity; but it was thought proper to limit their duration to three years.

On the 8th of December a message from the King was delivered to both Houses, stating that the present order of things in France would induce his majesty to meet any disposition for negotiation on the part of the enemy with an earnest desire to conclude a treaty for a general peace; and that his majesty hoped that the spirit and determination manifested by his parliament, added to the recent and important successes of the Austrian armies, and to the continued and growing embarrassments of the enemy, might speedily conduce to the attainment of this great object.

A.D. 1796.—After the Christmas recess Mr. Grey, in the Commons, made a motion to bind the country to a peace, complaining that, contrary to general expectation, the ministry, in lieu of opening negotiations, were making preparations for continuing the war. Pitt said that there was a sincere desire of peace if it could be obtained on honourable terms, but that the country could not break her faith with the allies that remained true to her, or consent to any arrangement which should leave the French in possession of Belgium, Holland, Savoy, Nice, &c.; and he added, that it was for ministers to determine when and how negotiations should be opened. Mr. Grey's motion was negatived by 190 against 50.

On the 10th of March the same honourable member moved that the House should resolve itself into a committee to inquire into the state of the nation. In his speech he dwelt upon the enormous expenses and the hopeless prospects of the war. The opposition committed a political error in constantly repeating that England was ruined and never could compete with France; and Pitt bitterly accused them of taking pains to encourage the French to assume the arrogance of dictating the terms of peace. Mr. Grey's motion was negatived by 207 against 45. A few weeks later, on the 6th of May,

he moved a long series of resolutions, but the order of the day was also carried against this motion by a majority of 209 to 38. On the 19th of May the session was closed by a speech from the throne, which expressed the happy effects experienced from the provisions adopted for suppressing sedition and restraining the progress of principles subversive of all established government.

In the course of the summer, Burke, to persuade or to shame a part of the country out of its fears, and to prove that there was more danger in treating with the French than in fighting with them, published the two first of his celebrated 'Letters on a Regicide Peace.' These two letters, the last of his writings he lived to give to the world, and the two others that were published after his death, are to be classed among the most splendid efforts of his great mind. The war had been conducted on a very different system from the one he had proposed; but the monstrous errors which had been committed did not make him despair of the final result, provided only a check could be given to that despondence which had seized upon many minds, and which the opposition were inculcating and promoting. "To a people," said he, "who have been once proud and great, and great because they were proud, a change in the national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions!" Nevertheless Pitt considered himself obliged to continue some overtures which had been made to Barthelemy at Basle. Mr. Wickham asked whether the Directory were desirous to negotiate with Great Britain and her allies on moderate and honourable conditions, and would agree to a meeting of a Congress for this purpose. Barthelemy replied, that the directors sincerely desired peace, but must positively insist on keeping Belgium, or all the Austrian dominions in the Low Countries, as they had been formally annexed to the French Republic by a constitutional decree which could not be revoked. Moreover at the very same time, the directors were fostering and entertaining at Paris a number of Irish revolutionists, and were contemplating a grand expedition to Ireland, to co-operate with our rebellious subjects, and to convert that country into another

small dependence. Nay, to such length had matters gone, that in the preceding month of June the Directory had concluded a treaty with Wolfe Tone, Arthur O'Connor, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the leaders of the Irish revolutionists, who had smuggled themselves over to Paris for that purpose; and, though all unknown to his lordship, a copy of that secret treaty was lying not many yards from the spot where they, in October, pretended to enter upon a pacific conference with the noble English envoy.

In the autumn, not, we believe, with the slightest hope of bringing the negotiation to any admissible end, our government actually applied for passports for an ambassador and suite to go to Paris. "Thus," says Thiers, who can still chuckle over the matter, "the English aristocracy were reduced to sue for peace to the regicide republic! . . . This striking proceeding on the part of our most implacable enemy had something glorious in it for our republic!" As Thiers feels now, even so felt (but only much more intensely) the republicans then. The step raised their presumption and confidence by many degrees: it was a gigantic faux-pas in politics, from which the trumpet-tongue of Burke ought to have warned every statesman, every Englishman: its effects were likely to be as mischievous as all the blunders united which had been committed in the conduct of the war; but the opposition had driven for this, and Pitt had thought it necessary to prove to the nation that a peace with France was not attainable. Lord Malmesbury and his numerous retinue arrived in Paris on the 22nd of October. The five kings of the Luxemburg (the directors were fast assuming a very regal state) appointed their minister of foreign affairs to confer with his lordship, who proposed mutual restitution of conquests as the fundamental principle of a treaty. The directors intimated that England had better treat by and for herself, and leave her allies to shift for themselves. When the mock negotiations, which were enlivened on the part of the French by many insolent sallies, had lasted six or seven weeks, Lord Malmesbury, in reply to a haughty message, told

the directors that there could be no further negotiations; and on the next day, the 19th of December, his lordship was told that his further presence in Paris was totally unnecessary, and that he and his suite must take their departure within forty-eight hours. Rejoicing in the opportunity of insulting a lord, the low-bred directors added, that a common courier could do the business as well as he, if the English government were disposed to accept the conditions of the republic.

Persevering in their old system, the English government sent out some large reinforcements to the West Indies. We had already more sugar colonies than we needed, and most of the French and Dutch colonies were wretchedly unhealthy (charnel-houses to the British troops that were sent to them); but the managers of the war are entitled to the benefit of the doubt, whether, without actual possession of the French islands, we could have kept our own in anything like a tranquil and thriving state.

By this time Sir Gilbert Elliot had made the island of Corsica too hot for him and the small English force there: he had entirely alienated the affections of the islanders, and had quarrelled with nearly all the English officers about him: he had so disgusted General Sir Charles Stuart, that that brave and high-minded man had sent in his resignation and returned to England. After driving the venerable Paoli (without whom the English would never have been there, nor Sir Gilbert have been made a viceroy) into an obscure retirement in the interior of the country, he had driven him, in his extreme old age, into another exile, by sending him an intimation that he must immediately leave the island. The Corsican peasantry began to turn their arms against the English, the French party raised their heads, and it was evident that some great effort would be made from the opposite continent to assist them. Our government transmitted orders for the evacuation of the island. On the 8th of October Spain was driven by the French to declare war against Great Britain; and she had fitted out a fleet to co-operate with the republicans some time before this.

But for the wonderful intelligence, decision, and gallantry of Captain Nelson, Sir Gilbert Elliot would have passed from his viceregal government to a French prison. But, threatening to bombard the town about their ears, the commodore imposed respect on the revolutionary committee of thirty, and sent their guards scampering out of the town; and quietly commencing the embarkation on the 14th of October, he saw that work completed on the 19th, just as the great Spanish fleet was coming in sight of Cape Corso. All private property was saved, and our public stores, to the value of 200,000*l*., were gotten safely on board. On the very next day the French troops, who had been pushed over from Leghorn, and who had landed at Cape Corso under cover of the Spanish ships, marched into the citadel of Bastia only one hour after the rear of the British had spiked the guns and evacuated it. Nelson was the last man that left the shore; having thus, as he said, seen the first and the last of Corsica. He had captured forts and fortresses, fighting on land better than our professional soldiers; and after quitting the island he fought a most gallant action at sea with some of the Spaniards.

The most important operations of the French navy were connected with a descent upon Ireland. On the 17th of December, a fleet, numbering forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line, succeeded in getting out of Brest. On board were 25,000 men, choice infantry and cavalry, who had been tried in the war of the Vendée; a great quantity of field artillery, ammunition, and stores of every description; a good many spare muskets and bayonets to put into the hands, and some red liberty nightcaps to put upon the heads, of the Irish patriots, or insurgents, or rebels. The fleet was commanded by Vice-Admiral Morand de Galles, Rear-Admirals Richery, Nielly, and Bouvet; the Commander-in-chief of the army was Hoche, a young serjeant in the Gardes Françaises when the revolution began. Fearful of encountering our Channel fleet, separated by a storm, and navigating with confusion and rashness, this fleet and army suffered greatly, and did

nothing. Seven or eight of the ships entered Bantry Bay; but the troops on board could not venture to land. One ship of the line had already gone down with 1400 people on board; other vessels foundered or were driven on shore; and the remainder soon made all the haste they could to return to Brest. Of forty-three sail, thirty-one arrived in port in bad condition: seven had been captured by the British.*

On the continent the republicans had been more successful, though even there their fortunes were chequered—Carnot, as one of the five directors, now entirely monopolised the war department. Under his auspices, but not at his original suggestion—for the idea, obvious in itself, had occurred to Dumouriez, Moreau, Pichegru, Napoleon Bonaparte, and a hundred officers besides—it was resolved, early in the year, to attack Germany and Italy at the same time, in order to divide the emperor's forces; and, in case of the complete success of both the attacking armies, that of Italy was to move through the passes of Tyrol or of Carinthia, effect a junction with the army of Germany in Bavaria, or farther on in the hereditary states of Austria, and then the two were to advance upon Vienna, and impose the terms of peace there. Pichegru, who had fallen out of favour with the Directory, was superseded by Moreau, and this able general, and Jourdan, who had been foiled

* A week or a fortnight before the Brest fleet sailed, our ministers ought to have been fully aware of its destination. Early in December, an American vessel, laden with 20,000 stand of arms and cannon, was taken by an English man-of-war, on the shrewd suspicion of being bound for Ireland—which she unquestionably was. "She was a good emblem of *American peace*—her name was the *Olive Branch*—with *a covered cargo of arms.*"—Letter from Lawrence to Burke, in Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke and Dr. French Lawrence.

Our American kinsmen had made very strenuous efforts to revolutionize Ireland on their own account, during their war of independence; and now a very numerous party of them, partly through spite, but more through the love of lucre, were willing to assist the French.

and beaten by Clairfait the preceding year, undertook the German part of this great plan. Jourdan, who had 63,000 foot and 11,000 horse, driving back some Austrian corps from the ground they had conquered on the left bank of the Rhine at the end of the last campaign, invested the renowned fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the right bank of that river, immediately opposite to Coblentz. The emperor's brother, the Archduke Charles, who had taken the command of Clairfait's army, which now amounted to about 70,000 foot and 20,000 horse, advanced rapidly with a part of it to the Rhine, defeated one of Jourdan's divisions under General Lefebvre, and forced Jourdan to relinquish his siege, and take up other positions. But while the archduke was thus occupied by Jourdan, Moreau, who had about 72,000 foot and between 6000 and 7000 horse, dashing across the Rhine at Strasburg, some hundred and fifty miles higher up the river than Coblentz, captured, on the 24th of June, the fortress of Kehl, and after a series of victories advanced towards the heart of Suabia, his progress being facilitated by the rapid drafts made upon the army of his opponent, old General Wurmser, to reinforce the emperor's armies in Italy.

When the campaign opened Wurmser had not 60,000 foot to oppose to Moreau's 72,000, but his cavalry was superior in number, as in nearly every other quality—he having at one moment upwards of 20,000 horse. At one draft 25,000 men were withdrawn from Wurmser's army, and sent through the Tyrol into Italy; and in a short time the veteran general himself was obliged to hurry to the defence of Lombardy. On the 26th of June, the archduke, with the mass of his forces, marched up the Rhine in order to check Moreau. Jourdan, thus disembarrassed, re-crossed the Rhine, and, finding nothing to oppose him except a small army of Imperialists under Wartensleben, he pushed forward, and, after a series of skirmishes rather than battles, took Frankfort, Wurtzburg, and other towns. Moreau kept advancing on nearly a parallel line, his army and Jourdan's, *en échélonnant*, presenting a front which extended more

than sixty leagues. It was by *the imperative order of Carnot* that the two armies thus spread themselves in order to turn both wings of the Imperialists. The Archduke Charles perceived the error, and, narrowing his own front, and gradually bringing nearer to a converging point the separate forces of Wartensleben and Wurmser, he slowly retreated, frequently disputing the ground, but determined not to hazard a battle until his retiring forces were all brought so near to each other that he might fall with a superior force either upon Jourdan or upon Moreau. As the French advanced triumphantly, and with the appearance of so little opposition, some of the contingent corps, who, on the whole, behaved indifferently, quitted the Imperial army and disbanded, and several of the states of the empire sued to the Directory for a separate peace, which they obtained upon condition of paying enormous contributions. Still extending his front, and moving over a good deal of the ground which our great Duke of Marlborough had traversed in his Blenheim campaign, Moreau captured Ulm and Donawert on the Danube, and was preparing to cross the river Leck into Bavaria, and thence to move onward to the defiles of the Tyrol, on the Italian side of which the republican army was at the moment completely victorious, when, on the 24th of August, the Archduke Charles, who had gathered some reinforcements in the valley of the Danube, and who had rapidly executed his admirably designed movements, fell upon Jourdan with a superiority of force, and completely defeated him at Amberg. The Austrian prince then followed the flying republicans to the Maine, and gave them another tremendous beating, on the 3rd of September, at Wurtzburg. Still pressing on the rear of the republicans, who fell into a miserably disorganised state, he defeated them again on the 16th of September, at Aschaffenburg, and drove them with terrible loss to the opposite side of the Rhine. In his retreat Jourdan had lost 20,000 men, and nearly all his artillery and baggage. Moreau, who was too far away to the right to render any assistance to Jourdan, could

neither advance nor maintain himself where he was, on the Bavarian frontier: he therefore began his famed retreat, which lay through the Black Forest, on the 25th of September. Moreau had still 70,000 men, who had suffered no serious disaster. The imperial general Latour, who was nearest at hand to follow him, had not above 24,000 men; and some scattered corps did not join his standard with sufficient rapidity to enable him to contend successfully with the republicans. Latour, pressing too close on Moreau's rear, sustained a defeat on the 2nd of October at Biberach. The republicans got safely through the valley of Hell and the whole of the Black Forest; but when they reached the banks of the Rhine they found the victorious Archduke Charles ready to meet them, with a force equal, or perhaps somewhat superior, to their own. Moreau, at the end of his too much praised retreat, found himself compelled to fight two battles, and both battles were to him defeats. On the 19th of October he was beaten at all points, at Emmendingen; and, on the 20th, in spite of his formidable position among the rocks and cliffs of Schliengen, he was beaten again; and nothing but a violent storm, and the pitchy darkness of the night and the roughness of the ground, which prevented the splendid Austrian cavalry from acting, enabled him to get his disheartened columns to the safe side of the Rhine.

The Archduke Charles had saved Germany, but, owing to the invasion of Jourdan and Moreau on this side, the much smaller republican army of Italy had subdued all the north of the Italian peninsula The command of this smaller army, which took the field much earlier than the army or the two armies on the Rhine, was given to the aspiring young man who had "killed the people for the regicides"* on the critical 13th Vendémiaire, and who had since then married Madame Josephine Beauharnais, a native of Martinique, widow of Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, who had served as a general in the republican armies, and who had been guillotined during the Reign of Terror, which had also consigned

* Victor Hugo, "C'est Lui."

his fair relict to a prison. This very graceful, captivating woman was linked in a close friendship with the fascinating Cabarus, who now bore the name of Tallien, the daring man who had been the first to beard Robespierre in the Convention, and who, in consequence of that deed, had obtained a large share of political power and patronage. The Beauharnais was also exceedingly intimate with Director Barras, and enjoyed the friendship or patronage of other powerful individuals. It was unfair to say that the young Corsican owed his appointment to this marriage; but it would be unreasonable to doubt that Josephine contributed to it. It was Barras and Carnot that proposed to give the command of the army of Italy to Bonaparte, as the fittest man for it, and the other three directors, after some hesitation, assented. He arrived at head-quarters, at Nice, on the 26th of March. He found the disposable forces amounting to about 50,000 men, but badly provided and in a wretched state of indiscipline. The combined army of the Austrians and Piedmontese amounted to 60,000—in Bonaparte's reckoning to 75,000 men—and was now under the command of Beaulieu, a gallant veteran. It was stretched along the ridge of the Apennines, at the foot of which the French, as in the preceding campaign, were advancing. Not waiting to be attacked, Beaulieu descended from the heights, and on the 11th of April he met the advanced guard of the French at Voltri, near Genoa, and repulsed it. At the same time d'Argenteau, who commanded Beaulieu's centre, traversed the mountains of Montenotte to descend upon Savona, and thus take the French in flank. But, when more than half his march was completed, d'Argenteau met a French division of 1500 men, who threw themselves into the old hill redoubt of Montelegino, which in a manner shut up the road of Montenotte. The fate of the campaign, and perhaps the then young republican general, lay within that old redoubt: d'Argenteau attacked it three times with all his infantry, but Colonel Rampon maintained the post; and this gave time to Bonaparte to march round by night by an unguarded road to d'Argen-

teau's rear; and, before Beaulieu, who was on the left, or General Colli, who was on the right with the mass of the Piedmontese troops, could come up to his support, d'Argenteau was defeated, and driven in disorderly retreat beyond Montenotte. The young republican general had now pushed into the valley of the Bormida, between the two disjointed wings of the allied army. Beaulieu and Colli hastened to repair this disaster, by re-establishing their communications; but Bonaparte was too quick for them, and by two attacks, one at Millesimo on the 13th of April, the other at Dego on the 14th, Colli and the Piedmontese army were completely separated from the Austrians, and Provera, with an Austrian division of 2000 men, was obliged to lay down his arms. On the 15th, a mistake committed by Wukassowich nearly retrieved the fortune of the allies; that general, with 5000 Austrians, came suddenly from Voltri, where Beaulieu had been victorious over the French, ran upon Dego, where he expected to find his countrymen, but where, instead, he found Masséna, with a division of the French army, little prepared for any attack. Wukassowich made a brilliant charge and scattered the French division; but General Laharpe came down with reinforcements, and Bonaparte himself, dreading the fatal consequences of a defeat in his rear, hastened to the spot with still more troops. Then, after the most heroic conduct, Wukassowich was obliged to retire. As the republicans debouched through the valley of the Bormida into the rich plains of Piedmont, Beaulieu retreated in good order to the Po, to defend the emperor's Milanese territories, leaving Colli and the Piedmontese army to shift for themselves. Bonaparte instantly turned against Colli, who had taken post on the western declivities of the Apennines at Ceva, drove him from that post, followed him to Mondovi, dislodged him there, and pursued him beyond Cherasco. Betrayed by part of his army who had been proselytised, and now badly served by the rest, pressed by a superior force, and looking in vain for aid from Beaulieu, Colli at length retreated to Carignan, close to Turin. By this time all the provinces of Pied-

mont south of the Po, were open to the republican invaders, the capital itself was almost at their mercy, and the resources of the country were consumed. Vittor Amadeo sued for a truce, which Bonaparte granted in consideration of having the key-fortresses of Cuneo and Tortona put into his hands. The Directory soon after extended the truce into a treaty of peace, which his Sardinian majesty paid for by delivering up all the other Piedmontese fortresses and all the passes of the Alps, and by ceding to the French republic for ever Savoy, Nice, and some Alpine tracts of country. The poor old king did not long survive this ruinous peace, dying broken-hearted on the 16th of October. Immediately after concluding the truce Bonaparte marched against Beaulieu, drove him from the Po, beat him in a sharp battle at Fombio, between Piacenza and Milan, and made him fall back upon the river Adda. The Austrian general occupied the town of Lodi and its bridge across the Adda, which last he defended with a numerous and excellent artillery; but, with that want of *ensemble* or compactness which attended nearly all the operations of all these generals, he stationed his infantry too far off to be able properly to support the artillery. On the 10th of May Bonaparte, after a terrific conflict, carried the bridge of Lodi, when, as he said himself many years afterwards, the idea first flashed across his mind that he might become a great actor in the world's drama. Beaulieu, with an army now demoralised and panic-stricken, made a faint attempt to defend the line of the Mincio; but, after throwing a garrison into Mantua, he withdrew behind the Adige into the Tyrol. On the 15th of May Bonaparte made a triumphal entrance into Milan, where the French had many converts and partisans. All Lombardy was now at the feet of the conqueror except Mantua, and that fortress was soon blockaded. And now began a system of plunder—a plundering of friends and foes and helpless neutrals—which had never yet been equalled.

The troops were to be supported, the officers were to be enriched by the spoils of Italy; and the five directors at the Luxemburg were incessantly calling upon

the general for money—money—more money. Bonaparte himself says, that, besides clothing and feeding, and abundantly paying his army, he remitted to them 50,000,000 of francs during his first Italian campaign. Until the emperor should send another army, there was absolutely nothing in Italy to offer any valid resistance to these insatiable plunderers. Wherever resistance showed itself on the part of the desperate Italian people, it was quenched in blood. The fair city of Pavia was for a night and a day given up to plunder, debauchery, and every species of violence and crime. Villages were burned together with those who dwelt in them. Advancing southward, Bonaparte showed how the republicans respected neutrality by overrunning Tuscany, taking possession of Leghorn, putting a garrison in it, seizing and selling by auction the English, Portuguese, and other goods found in the warehouses of that great free port, and commanding the native merchants to deliver up all property they had in their hands belonging to any enemies of the French republic. The next to be plundered were the states and possessions of the poor old helpless Pope; and about this work the unbelievers went with great zest. On the 18th of June, a marauding column entered Bologna, and at once laid hands on the Monte di Pietà. Another division entered Ferrara and did the same. Pius VI. despatched envoys to sue for terms, and on the 23rd of June, Bonaparte granted an armistice at the following price:—15,000,000 francs in cash, and 6,000,000 in provisions, horses, &c. &c.; a number of paintings, ancient statues, and vases, and five hundred manuscripts to be selected out of the Vatican library by commissioners sent from Paris; the cession of the provinces of Bologna and Ferrara, the cession of the port and citadel of Ancona, and the closing of all the Papal ports to the English and their allies.

Bonaparte was recalled from this easy, and profitable work by intelligence that Wurmser was coming against him with part of the imperial army which had retreated before Moreau. The German veteran descended from the valley of Trento with from 50,000 to 60,000 men.

Blind as ever to the fatal consequences of dividing his forces, Wurmser split his army into two, moving himself with the larger half along the eastern shore of the Lake of Guarda, and sending Quosnadowich with the other division along the western bank. Bonaparte, who had raised his blockade of Mantua, and concentrated his forces, instantly threw their entire weight upon Quosnadowich, crushed him at Lonato, drove him back into the mountains, and then, turning quickly round, faced old Wurmser with a force now nearly double that of the Austrians; and, in two bloody battles, fought near Castiglione, on the 3rd and 5th of August, the dull, but brave old man was defeated, and driven back into the Tyrol, with the loss of his artillery and several thousand men. Bonaparte followed him up the lower valley of the Tyrol, defeated an Austrian division on the 4th of September, and entered as a conqueror into the city of Trento. Descending the valley of the Brenta, Wurmser again entered Italy and advanced to Bassano, where he was joined by some reinforcements from Carinthia. But his active young opponent followed close upon his rear, and all that the veteran could do was to throw himself into the important fortress of Mantua with some 18,000 men, the wretched remnant of his army. It was the 14th of September when Wurmser got within the walls of the Virgilian city. By the end of October, as the snows were beginning to whiten the ridges of those Alps, two fresh Austrian armies were descending into Italy.

But, again, these two armies, instead of being united in the mountains, out of the reach of the enemy, and then poured down on the plain as one torrent, were allowed to come dribbling in different directions, and to get into the presence of the French divided and far apart. Marshal Alvinzi descended from Carinthia upon Bellano with 30,000 men, while Davidowich with 20,000 men moved down from the Tyrol. The two armies united would hardly have been a match for Bonaparte, who could bring at the least 45,000 men into action; but as it was arranged, they had between them to traverse nearly one-half of the breadth of Italy

before Alvinzi and Davidowich could join at the appointed spot, between Peschiera and Verona, whence they were to march together to Mantua, where Wurmser was to be released,—and the general with the Sclavonic name moved at a snail's pace. With the mass of his forces Bonaparte rushed to meet Alvinzi, and gave him battle at Le Nove on the 6th of November; but, instead of defeating him, he himself sustained a terrible repulse, and retreated, next day, towards Verona to pick up the shattered columns of Vaubois, who was retreating before Davidowich. Contrary to what might reasonably have been expected, Alvinzi, overcoming every obstacle, reached the heights of Caldiero, in front of Verona. But, instead of finding Davidowich there, he learned that that sluggard and blockhead, or arch-traitor, had been reposing himself for ten blessed days at Roveredo, between Trento and the Lago di Guarda, and was still there or far away in that neighbourhood. Thus left to himself, Alvinzi was attacked, on the 12th of November, by Bonaparte, who attempted to dislodge him from Caldiero. This proved fruitless; the Austrians stood on those heights like rocks, and after considerable loss the French were compelled to retreat again into Verona. For a moment the young Corsican's heart failed him, and he wrote a desponding letter to the directors. But he soon roused himself, and, marching quietly out of Verona in the night of the 14th of November, and moving rapidly by a cross road that ran through a marshy country, he got close to Villanova, in the rear of Alvinzi. The Alpone, a mountain stream, almost dry in some seasons of the year, ran between the French and Villanova, and was traversed only by the narrow stone bridge of Arcole. Bonaparte made a rush at the bridge, but found it defended by two battalions of Croats and Hungarians with some artillery. Three times the French column attempted to storm it amidst a shower of grape-shot and musketry, and three times reeled back with terrific loss: many of the men ran away along the narrow causeway which led up to the bridge and plunged into the marshes for safety. Bonaparte

himself was thrown from the causeway into a marsh, and was very near being taken, for the Croats and Hungarians rushed across the bridge and swept everything before them. A charge of French grenadiers drove back the enemy, and extricated their general when he was up to his middle in mud and water, and almost surrounded. By this time Alvinzi had changed his front, and advanced from the heights of Caldiero, upon which the battle became general. It lasted for three days, and was by far the hardest fought in all these Italian campaigns. If Davidowich had been at hand with only half of his 20,000 men, or if old Wurmser, leaving Mantua to take care of itself, had come up while Bonaparte was sacrificing his best men in obstinate and fruitless efforts to carry the bridge of Arcole, or when the French army was divided, one part on one side of the Alpone and the rest on the other side, there would have been an end as perfect as could have been desired—the invaders must have been exterminated. But so bright an hypothesis was not to be realised by Austrian generals, or by any other generals for many a year to come. Undisturbed in flanks and rear, Bonaparte fought on, with a terrific loss to his own army; and yet, after all, he did not carry the bridge of Arcole. The attacks of the 15th were renewed on the 16th. On the 17th the Corsican general did what he ought to have done at first,—he threw a bridge over the Alpone, and sent Augereau across to advance along the left bank, with a strong column to take the defenders of the bridge in flank. Augereau succeeded in his object and gained possession of the village of Arcole. Alvinzi then made his retreat upon Vicenza and Bassano, where he took up his winter quarters. The French estimate his loss at 4000 in killed and wounded, and as many in prisoners; they do not state their own loss, but it must necessarily have been immense.

On the same day that Alvinzi began his retreat from the left bank of the Adige, Davidowich, as if waking from a drunken sleep, came blundering down by Ala to the right bank of that river, and entered the Italian plains

between Peschiera and Verona; but Bonaparte, who had now nothing else to do, turned against him with his superior and victorious forces, and presently drove him back to Ala, to Roveredo, and the steep hills that overhang the Tyrol pass. Thus ended what was not incorrectly called the *third* Italian campaign of the year 1796; and thus Bonaparte had beaten successively Beaulieu, Wurmser, and Alvinzi.

END OF VOL. XXII.

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